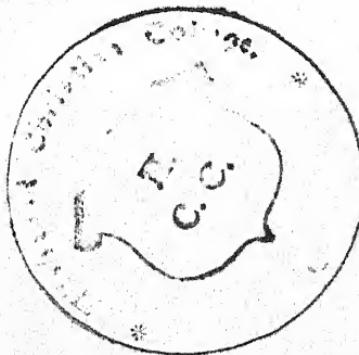


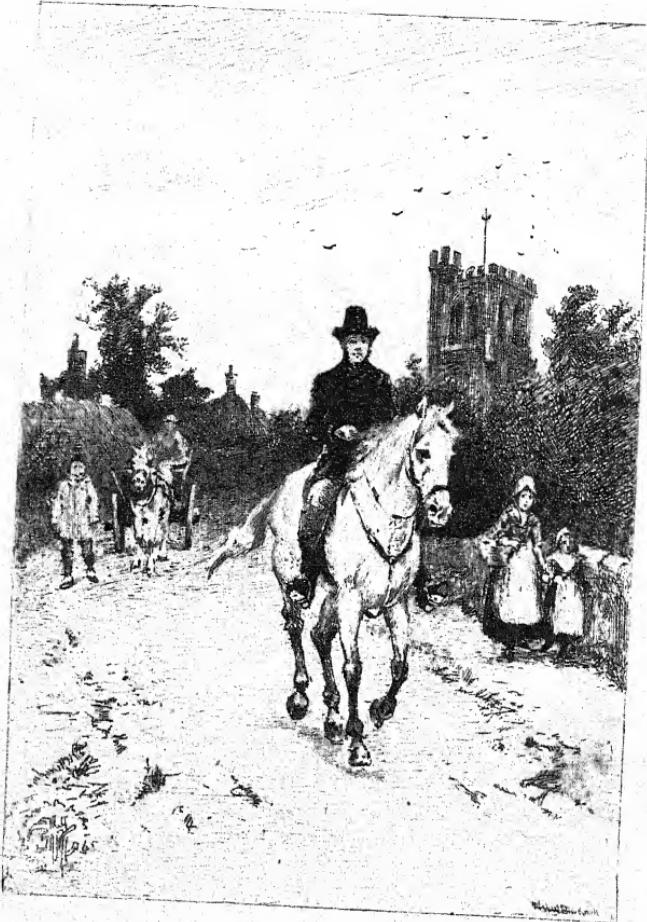
THE NOVELS AND ROMANCES
OF
EDWARD BULWER LYTTON
(LORD LYTTON)

Handy Library Edition

PELHAM
FALKLAND

VOLUME TWO





THE · NOVELS
AND · ROMANCES
of
EDWARD · BULWER
LYTTON
(LORD LYTTON)

PELHAM
FALKLAND

VOLUME TWO

BOSTON
LITTLE · BROWN
and COMPANY

Copyright, 1893, 1897,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

PELHAM;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER LXIII.

And as for me, tho' that I can but lite
On bookès for me to read, I me delight,
And to hem give I faith and full crèdence,
And in my heart have hem in reverence,
So heartily that there is gamè none,
That fro' my bookès maketh me to gone. — CHAUCER.

CHRISTOPHER CLUTTERBUCK was a common individual of a common order, but little known in this busy and toiling world. I cannot ~~atter~~ myself that I am about to present to your notice that *rara avis*, a new character, — yet there is something interesting, and even unhauncyed, in the retired and simple class to which he belongs; and before I proceed to a darker period in my memoirs, I feel a calm and tranquillizing pleasure in the rest which a brief and imperfect delineation of my college companion affords me. My friend came up to the University with the learning which one about to quit the world might, with credit, have boasted of possessing, and the simplicity which one about to enter it would have been ashamed to confess. Quiet and shy in his

habits and manners, he was never seen out of the precincts of his apartment, except in obedience to the stated calls of dinner, lectures, and chapel. Then, his small and stooping form might be marked, crossing the quadrangle with a hurried step, and cautiously avoiding the smallest blade of the barren grass-plots, which are forbidden ground to the feet of all the lower orders of the collegiate oligarchy. Many were the smiles and the jeers from the worse natured and better appointed students, who loitered idly along the court, at the rude garb and saturnine appearance of the humble undergraduate; and the calm countenance of the grave but amiable man who then bore the honor and *onus* of mathematical lecturer at our college, would soften into a glance of mingled approbation and pity as he noted the eagerness which spoke from the wan cheek and emaciated frame of the ablest of his pupils, hurrying — after each legitimate interruption — to the enjoyment of the crabbed characters and wormworn volumes which contained for him all the seductions of pleasure and all the temptations of youth.

It is a melancholy thing, which none but those educated at a college can understand, to see the debilitated frames of the aspirants for academical honors; to mark the prime, the verdure, the glory, the life, of life wasted irrevocably away in a *labor ineptiarum*, which brings no harvest either to others or themselves. For the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, we can appreciate the recompense if we conimiserate the sacrifice; from the darkness of their retreat there goes a light — from the silence of their studies there issues a voice — to illumine or convince. We can imagine them looking from their privations to the far visions of the future, and hugging to their hearts, in the strength of no un-

natural vanity, the reward which their labors are certain hereafter to obtain. To those who can anticipate the vast dominions of immortality among men, what boots the sterility of the cabined and petty *present*? But the mere man of languages and learning; the machine of a memory heavily but unprofitably employed; the Columbus wasting at the galley oar the energies which should have discovered a world,—for him there is no day-dream of the future, no grasp at the immortality of fame. Beyond the walls of his narrow room he knows no object; beyond the elucidation of a dead tongue he indulges no ambition; his life is one long school-day of lexicons and grammars: a fabric of ice, cautiously excluded from a single sunbeam,—elaborately useless, ingeniously unprofitable, and leaving, at the moment it melts away, not a single trace of the space it occupied, or the labor it cost.

At the time I went to the University, my poor collegian had attained all the honors his employment could ever procure him. He *had been* a Pitt scholar; he *was* a senior wrangler, and a Fellow of his college. It often happened that I found myself next to him at dinner, and I was struck by his abstinence, and pleased with his modesty, despite the *gaucherie* of his manner and the fashion of his garb. By degrees, I insinuated myself into his acquaintance; and, as I had always some love of scholastic lore, I took frequent opportunities of conversing with him upon Horace, and consulting him upon Lucian.

Many a dim twilight have we sat together, reviving each other's recollection, and occasionally relaxing into the grave amusement of *capping verses*. Then, if by any chance my ingenuity or memory enabled me to puzzle my companion, his good temper would lose itself

in a quaint pettishness, or he would hurl against me some line of Aristophanes, and ask me, with a raised voice and arched brow, to give him a fitting answer to *that*. But if, as was much more frequently the case, he fairly ran me down into a pause and confession of inability, he would rub his hands with a strange chuckle, and offer me, in the bounteousness of his heart, to read aloud a Greek Ode of his own, while he treated me "to a dish of tea." There was much in the good man's innocence, and guilelessness of soul, which made me love him, and I did not rest till I had procured him, before I left the University, the living which he now held. Since then, he had married the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, an event of which he had duly informed me; but, though this great step in the life of "a reading man" had not taken place many months since, I had completely, after a hearty wish for his domestic happiness, consigned it to a dormant place in my recollection.

The house which I now began to approach was small, but comfortable; perhaps there was something melancholy in the old-fashioned hedges, cut and trimmed with mathematical precision, which surrounded the glebe, as well as in the heavy architecture and dingy bricks of the reverend recluse's habitation. To make amends for this, there was also something peculiarly still and placid about the appearance of the house, which must have suited well the tastes and habits of the owner. A small, formal lawn was adorned with a square fish-pond, bricked round, and covered with the green weepings of four willows, which drooped over it from their station at each corner. At the opposite side of this Pierian reservoir, was a hermitage, or arbor of laurels, shaped in the stiff rusticity of the Dutch school, in the prevalence of which

it was probably planted; behind this arbor, the ground, after a slight railing, terminated in an orchard.

The sound I elicited from the gate bell seemed to ring through that retired place with singular shrillness; and I observed, at the opposite window, all that bustle of drawing curtains, peeping faces, and hasty retreats, which denote female anxiety and perplexity, at the unexpected approach of a stranger.

After some time the parson's single servant, a middle-aged, slovenly man, in a loose frock and gray kersey-mere nondescripts, opened the gate, and informed me that his master *was* at home. With a few earnest admonitions to my admirer — who was, like the domestics of many richer men, both groom and valet — respecting the safety of my borrowed horse, I entered the house. The servant did not think it necessary to inquire my name, but threw open the door of the study, with the brief introduction of — “A gentleman, sir.”

Clutterbuck was standing, with his back towards me, upon a pair of library steps, turning over some dusky volumes; and below stood a pale, cadaverous youth with a set and serious countenance that bore no small likeness to Clutterbuck himself.

“*Mon Dieu*,” thought I, “he cannot have made such good use of his matrimonial state as to have raised this lanky impression of himself in the space of seven months!” The good man turned round, and almost fell off the steps with the nervous shock of beholding me so near him; he descended with precipitation, and shook me so warmly and tightly by the hand that he brought tears into my eyes as well as his own.

“Gently, my good friend,” said I, — “*parce, precor*, or you will force me to say, ‘*ibimus unà ambo, flentes valido connexi fodere.*’”

Clutterbuck's eyes watered still more, when he heard the grateful sounds of what to him was the mother tongue. He surveyed me from head to foot with an air of benign and fatherly complacency, and, dragging forth from its sullen rest a large armchair, on whose cushions of rusty horse-hair sat an eternal cloud of classic dust, too sacred to be disturbed, he *plumped* me down upon it, before I was aware of the cruel hospitality.

"Oh! my nether garments," thought I; "*quantus sudor inherit Bedoso*, to restore you to your pristine purity!"

"But whence come you?" said my host, who cherished rather a formal and antiquated method of speech.

"From the Pythian games," said I; "the campus hight Newmarket. Do I see right, or is not yon *insignis juvenis* marvellously like you? Of a surety he rivals the Titans, if he is only a seven months' child!"

"Now, truly, my worthy friend," answered Clutterbuck, "you indulge in jesting! The boy is my nephew, — a goodly child, and a painstaking. I hope he will thrive at our gentle mother. He goes to Trinity next October. Benjamin Jeremiah, my lad, this is my worthy friend and benefactor, of whom I have often spoken; go, and order him of our best, — he will partake of our repast!"

"No, really," I began; but Clutterbuck gently placed the hand, whose strength of affection I had already so forcibly experienced, upon my mouth. "Pardon me, my friend," said he; "no *stranger* should depart till he had broken bread with us; how much more then a friend! Go, Benjamin Jeremiah, and tell your aunt that Mr. Pelham will dine with us; and order, furthermore, that the barrel of oysters, sent unto us as a present by my worthy friend Dr. Swallow'em, be dressed in the

fashion that seemeth best; they are a classic dainty, and we should think of our great masters the ancients whilst we devour them. And — stop, Benjamin Jeremiah, see that we have the wine with the black seal; and — now — go, Benjamin Jeremiah!"

"Well, my old friend," said I, when the door closed upon the sallow and smileless nephew, "how do you love the connubial yoke? Do you give the same advice as Socrates? I hope, at least, it is not from the same experience."

"Hem!" answered the grave Christopher, in a tone that struck me as somewhat nervous and uneasy; "you are become quite a humorist since we parted. I suppose you have been warming your wit by the lambent fires of Horace and Aristophanes!"

"No," said I, "the living allow those whose toilsome lot it is to mix constantly with them, but little time to study the monuments of the dead. But in sober earnest, are you as happy as I wish you?"

Clutterbuck looked down for a moment, and then, turning towards the table, laid one hand upon a manuscript, and pointed with the other to his books. "With this society," said he, "how can I be otherwise?"

I gave him no reply, but put my hand upon his manuscript. He made a modest and coy effort to detain it, but I knew that writers were like women, and, making use of no displeasing force, I possessed myself of the paper.

* It was a treatise on the Greek participle. My heart sickened within me; but, as I caught the eager glance of the poor author, I brightened up my countenance into an expression of pleasure, and appeared to read and comment upon the *dificiles nugaæ* with an interest commensurate to his own. Meanwhile, the youth returned.

He had much of that delicacy of sentiment which always accompanies mental cultivation, of whatever sort it may be. He went, with a scarlet blush over his thin face, to his uncle, and whispered something in his ear, which, from the angry embarrassment it appeared to occasion, I was at no loss to divine.

"Come," said I, "we are too long acquainted for ceremony. Your *placens uxor*, like all ladies in the same predicament, thinks your invitation a little un-advised; and, in real earnest, I have so long a ride to perform, that I would rather eat your oysters another day!"

"No, no," said Clutterbuck, with greater eagerness than his even temperament was often hurried into betraying,—"no, I will go and reason with her myself. 'Wives, obey your husbands,' saith the preacher!" And the quondam senior wrangler almost upset his chair in the perturbation with which he arose from it.

I laid my hand upon him. "Let me go myself," said I, "since you *will* have me dine with you. 'The sex is ever to a *stranger* kind,' and I shall probably be more persuasive than you, in despite of your legitimate authority."

So saying, I left the room, with a curiosity more painful than pleasing, to see the collegian's wife. I arrested the man servant, and ordered him to usher and announce me.

I was led *instanter* into the apartment where I had discovered all the signs of female inquisitiveness which I have before detailed. There I discovered a small woman, in a robe equally slatternly and fine, with a sharp, pointed nose, small, cold, gray eyes, and a complexion high towards the cheek-bones, but waxing of a light green before it reached the wide and querulous

mouth, which, well I ween, seldom opened to smile upon the unfortunate possessor of her charms. She, like the Rev. Christopher, was not without her companions: a tall meagre woman of advanced age, and a girl, some years younger than herself, were introduced to me as her mother and sister.

My *entrée* occasioned no little confusion, but I knew well how to remedy that. I held out my hand so cordially to the wife, that I enticed, though with evident reluctance, two bony fingers into my own, which I did not dismiss without a most mollifying and affectionate squeeze; and, drawing my chair close towards her, began conversing as familiarly as if I had known the whole triad for years. I declared my joy at seeing my old friend so happily settled; commented on the improvement of his looks; ventured a sly joke at the good effects of matrimony; praised a cat couchant, worked in worsted by the venerable hand of the eldest matron; offered to procure her a *real* cat of the true Persian breed, black ears four inches long, with a tail like a squirrel's; and then slid, all at once, into the unauthorized invitation of the good man of the house.

"Clutterbuck," said I, "has asked me very warmly to stay dinner; but, before I accepted his offer, I insisted upon coming to see how far it was confirmed by you. Gentlemen, you are aware, my dear madam, know nothing of these matters, and I never accept a married man's invitation till it has the sanction of his lady; I have an example of that at home. My mother, Lady Frances, is the best-tempered woman in the world: but my father could no more take the liberty (for I may truly call it such) to ask even his oldest friend to dinner, without consulting the mistress of the house, than he could think of flying. No one (says my mother, and

she says what is very true) can tell about the household affairs but those who have the management of them; and in pursuance of this aphorism, I dare not accept any invitation in this house, except from its mistress."

"Really," said Mrs. Clutterbuck, coloring, with mingled embarrassment and gratification, "you are very considerate and polite, Mr. Pelham. I only wish Mr. Clutterbuck paid half your attention to these things; nobody can tell the trouble and inconvenience he puts me to. If I *had* known a little time before, that you were coming,—but now I fear we have nothing in the house; but if you can partake of our fare, such as it is, Mr. Pelham—"

"Your kindness enchant^s me," I exclaimed, "and I no longer scruple to confess the pleasure I have in accepting my old friend's offer."

This affair being settled, I continued to converse for some minutes with as much vivacity as I could summon to my aid; and when I went once more to the library, it was with the comfortable impression of having left those as friends whom I had visited as foes.

The dinner hour was four, and, till it came, Clutterbuck and I amused ourselves "in commune wise and sage." There was something high in the sentiments and generous in the feelings of this man, which made me the more regret the bias of mind which rendered them so unavailing. At college he had never (*illis dissimilis in nostro tempore natis!*) cringed to the possessors of clerical power. In the duties of his station as dean of the college, he was equally strict to the black cap and the lordly hat. Nay, when one of his private pupils, whose father was possessed of more church preferment than any nobleman in the peerage, disobeyed his repeated summons, and constantly neglected to attend his

instructions, he sent for him, resigned his tuition, and refused any longer to accept a salary which the negligence of his pupil would not allow him to requite. In his clerical tenets he was high; in his judgment of others he was mild. His knowledge of the liberty of Greece was not drawn from the ignorant historian of her Republics;¹ nor did he find in the contemplative mildness and gentle philosophy of the ancients, nothing but a sanction for modern bigotry and existing abuses.

It was a remarkable trait in his conversation, that though he indulged in many references to the old authors, and allusions to classic customs, he never deviated into the innumerable quotations with which his memory was stored. No words, in spite of all the quaintness and antiquity of his dialect, purely Latin or Greek, ever escaped his lips, except in our engagements at capping verses, or when he was allured into accepting a challenge of learning from some of its pretenders; then, indeed, he could pour forth such a torrent of authorities as effectually silenced his opponent; but these contests were rarely entered into, and these triumphs moderately indulged. Yet he loved the use of quotations in others, and I knew the greatest pleasure I could give him was in the frequent use of them. Perhaps he thought it would seem like an empty parade of learning in one who so confessedly possessed it, to deal in the strange words of another tongue, and consequently rejected them; while, with an innocent inconsistency, characteristic of the man, it never occurred to him that there was anything, either

¹ It is really a disgrace to our University that any of its colleges should accept as a reference, or even tolerate as an author, the presumptuous bigot who has bequeathed to us, in his "History of Greece," the masterpiece of a disclaimer without energy, and of a pedant without learning.

in the quaintness of his dialect or the occupations of his leisure, which might subject him to the same imputation of pedantry.

And yet, at times, when he warmed in his subject, there was a tone in his language as well as sentiment, which might not be improperly termed eloquent; and the real modesty and quiet enthusiasm of his nature took away, from the impression he made, the feeling of pomposity and affectation with which otherwise he might have inspired you.

"You have a calm and quiet habitation here," said I; "the very rooks seem to have something lulling in that venerable caw which it always does me such good to hear."

"Yes," answered Clutterbuck, "I own that there is much that is grateful to the temper of my mind in this retired spot. I fancy that I can the better give myself up to the contemplation which makes, as it were, my intellectual element and food. And yet I daresay that in this (as in all other things) I do strangely err; for I remember that, during my only sojourn in London, I was wont to feel the sound of wheels and of the throng of steps shake the windows of my lodging in the Strand, as if it were but a warning to recall my mind more closely to its studies. Of a verity that noisy evidence of man's labor reminded me how little the great interests of this rolling world were to me, and the feeling of solitude amongst the crowds without made me cling more fondly to the company I found within. For it seems that the mind is ever addicted to contraries, and that when it be transplanted into a soil where all its neighbors do produce a certain fruit, it doth, from a strange perversity, bring forth one of a different sort. You would little believe, my honored friend, that in this

lonely seclusion, I cannot at all times prohibit my thoughts from wandering to that gay world of London, which, during my tarry therein, occupied them in so partial a degree. You smile, my friend, nevertheless it is true; and when you reflect that I dwelt in the western department of the metropolis, near unto the noble mansion of Somerset House, and consequently in the very centre of what the idle call Fashion, you will not be so surprised at the occasional migration of my thoughts."

Here the worthy Clutterbuck paused and sighed slightly. "Do you farm, or cultivate your garden?" said I; "they are no ignoble nor unclassical employments."

"Unhappily," answered Clutterbuck, "I am inclined to neither; my chest pains me with a sharp and piercing pang when I attempt to stoop, and my respiration is short and asthmatic; and, in truth, I seldom love to stir from my books and papers. I go with Pliny to his garden, and with Virgil to his farm: those mental excursions are the sole ones I indulge in; and when I think of my appetite for application, and my love of idleness, I am tempted to wax proud of the propensities which reverse the censure of Tacitus on our German ancestors, and incline so fondly to quiet, while they turn so restlessly from sloth."

Here the speaker was interrupted by a long, low, dry cough, which penetrated me to the heart. "Alas!" thought I, as I heard it, and looked upon my poor friend's hectic and hollow cheek, "it is not only his mind that will be the victim to the fatality of his studies."

It was some moments before I renewed the conversation, and I had scarcely done so before I was interrupted

by the entrance of Benjamin Jeremiah, with a message from his aunt that dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Another long whisper to Christopher succeeded. The *ci-devant* fellow of Trinity looked down at his garments with a perplexed air. I saw at once that he had received a hint on the propriety of a change of raiment. To give him due leisure for this, I asked the youth to show me a room in which I might perform the usual ablutions previous to dinner, and followed him upstairs to a comfortless sort of dressing-room, without a fireplace, where I found a yellow-ware jug and basin, and a towel of so coarse a huckaback that I did not dare adventure its rough texture next my complexion,—my skin is not made for such rude fellowship. While I was tenderly and daintily anointing my hands with some hard water, of no Blandusian spring, and that vile composition entitled Windsor soap, I heard the difficult breathing of poor Clutterbuck on the stairs, and soon after he entered the adjacent room. Two minutes more, and his servant joined him; for I heard the rough voice of the domestic say, “There is no more of the wine with the black seal left, sir!”

“No more, good Dixon? you mistake grievously. I had two dozen not a week since.”

“Don’t know, I’m sure, sir!” answered Dixon, with a careless and half-impertinent accent; “but there are great things, *like alligators*, in the cellar, which break all the bottles!”

“Alligators in my cellar!” said the astonished Clutterbuck.

“Yes, sir,—at least a venomous sort of reptile like them, which the people about here call *efts*!”

“What!” said Clutterbuck, innocently, and evidently not seeing the irony of his own question,—

"what! have the efts broken two dozen bottles in a week? Of an exceeding surety, it is strange that a little creature of the lizard species should be so destructive,—perchance they have an antipathy to the vinous smell; I will confer with my learned friend, Dr. Dissectall, touching their strength and habits. Bring up some of the port, then, good Dixon."

"Yes, sir. All the corn is out; I had none for the gentleman's horse."

"Why, Dixon, my memory fails me strangely, or I paid you the sum of four pounds odd shillings for corn on Friday last."

"Yes, sir; but your cow and the chickens eat so much; and then blind Dobbin has four feeds a day, and Farmer Johnson always puts his horse in our stable, and Mrs. Clutterbuck and the ladies fed the jackass the other day in the hired donkey-chaise; besides, the rats and mice are always at it."

"It is a marvel unto me," answered Clutterbuck, "how detrimental the vermin race are; they seem to have noted my poor possessions as their especial prey,—remind me that I write to Dr. Dissectall to-morrow, good Dixon."

"Yes, sir; and now I think of it—" But here Mr. Dixon was cut short in his items by the entrance of a third person, who proved to be Mrs. Clutterbuck.

"What! not dressed yet, Mr. Clutterbuck; what a dawdler you are!—and do look, was ever woman so used? You have wiped your razor upon my nightcap, you dirty, slovenly—"

"I crave you many pardons; I own my error!" said Clutterbuck, in a nervous tone of interruption.

"Error, indeed!" cried Mrs. Clutterbuck, in a sharp, overstretched, querulous falsetto, suited to the occasion:

Alabama State College

“ but this is always the case ; I am sure my poor temper is tried to the utmost, — and Lord help thee, idiot ! you have thrust those spindle legs of yours into your coat-sleeves instead of your breeches ! ”

“ Of a truth, good wife, your eyes are more discerning than mine ; and my legs, which are, as you say, somewhat thin, have indued themselves into what appertaineth not unto them ; but for all that, Dorothea, I am not deserving of the epithet of idiot, with which you have been pleased to favor me ; although my humble faculties are, indeed, of no eminent or surpassing order — ”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! Mr. Clutterbuck, I am sure I don’t know what else you are, muddling your head all day with those good-for-nothing books. And now do tell me, how you could think of asking Mr. Pelham to dinner, when you knew we had nothing in the world but hashed mutton and an apple-pudding ? Is that the way, sir, you disgrace your wife, after her condescension in marrying you ? ”

“ Really,” answered the patient Clutterbuck, “ I was forgetful of those matters ; but my friend cares as little as myself about the grosser tastes of the table ; and the feast of intellectual converse is all that he desires in his brief sojourn beneath our roof.”

“ Feast of fiddlesticks, Mr. Clutterbuck ! did ever man talk such nonsense ? ”

“ Besides,” rejoined the *master* of the house, unheeding this interruption, “ we have a luxury even of the palate, than which there are none more delicate, and unto which he, as well as myself, is, I know, somewhat unphilosophically given ; I speak of the oysters, sent here by our good friend, Dr. Swallow’em.”

“ What do you mean, Mr. Clutterbuck ? My poor

mother and I had those oysters last night for our supper. I am sure she and my sister are almost starved; but you are always wanting to be pampered up above us all."

"Nay, nay," answered Clutterbuck, "you know you accuse me wrongfully, Dorothea; but now I think of it, would it not be better to modulate the tone of our conversation, seeing that our guest (a circumstance which until now quite escaped my recollection) was shown into the next room, for the purpose of washing his hands, the which, from their notable cleanliness, seemed to me wholly unnecessary. I would not have him overhear you, Dorothea, lest his kind heart should imagine me less happy than — than — it wishes me!"

"Good God, Mr. Clutterbuck!" were the only words I heard farther; and with tears in my eyes, and a suffocating feeling in my throat, for the matrimonial situation of my unfortunate friend, I descended into the drawing-room. The only one yet there was the pale nephew; he was bending painfully over a book. I took it from him; it was Bentley upon "Phalaris." I could scarcely refrain from throwing it into the fire. "Another victim!" thought I. Oh, the curse of an English education!

By-and-by down came the mother and the sister, then Clutterbuck, and lastly, bedizened out with gewgaws and trumpery, the wife. Born and nurtured as I was in the art of the *volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*,¹ I had seldom found a more arduous task of dissimulation than that which I experienced now. However, the hope to benefit my friend's situation assisted me; the best way, I thought, of obtaining him more respect from his wife, will be by showing her the respect he meets with from

¹ The open countenance and closed thoughts.

others. Accordingly, I sat down by her, and having first conciliated her attention by some of that coin, termed compliments, in which there is no counterfeit that does not have the universal effect of real, I spoke with the most profound veneration of the talents and learning of Clutterbuck; I dilated upon the high reputation he enjoyed; upon the general esteem in which he was held; upon the kindness of his heart, the sincerity of his modesty, the integrity of his honor, — in short, whatever I thought likely to affect her; most of all, I insisted upon the high panegyrics bestowed upon him by lord this, and the earl that, and wound up with adding, that I was certain he would die a bishop. My eloquence had its effect: all dinner-time Mrs. Clutterbuck treated her husband with even striking consideration; my words seemed to have gifted her with a new light, and to have wrought a thorough transformation in her view of her lord and master's character. Who knows not the truth, that we have dim and short-sighted eyes to estimate the nature of our own kin, and that we borrow the spectacles which alone enable us to discern their merits or their failings from the opinion of strangers! It may be readily supposed that the dinner did not pass without its share of the ludicrous, — that the waiter and the dishes, the family and the host, would have afforded ample materials no less for the student of nature in Hogarth, than of caricature in Bunbury; but I was too seriously occupied in pursuing my object, and marking its success, to have time even for a smile. Ah! if ever you would allure your son to diplomacy, show him how subservient he may make it to benevolence.

When the women had retired, we drew our chairs near to each other, and, laying down my watch on the

table, as I looked out upon the declining day, I said, "Let us make the best of our time; I can only linger here one half-hour longer."

"And how, my friend," said Clutterbuck, "shall we learn the method of making the best use of time? *There*, whether it be in the larger segments, or the petty subdivisions of our life, rests the great enigma of our being. Who is there that has ever exclaimed (pardon my pedantry, I am for once *driven* into Greek), *Eureka!* to this most difficult of the sciences?"

"Come," said I, "it is not for you, the favored scholar, the honored academician, whose hours are never idly employed, to ask this question!"

"Your friendship makes too flattering the acumen of your judgment," answered the modest Clutterbuck. "It has indeed been my lot to cultivate the fields of truth, as transmitted unto our hands by the wise men of old; and I have much to be thankful for, that I have, in the employ, been neither curtailed in my leisure nor abased in my independence,—the two great goods of a calm and meditative mind; yet are there moments in which I am led to doubt of the wisdom of my pursuits. And when, with a feverish and shaking hand, I put aside the books which have detained me from my rest till the morning hour, and repair unto a couch often baffled of slumber by the pains and discomforts of this worn and feeble frame, I almost wish I could purchase the rude health of the peasant by the exchange of an idle and imperfect learning for the ignorance content with the narrow world it possesses, because unconscious of the limitless creation beyond. Yet, my dear and esteemed friend, there is a dignified and tranquillizing philosophy in the writings of the ancients which ought to teach me a better condition

of mind; and when I have risen from the lofty, albeit somewhat melancholy, strain which swells through the essays of the graceful and tender Cicero, I have indeed felt a momentary satisfaction at my studies, and an elation even at the petty success with which I have cherished them. But these are brief and fleeting moments, and deserve chastisement for their pride. There is one thing, my Pelham, which has grieved me bitterly of late, and that is, that in the earnest attention which it is the — perhaps fastidious — custom of our University to pay to the minutiae of classic lore, I do now oftentimes lose the spirit and beauty of the general bearing; nay, I derive a far greater pleasure from the ingenious amendment of a perverted text, than from all the turn and thought of the sense itself. While I am straightening a crooked nail in the wine-cask, I suffer the wine to evaporate; but to this I am somewhat reconciled, when I reflect that it was also the misfortune of the great Porson and the elaborate Parr,—men with whom I blush to find myself included in the same sentence."

"My friend," said I, "I wish neither to wound your modesty nor to impugn your pursuits; but think you not that it would be better, both for men and for yourself, if, while you are yet in the vigor of your age and reason, you occupy your ingenuity and application in some more useful and lofty work than that which you suffered me to glance at in your library; and, moreover, as the great object of him who would perfect his mind, is first to strengthen the faculties of his body, would it not be prudent in you to lessen for a time your devotion to books; to exercise yourself in the fresh air; to relax the bow by loosing the string; to mix more with the living, and impart to men in

conversation, as well as in writing, whatever the incessant labor of many years may have hoarded? Come, if not to town, at least to its vicinity; the profits of your living, if even tolerably managed, will enable you to do so without inconvenience. Leave your books to their shelves, and your flock to their curate, and — you shake your head; do I displease you?"

"No, no, my kind and generous adviser; but as the twig was set, the tree must grow. I have not been without that ambition which, however vain and sinful, is the first passion to enter the wayward and tossing vessel of our soul, and the last to leave its stranded and shattered wreck; but mine found and attained its object at an age when in others it is, as yet, a vague and unsettled feeling; and it feeds now rather upon the recollections of what has been than ventures forward on a sea of untried and strange expectation. As for my studies! how can you, who have, and in no moderate draught, drunk of the old stream of Castaly, — how can *you* ask me *now* to change them? Are not the ancients my food, my aliment, my solace in sorrow, — my sympathizers, my very benefactors, in joy? Take them away from me, and you take away the very winds which purify and give motion to the obscure and silent current of my life. Besides, my Pelham, it cannot have escaped your observation that there is little in my present state which promises a long increase of days: the few that remain to me must glide away like their predecessors; and whatever be the infirmities of my body, and the little harassments which, I am led to suspect, do occasionally molest the most fortunate who link themselves unto the unstable and fluctuating part of creation which we term women, more especially in a hymeneal capacity, — whatever these may be, I

have my refuge and my comforter in the golden-souled and dreaming Plato, and the sententious wisdom of the less imaginative Seneca. Nor, when I am reminded of my approaching dissolution by the symptoms which do mostly at the midnight hour press themselves upon me, is there a small and inglorious pleasure in the hope that I may meet, hereafter, in those Islands of the Blessed which they dimly dreamed of, but which are opened unto *my* vision, without a cloud, or mist, or shadow of uncertainty and doubt, with those bright spirits which we do now converse with so imperfectly; that I may catch from the very lips of Homer the unclouded gorgeousness of fiction, and from the accents of Archimedes the unadulterated calculations of truth!"

Clutterbuck ceased; and the glow of his enthusiasm diffused itself over his sunken eye and consumptive cheek. The boy, who had sat apart and silent during our discourse, laid his head upon the table, and sobbed audibly; and I rose, deeply affected, to offer to one for whom they were, indeed, unavailing, the wishes and blessing of an eager but not hardened disciple of the world. We parted; on this earth we can never meet again. The light has wasted itself away beneath the bushel. It will be six weeks to-morrow since the meek and noble-minded academician breathed his last!

CHAPTER LXIV.

'T is but a single murder. — *LILLO'S Fatal Curiosity.*

IT was in a melancholy and thoughtful mood that I rode away from the parsonage. Numerous and hearty were the maledictions I bestowed upon a system of education which, while it was so ineffective with the many, was so pernicious to the few. Miserable delusion (thought I) that encourages the ruin of health and the perversion of intellect, by studies that are as unprofitable to the world as they are destructive to the possessor; that incapacitate him for public, and unfit him for private, life; and that, while they expose him to the ridicule of strangers, render him the victim of his wife and the prey of his domestic!

Busied in such reflections, I rode quickly on, till I found myself once more on the heath. I looked anxiously round for the conspicuous equipage of Lady Chester, but in vain. The ground was thin, — nearly all the higher orders had retired; the common people, grouped together and clamoring noisily, were withdrawing; and the shrill voices of the itinerant hawkers of cards and bills had, at length, subsided into silence. I rode over the ground, in the hope of finding some solitary straggler of our party. Alas! there was not one; and, with much reluctance at and distaste to my lonely retreat, I turned in a homeward direction from the course.

The evening had already set in, but there was a moon in the cold, gray sky, that I could almost have thanked,

in a sonnet, for a light which I felt was never more welcomely dispensed, when I thought of the cross-roads and dreary country I had to pass before I reached the longed-for haven of Chester Park. After I had left the direct road, the wind, which had before been piercingly keen, fell, and I perceived a dark cloud behind, which began slowly to overtake my steps. I care little, in general, for the discomfort of a shower; yet, as when we are in one misfortune we always exaggerate the consequence of a new one, I looked upon my dark pursuer with a very impatient and petulant frown, and set my horse on a trot, much more suitable to my inclination than his own. Indeed, he seemed fully alive to the cornless state of the parson's stable, and evinced his sense of the circumstance by a very languid mode of progression, and a constant attempt, whenever his pace abated, and I suffered the rein to slumber upon his neck, to crop the rank grass that sprang up on either side of our road. I had proceeded about three miles on my way, when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. My even pace soon suffered me to be overtaken; and, as the stranger checked his horse when he was nearly by my side, I turned towards him, and beheld Sir John Tyrrell.

"Well," said he, "this is really fortunate; for I began to fear I should have my ride, this cold evening, entirely to myself."

"I imagined that you had long reached Chester Park by this time," said I. "Did not you leave the course with our party?"

"No," answered Tyrrell; "I had business at Newmarket, with a rascally fellow of the name of Dawson. He lost to me rather a considerable wager, and asked me to come to town with him after the race, in order

to pay me. As he said he lived on the direct road to Chester Park, and would direct, and even accompany me through all the difficult parts of the ride, I the less regretted not joining Chester and his party; and you know, Pelham, that when pleasure pulls one way and money another, it is all over with the first. Well,— to return to my rascal,— would you believe that when we got to Newmarket, he left me at the inn, in order, he said, to fetch the money; and after having kept me in a cold room with a smoky chimney, for more than an hour, without making his appearance, I sallied out into the town, and found Mr. Dawson, quietly seated in a hell with that scoundrel Thornton, whom I did not conceive, till then, he was acquainted with. It seems that he was to win, at hazard, sufficient to pay his wager! You may fancy my anger, and the consequent increase to it, when he rose from the table, approached me, expressed his sorrow, d—d his ill-luck, and informed me he could not pay me for three months. You know that I could not ride home with such a fellow,— he might have robbed me by the way,— so I returned to my inn, dined, ordered my horse, set off, inquired my way of every passenger I passed, and after innumerable misdirections, — here I am!"

"I cannot sympathize with you," said I, "since I am benefited by your misfortunes. But do you think it very necessary to trot so fast? I fear my horse can scarcely keep up with yours."

Tyrrell cast an impatient glance at my panting steed. "It is cursed unlucky you should be so badly mounted, and we shall have a pelting shower presently."

In complaisance to Tyrrell, I endeavored to accelerate my steed. The roads were rough and stony; and I had scarcely got the tired animal into a sharp trot, before —

whether or no by some wrench among the deep ruts and flinty causeway — he fell suddenly lame. The impetuosity of Tyrrell broke out in oaths, and we both dismounted to examine the cause of my horse's hurt, in the hope that it might only be the intrusion of some pebble between the shoe and the hoof. While we were yet investigating the cause of our misfortune, two men on horseback overtook us. Tyrrell looked up. "By Heaven," said he, in a low tone, "it's that dog Dawson and his worthy coadjutor, Tom Thornton."

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" cried the bluff voice of the latter. "Can I be of any assistance?" and without waiting our reply, he dismounted and came up to us. He had no sooner felt the horse's leg than he assured us it was a most severe strain, and that the utmost I could effect would be to walk the brute gently home.

As Tyrrell broke out into impatient violence at this speech, the sharper looked up at him with an expression of countenance I by no means liked, but in a very civil, and even respectful tone, said, "If you wish, Sir John, to reach Chester Park sooner than Mr. Pelham can possibly do, suppose you ride on with us; I will put you in the direct road before I quit you." (Good breeding, thought I, to propose leaving me to find my own way through this labyrinth of ruts and stones!) However, Tyrrell, who was in a vile humor, refused the offer in no very courteous manner; and added that he should continue with me as long as he could, and did not doubt that when he left me he should be able to find his own way. Thornton pressed the invitation still closer, and even offered, *sotto voce*, to send Dawson on before, should the baronet object to his company.

"Pray, sir," said Tyrrell, "leave me alone, and busy yourself about your own affairs." After so tart a reply Thornton thought it useless to say more; he remounted, and with a silent and swaggering nod of familiarity, soon rode away with his companion.

"I am sorry," said I, as we were slowly proceeding, "that you rejected Thornton's offer."

"Why, to say truth," answered Tyrrell, "I have so very bad an opinion of him, that I was almost afraid to trust myself in his company on so dreary a road. I have nearly (and he knows it) to the amount of two thousand pounds about me; for I was very fortunate in my betting-book to-day."

"I know nothing about racing regulations," said I; "but I thought one never paid sums of that amount upon the ground?"

"Ah!" answered Tyrrell, "but I won this sum, which is eighteen hundred pounds, of a country squire from Norfolk, who said he did not know when he should see me again, and insisted upon paying me on the spot: faith, I was not nice in the matter. Thornton was standing by at the time, and I did not half like the turn of his eye when he saw me put it up. Do you know, too," continued Tyrrell, after a pause, "that I had a d—d fellow dodging me all day, and yesterday too; wherever I go I am sure to see him. He seems constantly, though distantly, to follow me; and what is worse, he wraps himself up so well, and keeps at so cautious a distance, that I can never catch a glimpse of his face."

I know not why, but at that moment the recollection of the muffled figure I had seen upon the course flashed upon me.

"Does not he wear a long horseman's cloak?" said I.

"He does," answered Tyrrell, in surprise; "have you observed him?"

"I saw such a person on the race-ground," replied I; "but only for an instant."

Further conversation was suspended by a few heavy drops which fell upon us; the cloud had passed over the moon, and was hastening rapidly and loweringly over our heads. Tyrrell was neither of an age, a frame, nor a temper, to be so indifferent to a hearty wetting as myself.

"Come, come," he cried, "you *must* put on that beast of yours; I can't get wet for all the horses in the world."

I was not much pleased with the dictatorial tone of this remark. "It is impossible," said I, "especially as the horse is not my own, and seems considerably lamer than at first; but let me not detain you."

"Well!" cried Tyrrell, in a raised and angry voice, which pleased me still less than his former remark; "but how am I to find my way, if I leave you?"

"Keep straight on," said I, "for a mile farther, then a sign-post will direct you to the left; after a short time you will have a steep hill to descend, at the bottom of which is a large pool and a singularly-shaped tree; then again, keep straight on till you pass a house belonging to Mr. Dawson—"

"Hang it, Pelham, make haste!" exclaimed Tyrrell, impatiently, as the rain began now to descend fast and heavy.

"When you have passed that house," I resumed coolly, rather enjoying his petulance, "you must bear to the right for six miles, and you will be at Chester Park in less than an hour."

Tyrrell made no reply, but put spurs to his horse.

The pattering rain and the angry heavens soon drowned the last echoes of the receding hoof-clang.

For myself, I looked in vain for a tree; not even a shrub was to be found: the fields lay bare on either side, with no other partition but a dead hedge and a deep dike. "*Melius fit patientiā*," etc., thought I, as Horace said, and Vincent *would* say; and in order to divert my thoughts from my situation, I turned them towards my diplomatic success with Lord Chester. Presently, for I think scarcely five minutes had elapsed since Tyrrell's departure, a horseman passed me at a sharp pace; the moon was hid by the dense cloud, and the night, though not wholly dark, was dim and obscured, so that I could only catch the outline of the flitting figure. A thrill of fear crept over me when I saw that it was enveloped in a horseman's cloak. I soon rallied: "There are more cloaks in the world than one," said I to myself; "besides, even if it be Tyrrell's dodger, as he calls him, the baronet is better mounted than any highwayman since the days of Du Val, and is, moreover, strong enough and cunning enough to take admirable care of himself." With this reflection I dismissed the occurrence from my thoughts, and once more returned to self-congratulations upon my own incomparable genius. "I shall now," I thought, "have well earned my seat in Parliament; Dawton will indisputably be, if not the prime, the principal minister in rank and influence. He cannot fail to promote me for his own sake, as well as mine; and when I have once fairly got my legs in St. Stephen's, I shall soon have my hands in office. 'Power,' says some one, 'is a snake that, when it once finds a hole into which it can introduce its head, soon manages to wriggle in the rest of its body.' "

With such meditations I endeavored to beguile the time, and cheat myself into forgetfulness of the lameness of my horse and the dripping wetness of his rider. At last the storm began sullenly to subside; one impetuous torrent, tenfold more violent than those that had preceded it, was followed by a momentary stillness, which was again broken by a short relapse of a less formidable severity, and the moment it ceased the beautiful moon broke out, the cloud rolled heavily away, and the sky shone forth, as fair and smiling as Lady —— at a ball, after she has been beating her husband at home.

But at that instant, or perhaps a second before the storm ceased, I thought I heard the sound of a human cry. I paused, and my heart stood still, — I could have heard a gnat hum. The sound was not repeated; my ear caught nothing but the plashing of the rain-drops from the dead hedges, and the murmur of the swollen dikes, as the waters pent within them rolled hurriedly on. By-and-by an owl came suddenly from behind me, and screamed as it flapped across my path; that, too, went rapidly away; and with a smile at what I deemed my own fancy, I renewed my journey. I soon came to the precipitous descent I have before mentioned; I dismounted, for safety, from my drooping and jaded horse, and led him down the hill. At a distance beyond I saw something dark moving on the grass which bordered the road; as I advanced, it started forth from the shadow and fled rapidly before me in the moonshine, — it was a riderless horse. A chilling foreboding seized me; I looked round for some weapon, such as the hedge might afford; and finding a strong stick of tolerable weight and thickness, I proceeded more cautiously, but more fearlessly than before. As I wound

down the hill, the moonlight fell full upon the remarkable and lonely tree I had observed in the morning. Bare, wan, and giantlike, as it rose amidst the surrounding waste, it borrowed even a more startling and ghostly appearance from the cold and lifeless moonbeams which fell around and upon it like a shroud. The retreating steed I had driven before me, paused, by this tree. I hastened my steps, as if by an involuntary impulse, as well as the enfeebled animal I was leading would allow me, and discovered a horseman galloping across the waste at full speed. The ground over which he passed was steeped in the moonshine, and I saw the long and disquising cloak, in which he was enveloped, as clearly as by the light of day. I paused; and as I was following him with my looks, my eye fell upon some obscure object by the left side of the pool. I threw my horse's rein over the hedge, and firmly grasping my stick, hastened to the spot. As I approached the object, I perceived that it was a human figure: it was lying still and motionless; the limbs were half immersed in the water; the face was turned upwards; the side and throat were wet with a deep red stain,—it was of blood; the thin, dark hairs of the head were clotted together over a frightful and disfiguring contusion. I bent over the face in a shuddering and freezing silence. It was the countenance of Sir John Tyrrell!

CHAPTER LXV.

Marry, he was dead,
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed:
For Fleance fled ! — *Macbeth.*

IT is a fearful thing, even to the hardiest nerves, to find ourselves suddenly alone with the dead. How much more so, if we have but a breathing interval before moved and conversed with the warm and living likeness of the motionless clay before us!

And this was the man from whom I had parted in coldness, almost in anger, — at a word, a breath ! I took up the heavy hand, it fell from my grasp ; and as it did so, I thought a change passed over the livid countenance. I was deceived ; it was but a light cloud flitting over the moon ; it rolled away, and the placid and guiltless light shone over that scene of dread and blood, making more wild and chilling the eternal contrast of earth and heaven, man and his Maker, passion and immutability, death and eternal life.

But that was not a moment for reflection, — a thousand thoughts hurried upon me, and departed as swift and confusedly as they came. My mind seemed a jarring and benighted chaos of the faculties which were its elements ; and I had stood several minutes over the corpse before, by a vigorous effort, I shook off the stupor that possessed me, and began to think of the course that it now behooved me to pursue.

The house I had noted in the morning was, I knew, within a few minutes' walk of the spot; but it belonged to Dawson, upon whom the first weight of my suspicions rested. I called to mind the disreputable character of that man, and the still more daring and hardened one of his companion Thornton. I remembered the reluctance of the deceased to accompany them, and the well-grounded reason he assigned; and, my suspicions amounting to certainty, I resolved rather to proceed to Chester Park, and there give the alarm, than to run the unnecessary risk of interrupting the murderers in the very lair of their retreat. And yet, thought I, as I turned slowly away, how, if *they* were the villains, is the appearance and flight of the disguised horseman to be accounted for?

Then flashed upon my recollection all that Tyrrell had said of the dogged pursuit of that mysterious person, and the circumstance of his having passed me upon the road so immediately after Tyrrell had quitted me. These reflections (associated with a name that I did not dare breathe even to myself, although I could not suppress a suspicion which accounted at once for the pursuit, and even for the deed) made me waver in, and almost renounce my former condemnation of Thornton and his friend; and by the time I reached the white gate and dwarfish avenue which led to Dawson's house, I resolved, at all events, to halt at the solitary mansion and mark the effect my information would cause.

A momentary fear for my own safety came across me, but was as instantly dismissed; for even supposing the friends were guilty, still it would be no object to them to extend their remorseless villainy to me; and I knew that I could sufficiently command my own thoughts to prevent any suspicion I might form from mounting to my countenance, or discovering itself in my manner.

There was a light in the upper story; it burned still and motionless. How holy seemed the tranquillity of life, contrasted with the forced and fearful silence of the death scene I had just witnessed! I rang twice at the door; no one came to answer my summons, but the light in the upper window moved hurriedly to and fro.

"They are coming," said I to myself. No such thing: the casement above was opened; I looked up, and discovered, to my infinite comfort and delight, a blunderbuss protruded eight inches out of the window in a direct line with my head; I receded close to the wall with no common precipitation.

"Get away, you rascal," said a gruff, but trembling voice, "or I'll blow your brains out."

"My good sir," I replied, still keeping my situation, "I come on urgent business, either to Mr. Thornton or Mr. Dawson; and you had better, therefore, if the delay is not very inconvenient, defer the honor you offer me till I have delivered my message."

"Master and Squire Thornton are not returned from Newmarket, and we cannot let any one in till they come home," replied the voice, in a tone somewhat mollified by my rational remonstrance; and, while I was deliberating what rejoinder to make, a rough, red head, like Liston's in a farce, poked itself cautiously out under cover of the blunderbuss, and seemed to reconnoitre my horse and myself. Presently another head, but attired in the more civilized gear of a cap and flowers, peeped over the first person's left shoulder; the view appeared to reassure them both.

"Sir," said the female, "my husband and Mr. Thornton are not returned; and we have been so much alarmed of late by an attack on the house, that I cannot admit any one till their return."

"Madam," I replied, reverently doffing my hat, "I do not like to alarm you by mentioning the information I should have given to Mr. Dawson; only oblige me by telling them, on their return, to look beside the pool on the common; they will then do as best pleases them."

Upon this speech, which certainly was of no agreeable tendency, the blunderbuss palpitated so violently that I thought it highly imprudent to tarry any longer in so perilous a vicinity; accordingly, I made the best of my way out of the avenue, and once more resumed my road to Chester Park.

I arrived there at length; the gentlemen were still in the dining-room. I sent out for Lord Chester, and communicated the scene I had witnessed, and the cause of my delay.

"What! Brown Bob lamed?" said he, "and Tyrrell — poor, poor fellow, how shocking! We must send instantly. Here, John! Tom! Wilson!" and his lordship shouted and rang the bell in an indescribable agitation.

The under-butler appeared, and Lord Chester began, "My head groom — Sir John Tyrrell is murdered — violent sprain in off leg — send lights with Mr. Pelham — poor gentleman — an express instantly to Dr. Physicon — Mr. Pelham will tell you all — Brown Bob — his throat cut from ear to ear — what shall be done?" and with this coherent and explanatory harangue, the marquess sank down in his chair in a sort of hysterick.

The under-butler looked at him in suspicious bewilderment. "Come," said I, "I will explain what his lordship means;" and, taking the man out of the room, I gave him, in brief, the necessary particulars. I ordered a fresh horse for myself, and four horsemen to accompany me. While these were preparing, the news was rapidly spreading, and I was soon surrounded by

the whole house. Many of the gentlemen wished to accompany me; and Lord Chester, who had at last recovered from his stupor, insisted upon heading the search. We set off, to the number of fourteen, and soon arrived at Dawson's house; the light in the upper room was still burning. We rang, and after a brief pause Thornton himself opened the door to us. He looked pale and agitated.

"How shocking!" he said directly,—"we are only just returned from the spot."

"Accompany us, Mr. Thornton," said I, sternly, and fixing my eye upon him.

"Certainly," was his immediate answer, without testifying any confusion,—"I will fetch my hat." He went into the house for a moment.

"Do you suspect these people?" whispered Lord Chester.

"Not suspect," said I, "but *doubt*."

We proceeded down the avenue: "Where is Mr. Dawson?" said I to Thornton.

"Oh, within!" answered Thornton. "Shall I fetch him?"

"Do," was my brief reply.

Thornton was absent some minutes; when he reappeared, Dawson was following him. "Poor fellow," said he to me in a low tone,—"he was so shocked by the sight, that he is still all in a panic; besides, as you will see, he is half drunk still."

I made no answer, but looked narrowly at Dawson; he was evidently, as Thornton said, greatly intoxicated; his eyes swam, and his feet staggered as he approached us; yet, through all the natural effects of drunkenness, he seemed nervous and frightened. This, however, might be the natural (and consequently innocent) effect

of the mere sight of an object so full of horror; and accordingly I laid little stress upon it.

We reached the fatal spot; the body seemed perfectly unmoved. "Why," said I, apart to Thornton, while all the rest were crowding fearfully round the corpse, — "why did you not take the body within?"

"I was going to return here with our servant for that purpose," answered the gambler; "for poor Dawson was both too drunk and too nervous to give me any assistance."

"And how came it," I rejoined, eying him searchingly, "that you and your friend had not returned home when I called there, although you had both long since passed me on the road, and I had never overtaken you?"

Thornton, without any hesitation, replied, "Because, during the violence of the shower, we cut across the fields to an old shed, which we recollect, and we remained there till the rain had ceased."

"They are probably innocent," thought I; and I turned to look once more at the body, which our companions had now raised. There was upon the head a strong contusion, as if inflicted by some blunt and heavy instrument. The fingers of the right hand were deeply gashed, and one of them almost dissevered; the unfortunate man had, in all probability, grasped the sharp weapon from which his other wounds proceeded: these were one wide cut along the throat, and another in the side; either of them would have occasioned his death.

In loosening the clothes, another wound was discovered, but apparently of a less fatal nature; and in lifting the body, the broken blade of a long, sharp instrument, like a case-knife, was discovered. It was the opinion of the surgeon who afterwards examined the body, that the blade had been broken by coming in con-

tact with one of the rib bones; and it was by this that he accounted for the slightness of the last-mentioned wound. I looked carefully among the fern and long grass, to see if I could discover any other token of the murderer; Thornton assisted me. At the distance of some feet from the body, I thought I perceived something glitter. I hastened to the place, and picked up a miniature. I was just going to cry out, when Thornton whispered, "Hush! I know the picture; it is as I suspected!"

An icy thrill ran through my very heart. With a desperate but trembling hand I cleansed from the picture the blood, in which, notwithstanding its distance from the corpse, the greater part of it was bathed. I looked upon the features; they were those of a young and singularly beautiful female. I recognized them not. I turned to the other side of the miniature; upon it were braided two locks of hair, — one was the long, dark ringlet of a woman, the other was of a light auburn. Beneath were four letters. I looked eagerly at them. "My eyes are dim," said I, in a low tone, to Thornton; "I cannot trace the initials."

"But *I* can," replied he, in the same whispered key, but with a savage exultation, which made my heart stand still: "they are G. D., R. G.; they are the initials of Gertrude Douglas and *Reginald Glanville*."

I looked up at the speaker; our eyes met; I grasped his hand vehemently. He understood me. "Put it up," said he; "we will keep the secret." All this, so long in the recital, passed in the rapidity of a moment.

"Have you found anything there, Pelham?" shouted one of our companions.

"No!" cried I, thrusting the miniature into my bosom and turning unconcernedly away.

We carried the corpse to Dawson's house. The poor wife was in fits. We heard her scream as we laid the body upon a table in the parlor.

"What more can be done?" said Lord Chester.

"Nothing," was the general answer. No excitement makes people insensible to the chance of catching cold.

"Let us go home then and send to the nearest magistrate," exclaimed our host; and this proposal required no repetition.

On our way Chester said to me, "That fellow Dawson looked devilish uneasy,—don't you still suspect him and his friend?"

"*I do not!*" answered I, emphatically.

CHAPTER LXVI.

And now I'm in the world alone,
But why for others should I groan,
When none will sigh for me ? —BYRON.

THE whole country was in confusion at the news of the murder. All the myrmidons of justice were employed in the most active research for the murderers. Some few persons were taken up on suspicion, but were as instantly discharged. Thornton and Dawson underwent a long and rigorous examination; but no single tittle of evidence against them appeared; they were consequently dismissed. The only suspicious circumstance against them was their delay on the road; but the cause given, the same as Thornton had at first assigned to me, was probable and natural. The shed was indicated, and, as if to confirm Thornton's account, a glove belonging to that person was found there. To crown all, my own evidence, in which I was constrained to mention the circumstance of the muffled horseman having passed me on the road, and being found by me on the spot itself, threw the whole weight of suspicion upon that man, whoever he might be.

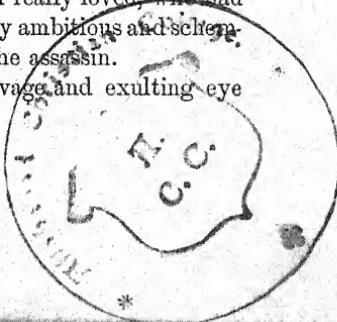
All attempts, however, to discover him were in vain. It was ascertained that a man muffled in a cloak was *seen* at Newmarket, but not remarkably observed; it was also discovered that a person so habited had put up a gray horse to bait in one of the inns at Newmarket; but in the throng of strangers neither the horse nor its owner had drawn down any particular remark.

On further inquiry, testimony differed; *four* or *five* men in cloaks had left their horses at the stables; one hostler changed the color of the steed to brown, a second to black; a third deposed that the gentleman was remarkably tall; and the waiter swore solemnly he had given a glass of brandy-and-water to an *unked*-looking gentleman in a cloak, who was remarkably short. In fine, no material point could be proved; and though the officers were still employed in active search, they could trace nothing that promised a speedy discovery.

As for myself, as soon as I decently could, I left Chester Park, with a most satisfactory despatch in my pocket from its possessor to Lord Dawton, and found myself once more on the road to London.

Alas! how different were my thoughts, how changed the temper of my mind, since I had last travelled that road! Then I was full of hope, energy, ambition, of interest for Reginald Glanville, of adoration for his sister; and *now* I leaned back listless and dispirited, without a single feeling to gladden the restless and feverish despair which ever since *that* night had possessed me! What was ambition henceforth to me? The most selfish amongst us must have some human being *to* whom to refer,—*with* whom to connect, to associate, to treasure, the triumphs and gratifications of self. Where now for my heart was such a being? My earliest friend, for whom my esteem was the greater for his sorrows, my interest the keener for his mystery, Reginald Glanville was a murderer! a dastardly, a barbarous felon, whom the chance of an instant might convict! — and she — she, the only woman in the world I had ever really loved, who had ever pierced the thousand folds of my ambitious and scheming heart,— *she* was the sister of the assassin.

Then came over my mind the savage and exulting eye



of Thornton when it read the damning record of Glanville's guilt; and in spite of my horror at the crime of my former friend, I trembled for his safety; nor was I satisfied with myself at my prevarication as a witness. It is true that I had told the truth, but I had concealed *all* the truth; and my heart swelled proudly and bitterly against the miniature which I still concealed in my bosom.

To save a criminal in whose safety I was selfishly concerned, I felt that I had tampered with my honor, paltered with the truth, and broken what justice, not over harshly, deemed a peremptory and inviolable duty.

It was with a heightened pulse and a burning cheek that I entered London. Before midnight I was in a high fever; they sent for the vultures of physic,—I was bled copiously; I was kept quiet in bed for six days; at the end of that time my constitution and youth restored me. I took up one of the newspapers listlessly. Glanville's name struck me; I read the paragraph which contained it; it was a high-flown and fustian panegyric on his genius and promise. I turned to another column; it contained a long speech he had the night before made in the House of Commons.

“Can such things be?” thought I; yea, and thereby hangs a secret and an anomaly in the human heart. A man may commit the greatest of crimes, and (if no other succeed to it) it changes not the current of his being; to all the world, to all intents, for all objects he may be the same. He may equally serve his country, equally benefit his friends, be generous, brave, benevolent, all that he was before. *One* crime, however heinous, does not necessarily cause a revolution in the system,—it is only the *perpetual* course of sins, vices, follies, however insignificant they may seem, which alters the nature and hardens the heart.

My mother was out of town when I returned there. They had written to her during my illness, and while I was yet musing over the day's journal, a letter from her was put into my hand. I transcribe it.

MY DEAREST HENRY,— How dreadfully uneasy I am about you! Write to me directly. I would come to town myself, but am staying with dear Lady Dawton, who will not hear of my going; and I cannot offend her for *your* sake. By the by, why have you not called upon Lord Dawton?—but, I forgot, you have been ill. My dear, dear child, I am wretched about you, and how pale your illness will make you look!—just, too, as the best part of the season is coming on. How unlucky! Pray don't wear a black cravat when you next call on Lady Roseville, but choose a very fine *baptiste* one,—it will make you look rather delicate than ill. What physician do you have? I hope in God that it is Sir Henry Halford. I shall be too miserable if it is not. I am sure no one can conceive the anguish I suffer. Your father, too, poor man, has been laid up with the gout for the last three days. Keep up your spirits, my dearest child, and get some light books to entertain you; but, pray, as soon as you *are* well, do go to Lord Dawton's,—he is dying to see you; but be sure not to catch cold. How did you like Lady Chester? Pray take the greatest care of yourself, and write soon to your wretched and most affectionate mother,

F. P.

P. S.— How dreadfully shocking about that poor Sir John Tyrrell!

I tossed the letter from me. Heaven pardon me if the misanthropy of my mood made me less grateful for the maternal solicitude than I should otherwise have been.

I took up one of the numerous books with which my table was covered; it was a worldly work of one of the French reasoners; it gave a new turn to my thoughts,

— my mind reverted to its former projects of ambition. Who does not know what active citizens private misfortune makes us? The public is like the pools of Bethesda, — we all hasten there, to plunge in and rid ourselves of our afflictions.

I drew my portfolio to me, and wrote to Lord Dawton. Three hours after I had sent the note, he called upon me. I gave him Lord Chester's letter, but he had already received from that nobleman a notification of my success. He was profuse in his compliments and thanks.

“And, do you know,” added the statesman, “that you have quite made a conquest of Lord Guloseton? He speaks of you publicly in the highest terms; I wish we could get him and his votes. We *must* be strengthened, my dear Pelham; everything depends on the crisis.”

“Are you certain of the cabinet?” I asked.

“Yes; it is not yet publicly announced, but it is fully known amongst us, who comes in, and who stays out. I am to have the place of ____.”

“I congratulate your lordship from my heart. What post do you design for me?”

Lord Dawton changed countenance. “Why — really, Pelham, we have not yet filled up the lesser appointments, but you shall be well remembered, — *well*, my dear Pelham; be sure of it.”

I looked at the noble speaker with a glance which, I flatter myself, is peculiar to me. Is, thought I, the embryo minister playing upon me as upon one of his dependent tools? Let him beware! The anger of the moment passed away.

“Lord Dawton,” said I, “one word, and I have done discussing my claims for the present. Do you mean to

place me in Parliament as soon as you are in the cabinet? What else you intend for me, I question not."

"Yes, assuredly, Pelham. How can you doubt it?"

"Enough! — and now read this letter from France."

Two days after my interview with Lord Dawton, as I was riding leisurely through the Green Park, in no very bright and social mood, one of the favored carriages, whose owners are permitted to say, "*Hic iter est nobis,*" overtook me. A sweet voice ordered the coachman to stop, and then addressed itself to me.

"What, the hero of Chester Park returned, without having once narrated his adventures to me?"

"Beautiful Lady Roseville," said I, "I plead guilty of negligence, — not treason. I forgot, it is true, to appear before you; but I forget not the devotion of my duty now that I behold you. Command, and I obey."

"See, Ellen," said Lady Roseville, turning to a bending and blushing countenance beside her, which I then first perceived, — "see what it is to be a knight errant; even his language is worthy of Amadis of Gaul, — but," again addressing me, "your adventures are really too shocking a subject to treat lightly. We lay our serious orders on you to come to our castle this night; we shall be alone."

"Willingly shall I repair to your bower, fayre ladie; but tell me, I beseech you, how many persons are signified in the word 'alone'?"

"Why," answered Lady Roseville, "I fear *we may* have a few people with us; but I think, Ellen, we may promise our chevalier that the number shall not exceed twelve."

I bowed and rode on. What worlds would I not have given to have touched the hand of the countess's com-

panion, though only for an instant. But,—and that fearful *but* chilled me like an icebolt. I put spurs to my horse, and dashed fiercely onwards. There was rather a high wind stirring, and I bent my face from it, so as scarcely to see the course of my spirited and impatient horse.

“What ho, sir! — what ho!” cried a shrill voice; “for Heaven’s sake, don’t ride over me *before* dinner, whatever you do after it!”

I pulled up. “Ah, Lord Guloseton! how happy I am to see you; pray forgive my blindness, and my horse’s stupidity.”

“Tis an ill wind,” answered the noble gourmand, “which blows nobody good, — an excellent proverb, the veracity of which is daily attested; for, however unpleasant a keen wind may be, there is no doubt of its being a marvellous whetter of that greatest of Heaven’s blessings, — an appetite. Little, however, did I expect that, besides blowing me a relish for my *sauté de foie gras*, it would also blow me one who might, probably, be a partaker of my enjoyment. Honor me with your company at dinner to-day.”

“What saloon will you dine in, my Lord Lucullus?” said I, in allusion to the custom of the epicure by whose name I addressed him.

“The saloon of Diana,” replied Guloseton; “for she must certainly have shot the fine buck of which Lord H—— sent me the haunch that we shall have to-day. It is the true old Meynell breed. I ask you not to meet Mr. So-and-so, and Lord What-d’ye-call-him: I ask you to meet a *sauté de foie gras*, and a haunch of venison.”

“I will most certainly pay them my respects. Never did I know before how far *things* were better company than persons. Your lordship has taught me that great truth.”

"God bless me!" cried Guloseton, with an air of vexation, "here comes the Duke of Stilton, a horrid person, who told me the other day, at my *petit dîner*, when I apologized to him for some strange error of my *artiste's*, by which common vinegar had been substituted for Chili; who told me — what think you he told me? You cannot guess, — he told me, forsooth, that he did not care what he ate; and, for his part, he could make a very good dinner off a beefsteak! Why the deuce, then, did he come and dine with *me*? Could he have said anything more cutting? Imagine my indignation, when I looked round my table and saw so many good things thrown away upon such an idiot."

Scarcely was the last word out of the gourmand's mouth before the noble personage so designated joined us. It amused me to see Guloseton's contempt (which he scarcely took the pains to suppress) of a person whom all Europe honored, and his evident weariness of a companion, whose society every one else would have coveted as the *summum bonum* of worldly distinction. As for me, feeling anything but social, I soon left the ill-matched pair, and rode into the other park.

Just as I entered it, I perceived, on a dull yet cross-looking pony, Mr. Wormwood, of bitter memory. Although we had not met since our mutual sojourn at Sir Lionel Garrett's, and were then upon very cool terms of acquaintance, he seemed resolved to recognize and claim me.

"My dear sir," said he, with a ghastly smile, "I am rejoiced once more to see you; bless me, how pale you look! I heard you had been very ill. Pray, have you been yet to that man who professes to cure consumption in the worst stages?"

"Yes," said I; "he read me two or three letters of

reference from the patients he had cured. His last, he said, was a gentleman very far gone, — a Mr. Wormwood."

"Oh, you are pleased to be facetious," said the cynic, coldly; "but pray do tell me about that horrid affair at Chester Park. How disagreeable it must have been to you to be taken up on *suspicion of the murder!*!"

"Sir," said I, haughtily, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, you were not, — were n't you? Well, I always thought it unlikely; but every one says so —"

"My dear sir," I rejoined; "how long is it since you have minded what everybody says? If I were so foolish, I should not be riding with you now; but I have always said, in contradiction to everybody, and even in spite of being universally laughed at for my singular opinion, that you, my dear Mr. Wormwood, were by no means silly, nor ignorant, nor insolent, nor intrusive: that you were, on the contrary, a very decent author, and a very good sort of man; and that you were so benevolent, that you daily granted, to some one or other, the greatest happiness in your power; it is a happiness I am now about to enjoy, and it consists in wishing you '*good-by!*'" And without waiting for Mr. Wormwood's answer, I gave the rein to my horse, and was soon lost among the crowd, which had now begun to assemble.

Hyde Park is a stupid place. The English of the fashionable world make business an enjoyment, and enjoyment a business: they are born without a smile; they rove about public places like so many easterly winds, — cold, sharp, and cutting; or like a group of fogs on a frosty day, sent out of his hall by *Boreas* for the express purpose of looking black at one another. When they ask you "how you do," you would think they were measuring the length of your coffin. They are ever, it

is true, *laboring* to be agreeable; but they are like Sisyphus, — the stone they rolled up the hill with so much toil runs down again, and hits you a thump on the legs. They are sometimes *polite*, but invariably *uncivil*; their warmth is always artificial, — their cold never; they are stiff without dignity, and cringing without manners. They offer you an affront, and call it “plain truth;” they wound your feelings, and tell you it is manly “to speak their minds;” at the same time, while they have neglected all the graces and charities of artifice, they have adopted all its falsehood and deceit. While they profess to abhor servility, they adulate the peerage; while they tell you they care not a rush for the minister, they move heaven and earth for an invitation from the minister’s wife. Then their amusements! — the heat, the dust, the sameness, the slowness of that odious park in the morning; and the same exquisite scene repeated in the evening on the condensed stage of a rout-room, where one has more heat, with less air, and a narrower dungeon, with diminished possibility of escape! — we wander about like the damned in the story of *Vathek*, and we pass our lives, like the royal philosopher of Prussia, in conjugating the verb, *je m’ennuis*.

CHAPTER LXVII.

In solo vivendi causa palato est. — JUVENAL.

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. — *Vicar of Wakefield*.

THE reflections which closed the last chapter will serve to show that I was in no very amiable or convivial temper when I drove to Lord Guloseton's dinner. However, in the world it matters little what may be our real mood; the mask hides the bent brow and the writhing lip.

Guloseton was stretched on his sofa, gazing with upward eye at the beautiful Venus which hung above his hearth. "You are welcome, Pelham; I am worshipping my household divinity!"

I prostrated myself on the opposite sofa, and made some answer to the classical epicure, which made us both laugh heartily. We then talked of pictures, painters, poets, the ancients, and "Dr. Henderson on Wines;" we gave ourselves up, without restraint, to the enchanting fascination of the last-named subject; and, our mutual enthusiasm confirming our cordiality, we went downstairs to our dinner, as charmed with each other as boon companions always should be.

"This is as it should be," said I, looking round at the well-filled table, and the sparkling spirits immersed in the ice-pails; "a genuine *friendly* dinner. It is very rarely that I dare intrust myself to such extempore hospitality, — *miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ*:

a friendly dinner, a family meal, are things from which I fly with undisguised aversion. It is very hard that in England one cannot have a friend on pain of being shot or poisoned; if you refuse his familiar invitations, he thinks you mean to affront him, and says something rude, for which you are forced to challenge him; if you accept them, you perish beneath the weight of boiled mutton and turnips, or—”

“ My dear friend,” interrupted Guloseton, with his mouth full, “ it is very true; but this is no time for talking; *let us eat.*”

I acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and we did not interchange another word beyond the exclamations of surprise, pleasure, admiration, or dissatisfaction, called up by the objects which engrossed our attention, till we found ourselves alone with our dessert.

When I thought my host had imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine, I once more renewed my attack. I had tried him before upon that point of vanity which is centred in power and political consideration, but in vain; I now bethought me of another.

“ How few persons there are,” said I, “ capable of giving even a tolerable dinner,—how many capable of admiring one worthy of estimation! I could imagine no greater triumph for the ambitious epicure, than to see at his board the first and most honored persons of the state, all lost in wonder at the depth, the variety, the purity, the munificence of his taste; all forgetting, in the extorted respect which a gratified palate never fails to produce, the more visionary schemes and projects which usually occupy their thoughts; to find those whom all England are soliciting for posts and power, become, in their turn, eager and craving aspirants for places at his table; to know that all the grand move-

ments of the ministerial body are planned and agitated over the inspirations of his viands and the excitement of his wine. From a haunch of venison, like the one of which we have partaken to-day, what noble and substantial measures might arise! From a *sauté de foie*, what delicate subtleties of finesse might have their origin! From a ragout à la *financière*, what godlike improvements in taxation! Oh, could such a lot be mine, I would envy neither Napoleon for the goodness of his fortune, nor S—— for the grandeur of his genius."

Guloseton laughed. "The ardor of your enthusiasm blinds your philosophy, my dear Pelham; like Montesquieu, the liveliness of your fancy often makes you advance paradoxes which the consideration of your judgment would afterwards condemn. For instance, you must allow, that if one had all those fine persons at one's table, one would be forced to talk more, and consequently to eat less; moreover, you would either be excited by your triumph, or you would not, — that is indisputable. If you are *not* excited, you have the bore for nothing; if you *are* excited, you spoil* your digestion, — nothing is so detrimental to the stomach as the feverish inquietude of the passions. All philosophies recommend calm as the *to kalon* of their code; and you must perceive that if, in the course you advise, one has occasional opportunities of pride, one also has those of mortification. Mortification! terrible word; how many apoplexies have arisen from its source! No, Pelham, away with ambition! fill your glass, and learn, at least, the secret of real philosophy."

"Confound the man!" was my *mental* anathema. "Long life to the Solomon of *sautés*," was my *audible* exclamation.

"There is something," resumed Guloseton, "in your countenance and manner, at once so frank, lively, and ingenuous, that one is not only prepossessed in your favor, but desirous of your friendship. I tell you, therefore, in confidence, that nothing more amuses me than to see the courtship I receive from each party. I laugh at all the unwise and passionate contests in which others are engaged, and I would as soon think of entering into the chivalry of Don Quixote, or attacking the visionary enemies of the Bedlamite, as of taking part in the fury of politicians. At present, looking afar off at their delirium, I can ridicule it; were I to engage in it, I should be hurt by it. I have no wish to become the weeping, instead of the laughing philosopher. I sleep well now,—I have no desire to sleep ill. I eat well,—why should I lose my appetite? I am undisturbed and unattacked in the enjoyments best suited to my taste,—for what purpose should I be hurried into the abuse of the journalists and the witticisms of pamphleteers? I can ask those whom I like to my house,—why should I be forced into asking those whom I do not like? In fine, my good Pelham, why should I sour my temper and shorten my life; put my green old age into flannel and physic, and become, from the happiest of sages, the most miserable of fools? Ambition reminds me of what Bacon says of anger, 'It is like rain, it breaks itself upon that which it falls on.' Pelham, my boy, taste the *Château Margot*."

However hurt my vanity might be in having so ill succeeded in my object, I could not help smiling with satisfaction at my entertainer's principles of wisdom. My diplomatic honor, however, was concerned, and I resolved yet to gain him. If, hereafter, I succeeded, it was by a very different method than I had yet taken;

meanwhile, I departed from the house of this modern Apicius with a new insight into the great book of mankind, and a new conclusion from its pages,—namely, that no virtue can make so perfect a philosopher as the senses. There is no content like that of the epicure, no active code of morals so difficult to conquer as the inertness of his indolence; he is the only being in the world for whom the present has a supremer gratification than the future.

My cabriolet soon whirled me to Lady Roseville's door; the first person I saw in the drawing-room was Ellen. She lifted up her eyes with that familiar sweet-
ness with which they had long since learned to welcome me. "She is the sister of a murderer!" was the thought that curdled my blood, and I bowed distantly and passed on.

I met Vincent. He seemed dispirited and dejected. He already saw how ill his party had succeeded; above all, he was enraged at the idea of the person assigned by rumor to fill the place he had intended for himself. This person was a sort of rival to his lordship, a man of quaintness and quotation, with as much learning as Vincent, equal wit, and — but that personage is still in office, and I will say no more, lest he should think I flatter.

To our subject. It has probably been observed that Lord Vincent had indulged less of late in that peculiar strain of learned humor formerly his wont. The fact is, that he had been playing another part; he wished to remove from his character that appearance of literary coxcombry with which he was accused. He knew well how necessary, in the game of politics, it is to appear no less a man of the world than of books; and though he was not averse to display his clerkship and scholastic

information, yet he endeavored to make them seem rather valuable for their weight, than curious for their fashion. How few there are in the world who retain, after a certain age, the character originally natural to them! We all get, as it were, a second skin; the little foibles, propensities, eccentricities, we first indulged through affectation, conglomerate and encrust till the artificiality grows into nature.

"Pelham," said Vincent, with a cold smile, "the day will be yours; the battle is not to the strong,—the Whigs will triumph. '*Fugère pudor, verumque, fidesque; in quorum subière locum fraudesque dolique insidiæque, et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi.*'"¹

"A pretty modest quotation," said I. "You must allow, at least, that the *amor sceleratus habendi* was also, in some moderate degree, shared by the *Pudor* and *Fides* which characterize your party; otherwise I am at a loss how to account for the tough struggle against us we have lately had the honor of resisting."

"Never mind," replied Vincent; "I will not refute you. It is not for us, the defeated, to argue with you, the victors. But pray," continued Vincent, with a sneer which pleased me not,—"pray, among this windfall of the Hesperian fruit, what nice little apple will fall to your share?"

"My good Vincent, don't let us anticipate; if any such apple should come into my lap, let it not be that of discord between us."

"Who talks of discord?" asked Lady Roseville, joining us.

"Lord Vincent," said I, "fancies himself the celebrated fruit on which was written *detur pulchriori*, to

¹ Shame, Truth, and Faith have flown; in their stead creep in frauds, craft, snares, force, and the rascally love of gain.

be given to the fairest. Suffer me, therefore, to make him a present to your ladyship."

Vincent muttered something which, as I really liked and esteemed him, I was resolved not to hear; accordingly I turned to another part of the room: there I found Lady Dawton,—she was a tall, handsome woman, as proud as a liberal's wife ought to be. She received me with unusual graciousness, and I sat myself beside her. Three dowagers and an old beau of the old school were already sharing the conversation with the haughty countess. I found that the topic was society.

"No," said the old beau, who was entitled Mr. Clarendon, "society is very different from what it was in my younger days. You remember, Lady Paulet, those delightful parties at D—— House? Where shall we ever find anything like them? Such ease, such company,—even the mixture was so piquant; if one chanced to sit next a *bourgeois*, he was sure to be distinguished for his wit or talent. People were not tolerated, as now, merely for their riches."

"True," cried Lady Dawton; "it is the introduction of low persons, without any single pretension, which spoils the society of the present day!" And the three dowagers sighed amen to this remark.

"And yet," said I, "since I may safely say so *here* without being suspected of a personality in the shape of a compliment, don't you think that without any such mixture we should be very indifferent company? Do we not find those dinners and *soirées* the pleasantest, where we see a minister next to a punster, a poet to a prince, and a coxcomb like me next to a beauty like Lady Dawton? The more variety there is in the conversation, the more agreeable it becomes!"

"Very just," answered Mr. Clarendon; "but it is

precisely because I wish for that variety that I dislike a miscellaneous society. If one does not know the person beside whom one has the happiness of sitting, what possible subject can one broach with any prudence? I put politics aside, because, thanks to party spirit, we rarely meet those we are strongly opposed to; but if we sneer at the Methodists, our neighbor may be a saint; if we abuse a new book, he may have written it; if we observe that the tone of the pianoforte is bad, his father may have made it; if we complain of the uncertainty of the commercial interest, his uncle may have been gazetted last week. I name no exaggerated instances; on the contrary, I refer these general remarks to particular individuals whom all of us have probably met. Thus you see that a variety of topics is proscribed in a mixed company, because some one or other of them will be certain to offend."

Perceiving that we listened to him with attention, Mr. Clarendon continued, "Nor is this more than a minor objection to the great mixture prevalent amongst us; a more important one may be found in the universal imitation it produces. The influx of common persons being once permitted, certain sets recede, as it were, from the contamination, and contract into very diminished coteries. Living familiarly solely amongst themselves, however they may be forced into visiting promiscuously, they imbibe certain manners, certain peculiarities in mode and words,—even in an accent or a pronunciation,—which are confined to themselves; and whatever differs from these little eccentricities, they are apt to condemn as vulgar and suburban. Now, the fastidiousness of these sets making them difficult of intimate access, even to many of their superiors in actual rank, those very superiors, by a natural feeling

in human nature, of prizes what is rare, even if it is worthless, are the first to solicit their acquaintance; and, as a sign that they enjoy it, to imitate those peculiarities which are the especial hieroglyphics of this sacred few. The lower grades catch the contagion, and imitate those they imagine most likely to know the essentials of the mode; and thus manners, unnatural to all, are transmitted second-hand, third-hand, fourth-hand, till they are ultimately filtered into something worse than no manners at all. Hence, you perceive all people timid, stiff, unnatural, and ill at ease; they are dressed up in a garb that does not fit them, to which they have never been accustomed, and are as little at home as the wild Indian in the boots and garments of the more civilized European."

"And hence," said I, "springs that universal vulgarity of idea, as well as manner, which pervades all society; for nothing is so plebeian as imitation."

"A very evident truism!" said Clarendon. "What I lament most, is the injudicious method certain persons took to change this order of things, and diminish the *désagrémens* of the mixture we speak of. I remember well, when Almack's was first set up the intention was to keep away the rich *rôturiers* from a place the tone of which was also intended to be contrary to their own. For this purpose the patronesses were instituted, the price of admission made extremely low, and all ostentatious refreshments discarded; it was an admirable institution for the interests of the little oligarchy who ruled it, but it has only increased the general imitation and vulgarity. Perhaps the records of that institution contain things more disgraceful to the aristocracy of England than the whole history of Europe can furnish. And how could the *Messieurs et Mesdames Jourdains*

help following the servile and debasing example of *Monseigneur le Duc et Pair?*"

"How strange it is," said one of the dowagers, "that of all the novels on society with which we are annually inundated, there is scarcely one which gives even a tolerable description of it!"

"Not strange," said Clarendon, with a formal smile, "if your ladyship will condescend to reflect. Most of the writers upon our little great world have seen nothing of it; at most, they have been occasionally admitted into the routs of the B——'s and C——'s of the second, or rather the third set. A very few are, it is true, gentlemen; but gentlemen, who are not writers, are as bad as writers who are not gentlemen. In one work, which, since it is popular, I will not name, there is a stiffness and stiltedness in the dialogue and descriptions perfectly ridiculous. The author makes his countesses always talking of their family, and his earls always quoting the peerage. There is as much fuss about state, and dignity, and pride, as if the greatest amongst us were not far too busy with the petty affairs of the world to have time for such lofty vanities. There is only one rule necessary for a clever writer who wishes to delineate the *beau monde*. It is this: let him consider that 'dukes, and lords, and noble princes,' eat, drink, talk, move, exactly the same as any other class of civilized people, — nay, the very subjects in conversation are, for the most part, the same in all sets, only, perhaps, they are somewhat more familiarly and easily treated with us than among the lower orders, who fancy rank is distinguished by pomposity, and that state affairs are discussed with the solemnity of a tragedy; that we are always my-lording and my-ladying each other; that we ridicule commoners, and curl our hair with Debrett's 'Peerage.'"

We all laughed at this speech, the truth of which we readily acknowledged.

"Nothing," said Lady Dawton, "amuses me more than to see the great distinction which novel-writers make between the titled and the untitled; they seem to be perfectly unaware that a commoner, of ancient family and large fortune, is very often of far more real rank and estimation, and even *weight*, in what they are pleased to term *fashion*, than many of the members of the Upper House. And what amuses me as much, is the *no* distinction they make between all people who have titles: Lord A—, the little baron, is exactly the same as Lord Z—, the great marquess,—equally haughty and equally important."

"*Mais, mon Dieu*," said a little French count, who had just joined us; "how is it that you can expect to find a description of society entertaining, when the society itself is so dull?—the closer the copy, the more tiresome it must be. Your manner *pour vous amuser* consists in standing on a crowded staircase and complaining that you are terribly bored. *L'on s'accoutume difficilement à une vie qui se passe sur l'escalier.*"

"It is very true," said Clarendon; "we cannot defend ourselves. We are a very sensible, thinking, brave, sagacious, generous, industrious, noble-minded people; but it must be confessed that we are terrible bores to ourselves and all the rest of the world. Lady Paulet, if you *are* going so soon, honor me by accepting my arm."

"You should say *your hand*," said the Frenchman.

"Pardon me," answered the gallant old beau; "I say, with your brave countryman when he lost his legs in battle, and was asked by a lady, like the one who now

leans on me, whether he would not sooner have lost his arms? 'No, Madam,' said he (and this, Monsieur le Comte, is the answer I give to your rebuke), 'I want my hands to guard my heart.'

Finding our little knot was now broken up, I went into another part of the room, and joined Vincent, Lady Roseville, Ellen, and one or two other persons who were assembled round a table covered with books and prints. Ellen was sitting on one side of Lady Roseville; there was a vacant chair next to her, but I avoided it, and seated myself on the other side of Lady Roseville.

"Pray, Miss Glanville," said Lord Vincent, taking up a thin volume, "do you greatly admire the poems of this lady?"

"What, Mrs. Hemans?" answered Ellen. "I am more enchanted with her poetry than I can express; if that is 'The Forest Sanctuary' which you have taken up, I am sure you will bear me out in my admiration."

Vincent turned over the leaves with the quiet cynicism of manner habitual to him; but his countenance grew animated after he had read two pages. "This is, indeed, beautiful," said he, "really and genuinely beautiful. How singular that such a work should not be more known! I never met with it before. But whose pencil-marks are these?"

"Mine, I believe," said Ellen, modestly.

And Lady Roseville turned the conversation upon Lord Byron.

"I must confess, for my part," said Lord Edward Neville (an author of some celebrity and more merit), "that I am exceedingly weary of those doleful ditties with which we have been favored for so many years. No sooner had Lord Byron declared himself unhappy, than every young gentleman with a pale face and dark hair thought himself justified in frowning in the glass

and writing odes to Despair. All persons who could scribble two lines were sure to make them into rhymes of 'blight' and 'night.' Never was there so grand a *penchant* for the *triste*."

"It would be interesting enough," observed Vincent, "to trace the origin of this melancholy mania. People are wrong to attribute it to poor Lord Byron, — it certainly came from Germany; perhaps Werter was the first hero of that school."

"There seems," said I, "an unaccountable prepossession among all persons to imagine that whatever seems gloomy must be profound, and whatever is cheerful must be shallow. They have put poor Philosophy into deep mourning, and given her a coffin for a writing-desk, and a skull for an inkstand."

"Oh," cried Vincent, "I remember some lines so applicable to your remark, that I must forthwith interrupt you, in order to introduce them. Madame de Staël said, in one of her works, that melancholy was a source of perfection. Listen now to my author: —

'Une femme nous dit, et nous prouve en effet,
Qu'avant quelques mille ans l'homme sera parfait,
Qu'il devra cet état à la *mélancolie*.
On sait que la tristesse annonce le génie ;
Nous avons déjà fait des progrès étonnans ;
Que de tristes écrits — que de tristes romans !
Des plus noires horreurs nous sommes idolâtres,
Et la *mélancolie* a gagné nos théâtres.'"¹

¹ A woman tells us, and in fact she proves,
That man, though slowly, to perfection moves,
But to be perfect, first we must be sad.
Genius, we know, is melancholy mad.
Already Time our startling progress hails !
What cheerless essays! — what disastrous tales !
Horror has grown the amusement of the age,
And Mirth despairing yawns, and flies the stage.

"What!" cried I, "are you so well acquainted with my favorite book?"

"Yours?" exclaimed Vincent. "Gods, what a sympathy;¹ it has long been my most familiar acquaintance; but —

"Tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad?"

My eye followed Vincent's to ascertain the meaning of this question, and rested upon Glanville, who had that moment entered the room. I might have known that he was expected by Lady Roseville's abstraction, the restlessness with which she started at times from her seat, and as instantly resumed it; and the fond expecting looks towards the door, every time it shut or opened, which denote so strongly the absent and dreaming heart of the woman who loves.

Glanville seemed paler than usual, and perhaps even sadder; but he was less *distract* and abstracted; no sooner did he see, than he approached me, and extended his hand with great cordiality. *His* hand! thought I, and I could not bring myself to accept it; I merely addressed him in the commonplace salutation. He looked hard and inquisitively at me, and then turned abruptly away. Lady Roseville had risen from her chair, — her eyes followed him. He had thrown himself on a settee near the window. She went up to him, and sat herself by his side. I turned: my face burned, my heart beat, — I was now next to Ellen Glanville; she was looking down, apparently employed with some engravings, but I thought her hand trembled.

There was a pause. Vincent was talking with the other occupiers of the table. A woman, at such times,

¹ "La Gastronomie," Poème, par J. Berchoux.

is always the first to speak. "We have not seen you, Mr. Pelham," said Ellen, "since your return to town."

"I have been very ill," I answered, and I felt my voice falter. Ellen looked up anxiously at my face; I could not brook those large, deep, tender eyes, and it now became my turn to occupy myself with the prints.

"You *do* look pale," she said, in a low voice. I did not trust myself with a further remark,—dissimulator as I was to others, I was like a guilty child before the woman I loved. There was another pause; at last Ellen said, "How do you think my brother looks?"

I started; yes, he *was* her brother, and I was once more myself at that thought. I answered so coldly, and almost haughtily, that Ellen colored, and said with some dignity that she should join Lady Roseville. I bowed slightly, and she withdrew to the countess. I seized my hat and departed, but not utterly alone,—I had managed to secrete the book which Ellen's hand had marked; through many a bitter day and sleepless night, that book has been my only companion. I have it before me now; and it is open at a page which is yet blistered with the traces of former tears!

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Our mistress is a little given to philosophy: what disputations shall we have here by-and-by! — *Gil Blas*.

It was now but seldom that I met Ellen; for I went little into general society, and grew every day more engrossed in political affairs. Sometimes, however, when, wearied of myself and my graver occupations, I yielded to my mother's solicitations, and went to one of the nightly haunts of the goddess *we* term Pleasure, and the Greeks Moria, the game of dissipation (to use a Spanish proverb) shuffled us together. It was then that I had the most difficult task of my life to learn and to perform: to check the lip, the eye, the soul; to heap curb on curb upon the gushings of the heart, which daily and hourly yearned to overflow; and to feel, that while the mighty and restless tides of passion were thus fettered and restrained, all within was a parched and arid wilderness, that wasted itself, for want of very moisture, away. Yet there was something grateful in the sadness with which I watched her form in the dance, or listened to her voice in the song; and I felt soothed, and even happy, when my fancy flattered itself, that her step never now seemed so light as it was wont to be when in harmony with mine, nor the songs that pleased her most, so gay as those that were formerly her choice.

Distant and unobserved, I loved to feed my eyes upon her pale and downcast cheek; to note the abstraction that came over her at moments, even when her glance

seemed brightest and her lip most fluent; and to know, that while a fearful mystery might forever forbid the union of our hands, there was an invisible but electric chain which connected the sympathies of our hearts.

Ah! why is it, that the noblest of our passions should be also the most selfish? — that while we would make all earthly sacrifice for the one we love, we are perpetually demanding a sacrifice in return; that if we cannot have the rapture of blessing, we find a consolation in the power to afflict; and that we acknowledge, while we reprobate, the maxim of the sage: "*L'on veut faire tout le bonheur, ou, si cela ne se peut ainsi, tout le malheur de ce qu'on aime.*"¹

The beauty of Ellen was not of that nature which rests solely upon the freshness of youth, nor even the magic of expression; it was as faultless as it was dazzling; no one could deny its excess or its perfection; her praises came constantly to my ear into whatever society I went. Say what we will of the power of love, it borrows greatly from opinion; pride, above all things, sanctions and strengthens affection. When all voices were united to panegyrize her beauty; when I knew that the powers of her wit, the charms of her conversation, the accurate judgment, united to the sparkling imagination, were even more remarkable characteristics of her *mind*, than loveliness of her *person*, I could not but feel my ambition, as well as my tenderness, excited: I dwelt with a double intensity on my choice, and with a tenfold bitterness on the obstacle which forbade me to indulge it.

Yet there was one circumstance, to which, in spite of all the evidence against Reginald, my mind still

¹ One wishes to make all the happiness, or, if that is forbidden, all the unhappiness of the being we love.

fondly and eagerly clung. In searching the pockets of the unfortunate Tyrrell, the money he had mentioned to me as being in his possession could not be discovered. Had Glanville been the murderer, at all events he could not have been the robber. It was true that in the death-scuffle, which in all probability took place, the money might have fallen from the person of the deceased, either among the long grass which grew rankly and luxuriantly around, or in the sullen and slimy pool close to which the murder was perpetrated; it was also possible that Thornton, knowing that the deceased had so large a sum about him, and not being aware that the circumstance had been communicated to me or any one else, might not have been able (when he and Dawson first went to the spot) to resist so great a temptation. However, there was a slight crevice in this fact for a sunbeam of hope to enter, and I was too sanguine, by habitual temperament and present passion, not to turn towards it from the general darkness of my thoughts.

With Glanville I was often brought into immediate contact. Both united in the same party, and engaged in concerting the same measures, we frequently met in public, and sometimes even alone. However, I was invariably cold and distant, and Glanville confirmed rather than diminished my suspicions, by making no commentary on my behavior, and imitating it in the indifference of his own. Yet, it was with a painful and aching heart that I marked in his emaciated form and sunken cheek the gradual but certain progress of disease and death; and while all England rang with the renown of the young but almost unrivalled orator, and both parties united in anticipating the certainty and brilliancy of his success, I felt how improbable it

was that, even if his crime escaped the unceasing vigilance of justice, this living world would long possess any traces of his genius but the remembrance of his name. There was something in his love of letters, his habits of luxury and expense, the energy of his mind, the solitude, the darkness, the *hauteur*, the reserve of his manners and life, which reminded me of the German Wallenstein; nor was he altogether without the superstition of that evil but extraordinary man. It is true that he was not addicted to the romantic fables of astrology, but he was an earnest, though secret advocate of the world of spirits. He did not utterly disbelieve the various stories of their return to earth and their visits to the living; and it would have been astonishing to me, had I been a less diligent observer of human inconsistencies, to mark a mind, otherwise so reasoning and strong, in this respect so credulous and weak; and to witness its reception of a belief, not only so adverse to ordinary reflection, but so absolutely contradictory to the philosophy it passionately cultivated, and the principles it obstinately espoused.

One evening, I, Vincent, and Clarendon were alone at Lady Roseville's, when Reginald and his sister entered. I rose to depart; the beautiful countess would not suffer it; and when I looked at Ellen, and saw her blush at my glance, the weakness of my heart conquered, and I remained.

Our conversation turned partly upon books, and principally on the science *du cœur et du monde*, for Lady Roseville was *un peu philosophe*, as well as more than *un peu littéraire*; and her house, like those of the Du Deffands and D'Epinays of the old French *régime*, was one where serious subjects were cultivated, as well as the lighter ones; where it was the mode to treat no less upon

things than to scandalize *persons*; and where maxims on men and reflections on manners were as much in their places as strictures on the opera and invitations to balls.

All who were now assembled were more or less suited to one another; all were people of the world, and yet occasional students of the closet; but all had a different method of expressing their learning or their observations. Clarendon was dry, formal, shrewd, and possessed of the suspicious philosophy common to men hackneyed in the world. Vincent relieved his learning by the quotation or metaphor, or originality of some sort with which it was expressed. Lady Roseville seldom spoke much, but when she did it was rather with grace than solidity. She was naturally melancholy and pensive, and her observations partook of the colorings of her mind; but she was also a *dame de la cour*, accustomed to conceal, and her language was gay and trifling, while the sentiments it clothed were pensive and sad.

Ellen Glanville was an attentive listener, but a diffident speaker. Though her knowledge was even masculine for its variety and extent, she was averse from displaying it; the childish, the lively, the tender, were the outward traits of her character,—the flowers were above, but the mine was beneath; one noted the beauty of the first, one seldom dreamed of the value of the last.

Glanville's favorite method of expressing himself was terse and sententious. He did not love the labor of detail; he conveyed the knowledge of years in an axiom. Sometimes he was fanciful, sometimes false, but generally dark, melancholy, and bitter.

As for me, I entered more into conversation at Lady Roseville's than I usually do elsewhere; being, accord-

ing to my favorite philosophy, gay on the serious, and serious on the gay; and, perhaps, this is a juster method of treating the two than would be readily imagined: for things which are usually treated with importance are, for the most part, deserving of ridicule; and those which we receive as trifles swell themselves into a consequence we little dreamed of, before they depart.

Vincent took up a volume; it was Shelley's "Posthumous Poems." "How fine," said he, "some of these are; but they are fine fragments of an architecture in bad taste: they are imperfect in themselves, and faulty in the school they belonged to; yet, such as they are, the master-hand is evident upon them. They are like the pictures of Paul Veronese: often offending the eye, often irritating the judgment, but breathing of something vast and lofty,—their very faults are majestic; this age, perhaps no other, will ever do them justice, but the disciples of future schools will make glorious pillage of their remains. The writings of Shelley would furnish matter for a hundred volumes; they are an admirable museum of ill-arranged curiosities,—they are diamonds awkwardly set; but one of them, in the hands of a skilful jeweller, would be inestimable; and the poet of the future will serve him as Mercury did the tortoise in his own translation from Homer,—make him 'sing sweetly when he's dead!' Their lyres will be made out of his shell."

"If I judge rightly," said Clarendon, "his literary faults were these: he was too learned in his poetry, and too poetical in his learning. Learning is the bane of a poet. Imagine how beautiful Petrarch would be without his platonic conceits; fancy the luxuriant imagination of Cowley left to run wild among the lofty objects of nature, not the minute peculiarities of art. Even

Milton, who made a more graceful and gorgeous use of learning than perhaps any other poet, would have been far more popular if he had been more familiar. Poetry is for the multitude; erudition for the few. In proportion as you mix them, erudition will gain in readers, and poetry lose."

"True," said Glanville; "and thus the poetical among philosophers are the most popular of their time; and the philosophical among poets the least popular of theirs."

"Take care," said Vincent, smiling, "that we are not misled by the point of your deduction; the remark is true, but with a certain reservation,—namely, that the philosophy which renders a poet less popular must be the philosophy of learning, not of wisdom. Wherever it consists in the knowledge of the plainer springs of the heart, and not in abstruse inquiry into its metaphysical and hidden subtleties, it necessarily increases the popularity of the poem; because, instead of being limited to the few, it comes home to every one. Thus, it is the philosophy of Shakespeare which puts him into every one's hands and hearts: while that of Lucretius, wonderful poet as he is, makes us often throw down the book because it fatigues us with the scholar. Philosophy, therefore, only sins in poetry when in the severe garb of learning it becomes 'harsh and crabbed,' and not 'musical as is Apollo's lute.'"

"Alas!" said I, "how much more difficult than of yore education is become: formerly it had only one object,—to acquire learning; and now, we have not only to acquire it, but to know what to do with it when we have—nay, there are not a few cases where the very perfection of learning will be to *appear* ignorant."

"Perhaps," said Glanville, "the very perfection of

wisdom may consist in retaining actual ignorance. Where was there ever the individual who, after consuming years, life, health, in the pursuit of science, rested satisfied with its success, or rewarded by its triumph? Common sense tells us that the best method of employing life is to enjoy it. Common sense tells us also the ordinary means of this enjoyment; health, competence, and the indulgence, but the moderate indulgence, of our passions, — what have these to do with science?

"I might tell you," replied Vincent, "that I myself have been no idle nor inactive seeker after the hidden treasures of mind; and that, from my own experience, I could speak of pleasure, pride, complacency, in the pursuit, that were no inconsiderable augmenters of my stock of enjoyment; but I have the candor to confess also that I have known disappointment, mortification, despondency of mind, and infirmity of body that did more than balance the account. The fact is, in my opinion, that the individual is a sufferer for his toils; but then the mass is benefited by his success. It is we who reap, in idle gratification, what the husbandman has sown in the bitterness of labor. Genius did not save Milton from poverty and blindness, nor Tasso from the madhouse, nor Galileo from the Inquisition; *they* were the sufferers, but posterity the gainers. The literary empire reverses the political; it is not the many made for one, it is the one made for many. Wisdom and genius must have their martyrs as well as religion, and with the same results, — namely, *semen ecclesiae est sanguis martyrum*. And this reflection must console us for their misfortunes, for perhaps it was sufficient to console them. In the midst of the most affecting passage in the most wonderful work, perhaps, ever produced, for the mixture of universal thought with individual interest, — I mean

the last two cantos of 'Childe Harold,' — the poet warms from himself at his hopes of being remembered —

‘In his line,
With his land’s language.’

And who can read the noble and heart-speaking apology of Algernon Sydney without entering into his consolation no less than his misfortunes? Speaking of the law being turned into a snare instead of a protection, and instancing its uncertainty and danger in the times of Richard II., he says, ‘God only knows what will be the issue of the like practices in these our days; perhaps he will in his mercy speedily visit his afflicted people; *I die in the faith that he will do it, though I know not the time or ways.*’”

“I love,” said Clarendon, “the enthusiasm which places comfort in so noble a source; but is vanity, think you, a less powerful agent than philanthropy? Is it not the desire of shining before men that prompts us to whatever may effect it? and if it can create, can it not also support? I mean, that if you allow that to shine, to dazzle, to enjoy praise, is no ordinary incentive to the commencement of great works, the conviction of future success for this desire becomes no inconsiderable reward. Grant, for instance, that this desire produced the ‘Paradise Lost,’ and you will not deny that it might also support the poet through his misfortunes. Do you think that he thought rather of the pleasure his work should afford to posterity, than of the praises posterity should extend to his work? Had not Cicero left us such frank confessions of himself, how patriotic, how philanthropic we should have esteemed him! Now we know both his motive and meed was vanity, may we not extend the knowledge of human nature which we have gained in

this instance by applying it to others? For my part, I should be loth to inquire how large a quantum of vanity mingled with the haughty patriotism of Sydney, or the unconquered soul of Cato."

Glanville bowed his head in approval.

"But," observed I, ironically, "why be so uncharitable to this poor and persecuted principle, since none of you deny the good and great actions it effects; why stigmatize vanity as a vice when it creates, or at least participates in, so many virtues? I wonder the ancients did not erect the choicest of their temples to its worship? As for me, I shall henceforth only speak of it as the *primum mobile* of whatever we venerate and admire, and shall think it the highest compliment I can pay to a man to tell him *he is eminently vain!*"

"I incline to your opinion," cried Vincent, laughing. "The reason we dislike vanity in others is because it is perpetually hurting our own. Of all passions (if for the moment I may call it such) it is the most indiscreet; it is forever blabbing out its own secrets. If it would but keep its counsel, it would be as graciously received in society as any other well-dressed and well-bred intruder of quality. Its garrulity makes it despised. But in truth it must be clear that vanity in itself is neither a vice nor a virtue, any more than this knife, in itself, is dangerous or useful; the person who employs gives it its qualities: thus, for instance, a great mind desires to shine, or is vain, in great actions; a frivolous one, in frivolities; — and so on through the varieties of the human intellect. But I cannot agree with Mr. Clarendon that my admiration of Algernon Sydney (Cato I never did admire) would be at all lessened by the discovery that his resistance to tyranny in a great measure originated in vanity, or that the same vanity consoled him

when he fell a victim to that resistance; for what does it prove but this, that, among the various feelings of his soul, indignation at oppression (so common to all men), enthusiasm for liberty (so predominant in him), the love of benefiting others, the noble pride of being in death consistent with himself; among all these feelings, among a crowd of others equally honorable and pure, there was also one, and perhaps no inconsiderable feeling, of desire that his life and death should be hereafter appreciated justly. Contempt of fame is the contempt of virtue. Never consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions: 'Next to our own esteem,' says the best of the Roman philosophers, 'it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others.'"

"By your emphasis on the word *esteem*," said Lady Roseville; "I suppose you attach some peculiar importance to the word?"

"I do," answered Vincent; "I use it in contradistinction to *admiration*. We may covet general admiration for a *bad* action (for many bad actions have the *elinguant* which passes for real gold) — but one can expect general *esteem* only for a *good* one."

"From this distinction," said Ellen, modestly, "may we not draw an inference which will greatly help us in our consideration of vanity; may we not deem that vanity which desires only the *esteem* of others, to be invariably a virtue, and that which only longs for *admiration*, to be frequently a vice!"

"We *may* admit your inference," said Vincent; "and before I leave this question, I cannot help remarking upon the folly of the superficial, who imagine, by studying human motives, that philosophers wish to depreciate human actions. To direct our admiration to a proper point, is surely not to destroy it; yet how angry incon-

siderate enthusiasts are, when we assign real, in the place of exaggerated feelings! Thus the advocates for the doctrine of utility—the most benevolent, because the most indulgent, of all philosophies—are branded with the epithets of selfish and interested, decriers of moral excellence, and disbelievers in generous actions. Vice has no friend like the prejudices which call themselves virtue. *Le prétexte ordinaire de ceux qui font le malheur des autres est qu'ils veulent leur bien.*¹

My eyes were accidentally fixed on Glanville as Vincent ceased; he looked up, and colored faintly as he met my look; but he did not withdraw his own,—keenly and steadily we gazed upon each other, till Ellen, turning round suddenly, remarked the unwonted meaning of our looks, and placed her hand in her brother's with a sort of fear.

It was late; he rose to withdraw, and passing me, said in a low tone, "A little while, and you shall know all." I made no answer; he left the room with Ellen.

"Lady Roseville has had but a dull evening, I fear, with our stupid saws and ancient instances," said Vincent. The eyes of the person he addressed were fixed upon the door; I was standing close by her, and, as the words struck her ear, she turned abruptly: a tear fell upon my hand,—she perceived it, and though I would not look upon her face, I saw that her very neck blushed; but she, like me, if she gave way to feeling, had learned too deep a lesson from the world not readily to resume her self-command; she answered Vincent railingly upon his bad compliment to us, and received our adieu with all her customary grace, and more than her customary gayety.

¹ The ordinary pretext of those who make the misery of others is that they wish their good.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Ah! sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day; but, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it. — *Vicar of Wakefield*.

WHAT with the anxiety and uncertainty of my political prospects, the continued whirlpool in which I lived, and, above all, the unpropitious state of my *belle passion*, my health gave way: my appetite forsook me, my sleep failed me, I lost my good looks, and my mother declared that I should have no chance with an heiress, — all these circumstances together were not without their weight. So I set out one morning to Hampton Court, for the benefit of the country air.

It is by no means an unpleasant thing to turn one's back upon the great city in the height of its festivities. Misanthropy is a charming feeling for a short time; and one inhales the country, and animadverts on the town, with the most melancholy satisfaction in the world. I sat myself down at a pretty little cottage, a mile out of the town. From the window of my drawing-room I revelled in the luxurious contemplation of three pigs, one cow, and a straw-yard; and I could get to the Thames in a walk of five minutes by a short cut through a lime-kiln. Such pleasing opportunities of enjoying the beauties of nature are not often to be met with; you may be sure, therefore, that I made the most of them. I rose early, walked before breakfast, for my health, and

came back with a most satisfactory headache for my pains. I read for just three hours, walked for two more, thought over Abernethy, dyspepsia, and blue-pills, till dinner; and absolutely forgot Lord Dawton, ambition, Guloseton, epicurism: ay, all but — of course, reader, you know whom I am about to except — the ladye of my love.

One bright, laughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets, who loved and lived for nature, were right in calling our island "the merry England," when I was startled by a short, quick bark, on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round; and seated upon the sward was a man, apparently of the pedler profession: a large deal box was lying open before him; a few articles of linen and female dress were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl. "Down," said I; "all strangers are not foes, — though the English generally think so."

The man hastily looked up: perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion; for, touching his hat civilly, he said, "The dog, sir, is very quiet; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you*; for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise."

"You are a moralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher

so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? If so, I should like to purchase of so moralizing a vender."

"No, sir," said the seeming pedler, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key,—"no, sir; I am only a bearer of other men's goods; my morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

"You are candid, my friend," said I, "and your frankness, alone, would be inestimable in this age of deceit, and country of hypocrisy."

"Ah, sir!" said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our own country the most virtuous in Europe."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist, on your opinions," quoth I; "but your observation leads me to suppose that you are both an historian and a traveller. Am I right?"

"Why," answered the box-bearer, "I have dabbled a little in books, and wandered not a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods; Heaven send me the luck to deliver it safe!"

"Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and this trifle, I wish you a good-morning."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir, for both," replied the man; "but do add to your favors by informing me of the right road to the town of ____."

"I am going in that direction myself; if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can insure your not missing the rest."

"Your honor is too good!" returned he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel across him; "it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one* of mine. You smile, sir: perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen; and yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade; I follow no calling; I rove where I list, and rest where I please, — in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, sir, may I not call myself a gentleman?"

"Of a surety!" quoth I. "You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gypsies."

"You have hit it, sir," rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and as we walked on, I had leisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized and rather athletic man, apparently about the age of thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark-blue frock-coat, which was neither shabby nor new, but ill made, and much too large and long for its present possessor; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat, that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, "blushed with crimson, and blazed with gold," but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth Street for the lawful sum of two shillings and ninepence; under this was an inner vest of the Cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress. Though his shirt was of a very unwashed hue, I remarked with some suspicion that it was of a very respectable fineness; and a pin, which might be paste, or could be diamond, peeped below a tattered and dingy, black kid stock, like a gypsy's eye beneath her hair.

His trousers were of a light gray, and the justice of Providence, or of the tailor, avenged itself upon them for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-assorted companion, the coat; for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the ankle, exhibited the whole of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

The face of the man was commonplace and ordinary; one sees a hundred such every day in Fleet Street or on the 'Change: the features were small, irregular, and somewhat flat; yet when you looked twice upon the countenance, there was something marked and singular in the expression, which fully atoned for the commonness of the features. The right eye turned away from the left, in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plan as those Irish guns, made for shooting round a corner; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble-bushes, in which his fox-like eyes had taken refuge. Round these vulpine retreats was a labyrinthine maze of those wrinkles, vulgarly called crow's feet; deep, intricate, and intersected, they seemed for all the world like the web of a Chancery suit. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and unindented; even the lines from the nostril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely more apparent than in a boy of eighteen.

His smile was frank, his voice clear and hearty, his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect; but, notwithstanding all these certainly favorable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye, and all the

wrinkled demesnes in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion; perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *dégageé*, to be quite natural. Your honest men may soon buy reserve by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and openness cost them nothing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance which struck me as not wholly unfamiliar; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen before, and yet which (perhaps from their very commonness) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times.

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noonday so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and vigor, than of languor and heat.

"We have a beautiful country, sir," said my hero of the box. "It is like walking through a garden after the more sterile and sullen features of the Continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing."

"An enthusiast," said I, "as well as a philosopher! Perhaps (and I believe it likely) I have the honor of addressing a poet also."

"Why, sir," replied the man, "I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps, your honor will let me return the suspicion. Are you not a favorite of the muse?"

"I cannot say that I am," said I. "I value myself only on my common sense,—the very antipodes to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief."

"Common sense!" repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twinkle with his left eye,—"common sense! Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I daresay, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearance, or in act? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life,—a child might cheat me! I am the most unsuspicious person in the world."

"Too candid by half," thought I. "The man is certainly a rascal,—but what is that to me? I shall never see him again," and, true to my love of never losing sight of an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in trade; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

"Why, sir," said he, "I *am* occasionally in employment; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians. I fit up new-married couples with linen, at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels at forty per cent less than the jewellers; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage; and when I cannot sell my jewels, I will my good offices. A gentleman so handsome as your honor, may have an affair upon your hands; if so, you may rely upon my secrecy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent, good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one for nothing, and good to every one for something."

"I admire your code," quoth I, "and whenever I

SIT

left, and
ayes and
spective
the house
division
tellers, v
of the
working
on a se
and to
through
when
might
experi
lists a
consti
mem
ment
in w
unme
right
to h

T
cen
imp
suc
the
the
Fe
m
gi
th

want a mediator between Venus and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other?"

"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend, "but Providence willed it otherwise; they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's Prayer; Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation,—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon!"

"Well," said I, "you are the honestest knave I ever met, and one would trust you with one's purse for the ingenuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you it is probable that I have ever had the happiness to meet you before? I cannot help fancying so,—yet as I have never been in the watch-house or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sir," returned my worthy; "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did not remember. I had the honor of sipping some British liquors in the same room with yourself one evening; you were then in company with my friend Mr. Gordon."

"Ha!" said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token, he told me that you were the most ingenious gentleman in England; and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own. I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."

My friend, who was indeed no other than Mr. Job Jonson, smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed:—

"No doubt, sir, Mr. Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than

myself the art of *appropriation*; though I say it who should not say it, I deserve the reputation I have acquired. Sir, I have always had ill fortune to struggle against, and have always remedied it by two virtues, — perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times on suspicion; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly*; and of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me!"

"I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson," replied I, "if by the name of Jonson it pleaseth you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others."

"Nay," answered the man of two virtues, "I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have never done anything to disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery; whatever I have executed by way of profession, has been done in a superior and artist-like manner, — not in the rude bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains 'to learn and labor truly; to get my living and do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me.'"

"I have often heard," answered I, "that there is honor among thieves; I am happy to learn from you

SIT

left, and
ayes and
specitive
the house
division
tellers,
of the
working
on a se
and to
through
when
might
experi
lists
consti
mem
ment
in w
unne
right
to h

T
cen
imp
suc
the
the
Fo
m
gi
th
t

that there is also religion. Your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson."

"They ought to be, sir," replied Mr. Jonson, "for I gave *them* the first specimens of my address; the story is long, but if you ever give me an opportunity I will relate it."

"Thank you," said I; "meanwhile I must wish you a good-morning; your road now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."

"Oh, never mention it, your honor," rejoined Mr. Jonson. "I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your common sense. Farewell, sir; may we meet again."

So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.¹

I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted in a most pitiful tone by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into almsgiving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, — my purse was gone; and, on searching the other, lo! my handkerchief, my pocketbook, and a gold locket which had belonged to Madame d'Anville had vanished too.

One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receive compliments upon one's common sense, for nothing!

The beggar still continued to importune me.

¹ If any one should think this sketch from nature exaggerated, I refer him to the "Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux."

"Give him some food and half-a-crown," said I to my landlady. Two hours afterwards, she came up to me: "Oh sir, my silver teapot,—*that villain the beggar!*"

A light flashed upon me, "Ah, Mr. Job Jonson! Mr. Job Jonson!" cried I, in an indescribable rage. "Out of my sight, woman! out of my sight!" I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt,—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.

SIT

left, and
ayes and
spective
the hous
division
tellers, " "
of the
working
on a se
and to
through
when
might
experi
lists
const
mem
ment
in w
unne
right
to L
" I
cen
imp
sue
the
the
Fe
m
gi
th

CHAPTER LXX.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that peace disdains to seek. — BYRON.

IN the quiet of my retreat I remained for eight days, during which time I never looked once at a newspaper, — imagine how great was my philosophy! On the ninth, I began to think it high time for me to hear from Dawton; and finding that I had eaten two rolls for breakfast, and that certain untimely wrinkles began to assume a more mitigated appearance, I be-thought me once more of the "beauties of Babylon."

While I was in this kindly mood towards the great city and its inhabitants, my landlady put two letters in my hand, — one was from my mother, the other from Guloseton. I opened the latter first; it ran thus: —

DEAR PELHAM, — I was very sorry to hear you had left town, — and so unexpectedly too. I obtained your address at Mivart's, and hasten to avail myself of it. Pray come to town immediately. I have received some *chevreuil* as a present, and long for your opinion; it is too nice to keep: for all things nice were made but to grow bad when nicest, — as Moore, I believe, says of flowers, substituting sweet and fleetest for bad and nicest; so, you see, you must come without loss of time.

But *you*, my friend, — how *can* you possibly have been spending your time? I was kept awake all last night, by thinking what you *could* have for dinner. Fish is out of the question in the country; chickens die of the pip everywhere but in London; game is out of season; it is impossible to

send to Giblett's for meat ; it is equally impossible to get it anywhere else ; and as for the only two natural productions of the country, vegetables and eggs, I need no extraordinary penetration to be certain that your cook cannot *transmute* the latter into an *omelette aux huîtres*, nor the former into *légumes à la crème*.

Thus you see, by a series of undeniable demonstrations, you *must* absolutely be in a state of starvation. At this thought the tears rush into my eyes ; for Heaven's sake, for my sake, for your own sake, but *above all*, for the sake of the *chevreuil*, hasten to London. I figure you to myself in the last stage of atrophy, — airy as a trifle, thin as the ghost of a greyhound.

I need say no more on the subject. I may rely on your own discretion to procure me the immediate pleasure of your company. Indeed, were I to dwell longer on your melancholy situation, my feelings would overcome me. *Mais revenons à nos moutons* (a most pertinent phrase, by the by, — oh ! the French excel us in everything, from the paramount science of cookery to the little art of conversation).

You must tell me your candid, your unbiassed, your deliberate opinion of *chevreuil*. For my part, I should not wonder at the mythology of the northern heathen nations, which places hunting among the chief enjoyments of their heaven, were *chevreuil* the object of their chase ; but *nihil est omni parte beatum*, — it wants *fat*, my dear Pelham, it wants fat : nor do I see how to remedy this defect ; for were we by art to supply the fat, we should deprive ourselves of the flavor bestowed by nature ; and this, my dear Pelham, was always my great argument for liberty. Cooped, chained, and confined in cities and slavery, all things lose the fresh and generous tastes which it is the peculiar blessing of freedom and the country to afford.

Tell me, my friend, what has been the late subject of your reflections ? *My* thoughts have dwelt, much and seriously, on the “*terra incognita*,” the undiscovered tracts in the *pays culinaire*, which the profoundest investigators have left untouched and unexplored in — *veal*. But more of this hereafter ; the lightness of a letter is ill suited to the depths of philosophical research.

SIT
 left, and
 ayes and
 specitive
 the hous
 division
 tellers,
 of the
 working
 on a
 and to
 through
 when
 might
 experi
 lists
 const
 memt
 meat
 in v
 unnt
 right
 to h
 T
 cen
 imp
 suc
 the
 th
 F
 m
 gi
 t
 t

Lord Dawson sounded me upon my votes yesterday. "A thousand pities too," said he, "that you never speak in the house of Lords." — "Orator fit," said I, — "orators are subject to apoplexy."

Adieu, my dear friend, for friend you are, if the philosopher was right in defining true friendship to consist in liking and disliking the same things. You hate parsnips *au naturel*, — so do I ; you love *pâtes de foie gras, et moi aussi : — nous voilà donc les meilleurs amis du monde !*

GULOSETON.

So much for my friend, thought I ; and now for my mother, opening the maternal epistle, which I here-with transcribe : —

MY DEAR HENRY, — Lose no time in coming to town. Every day the ministers are filling up the minor places, and it requires a great stretch of recollection in a politician to remember the absent. Mr. V — said yesterday, at a dinner party where I was present, that Lord Dawson had promised him the borough of —. Now you know, my dear Henry, that was the very borough he promised to you ; you must see further into this. Lord Dawson is a good sort of man enough, but refused once to fight a duel ; therefore, if he has disregarded his honor in one instance, he may do so in another : at all events, you have no time to lose.

The young Duke of — gives a ball to-morrow evening ; Mrs. — pays all the expenses, and I know for a certainty that she will marry him in a week ; this as yet is a secret. There will be a great mixture, but the ball will be worth going to. I have a card for you.

Lady Huffemall and I think that we shall not patronize the future duchess, but have not yet made up our minds. Lady Roseville, however, speaks of the intended match with great respect, and says that since we admit *convenance* as the chief rule in matrimony, she never remembers an instance in which it has been more consulted.

There are to be several promotions in the peerage. Lord —'s friends wish to give out that he will have a dukedom ; *mais j'en doute*. However, he has well deserved it ; for he not only gives the best dinners in town, but the best account of them in the "Morning Post" afterwards ; which I think is very properly upholding the dignity of our order.

I hope most earnestly that you do not (in your country retreat) neglect your health, nor, I may add, your mind ; and that you take an opportunity every other day of practising waltzing, which you can very well do with the help of an arm-chair. I would send you down (did I not expect you here so soon) Lord Mount E——'s "Musical Reminiscences;" not only because it is a very entertaining book, but because I wish you to pay much greater attention to music than you seem inclined to do. —, who is never very refined in his *bons mots*, says that Lord M—— seems to have considered the world a concert, in which the best performer plays first fiddle. It is, indeed, quite delightful to see the veneration our musical friend has for the orchestra and its occupants. I wish to Heaven, my dear Henry, he could instil into you a little of his ardor. I am quite mortified at times by your ignorance of tunes and operas ; nothing tells better in conversation than a knowledge of music, as you will one day or other discover.

God bless you, my dearest Henry. Fully expecting you, I have sent to engage your former rooms at Mivart's ; do not let me be disappointed. Yours, etc.,

F. P.

I read the above letter twice over, and felt my cheek glow and my heart swell as I passed the passage relative to Lord Dawton and the borough. The new minister had certainly, for some weeks since, been playing a double part with me: it would long ago have been easy to procure me a subordinate situation, — still easier to place me in Parliament; yet he had contented himself with doubtful promises and idle civilities. What, however, seemed to me most unaccountable was his motive

SIT

left, and
ayes and
spective
the hous
division
tellers, "
of the
working
on a
and to
through
where
might
experi
lists
const
mem
ment
in w
unbr
righ
to h
1

ten
imp
sue
the
th
Fe
m
g
t

in breaking or paltering with his engagement: he knew that I had served him and his party better than half his corps; he professed, not only to me, but to society, the highest opinion of my abilities, knowledge, and application; he saw, consequently, how serviceable I could be as a friend; and, from the same qualities, joined to the rank of my birth and connections, and the high and resentful temper of my mind, he might readily augur that I could be equally influential as a foe.

With this reflection, I stilled the beating of my heart and the fever of my pulse. I crushed the obnoxious letter in my hand, walked thrice up and down the room, paused at the bell, rang it violently, ordered post-horses instantly, and in less than an hour was on the road to London.

How different is the human mind according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependents of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for the city. I have ill expressed the above reflection; *n'importe*, — so much the better shall I explain my feelings at the time I speak of; for I was then too eager and engrossed to attend to the niceties of words. On my arrival at Mivart's I scarcely allowed myself time to change my dress before I set out to Lord Dawton. He shall afford me an explanation, I thought, or a recompence, *or a revenge*. I knocked at the door, — the minister was out. "Give him this card," said I, to the porter, "and say I shall call to-morrow at three."

I walked to Brookes's; there I met Mr. V——. My acquaintance with him was small; but he was a man of talent, and, what was more to my purpose, of open manners. I went up to him, and we entered into conversation. "Is it true," said I, "that I am to congratulate you upon the certainty of your return for Lord Dawton's borough of —?"

"I believe so," replied V——. "Lord Dawton engaged it to me last week, and Mr. H——, the present member, has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. You know all our family support Lord Dawton warmly in the present crisis, and my return for this borough was materially insisted upon. Such things are, you see, Mr. Pelham, even in these virtuous days of parliamentary purity."

"True," said I, dissembling my chagrin, "yourself and Dawton have made an admirable exchange. Think you the ministry can be said to be fairly seated?"

"By no means; everything depends upon the motion of —, brought on next week. Dawton looks to that as to the decisive battle for this session."

Lord Gavelton now joined us, and I sauntered away with the utmost (seeming) indifference. At the top of St. James's Street, Lady Roseville's well-known carriage passed me, — she stopped for a moment. "We shall meet at the Duke of —'s to-night," said she, "shall we not?"

"If you go, — certainly," I replied.

I went home to my solitary apartment; and if I suffered somewhat of the torments of baffled hope and foiled ambition, the pang is not for the spectator. My lighter moments are for the world, — my deeper for myself; and, like the Spartan boy, I would keep, even in the pangs of death, a mantle over the teeth and fangs which were fastening upon my breast.

SIX

eft, and
ayes and
spective
the hours
division
tellers.
of the
working
on a
and in
through
when
might
experi-
lists
const-
ment
in w
unusu
right
to h

I
cen-
imp-
suc-
the
th
Fe-
m-
g-
t-

CHAPTER LXXI.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas. — OVID.

THE first person I saw at the Duke of —'s, was Mr. Mivart, — he officiated as gentleman usher; the second was my mother, — she was, as usual, surrounded by men, "the shades of heroes that have been," remnants of a former day, when the feet of the young and fair Lady Frances were as light as her head, and she might have rivalled, in the science *de la danse*, even the graceful Duchess of B——d. Over the dandies of her own time she still preserved her ancient empire; and it was amusing enough to hear the address of the *ci-devant jeunes hommes*, who continued, through habit, the compliments begun thirty years since through admiration.

My mother was, indeed, what the world calls a very charming, agreeable woman. Few persons were more popular in society; her manners were perfection; her smile enchantment; she lived, moved, breathed, only for the world, and the world was not ungrateful for the constancy of her devotion. Yet, if her letters have given my readers any idea of her character, they will perceive that the very desire of supremacy in *ton*, gave (Heaven forgive my filial impiety!) a sort of demi-vulgarism to her ideas; for they who live only for the opinion of others, always want that self-dignity which alone confers a high cast upon the sentiments; and the most really unexceptionable in mode, are frequently the least genuinely patrician in mind.

I joined the maternal party, and Lady Frances soon took an opportunity of whispering, "You are looking very well, and very handsome; I declare you are not unlike me, especially about the eyes. I have just heard that Miss Glanville will be a great heiress, for poor Sir Reginald cannot live much longer. She is here to-night; pray do not lose the opportunity."

My cheek burned like fire at this speech, and my mother, quietly observing that I had a beautiful color, and ought therefore *immediately* to find out Miss Glanville, lest it should vanish by the least delay, turned from me to speak of a public breakfast about shortly to be given. I passed into the dancing-room; there I found Vincent; he was in usually good spirits.

"Well," said he, with a sneer, "you have not taken your seat yet. I suppose Lord Dawton's representative, whose place you are to supply, is like Theseus; *sedet in aeternumque sedebit*. A thousand pities you can't come in before next week; we shall then have fiery *motions* in the *Lower House*, as the astrologers say."

I smiled. "Ah, mon cher!" said I, "Sparta hath many a worthier son than me! Meanwhile, how get on the noble Lords Lesborough and Lincoln? 'Sure such a pair were never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature!'"

"Pooh!" said Vincent, coarsely, "they shall get *on* well enough, before you get *in*. Look to yourself, and remember that 'Cæsar plays the ingrate.'"

Vincent turned away; my eyes were riveted on the ground; the beautiful Lady —— passed by me: "What, *you* in a reverie!" said she, laughing; "our very host will turn thoughtful next!"

"Nay," said I, "in your absence would you have me glad? However, if Moore's mythology be true,

Beauty loves Folly the better for borrowing something from Reason,—but, come, this is a place not for the grave, but the *giddy*. Let us join the waltzers."

"I am engaged."

"I know it! Do you think I would dance with any woman who was *not* engaged?—there would be no triumph to one's vanity in that case. *Allons*, you *must* prefer me to an engagement;" and so saying, I led off my prize.

Her intended partner was Mr. V——; just as we had joined the dancers he spied us out, and approached with his long, serious, respectful face: the music struck *up*, and the next moment poor V—— was very nearly struck *down*. Fraught with the most political spite, I whirled up against him; apologized with my blandest smile, and left him wiping his mouth, and rubbing his shoulder, the most forlorn picture of Hope in adversity that can possibly be conceived.

I soon grew weary of my partner, and, leaving her to fate, rambled into another room. There, seated alone, was Lady Roseville. I placed myself beside her; there was a sort of freemasonry between her and myself: each knew something more of the other than the world did, and read his or her heart by other signs than words. I soon saw that she was in no mirthful mood; so much the better,—she was the fitter companion for a baffled aspirant like me.

The room we were in was almost deserted, and finding ourselves uninterrupted, the stream of our conversation flowed into sentiment.

"How little," said Lady Roseville, "can the crowd know of the individuals who compose it! As the most opposite colors may be blended into one, and so lose

their individual hues, and be classed under a single name, so every one here will go home, and speak of the 'gay scene,' without thinking for a moment how many breaking hearts may have composed it."

"I have often thought," said I, "how harsh we are in our judgments of others,—how often we accuse those persons of being worldly, who merely seem so to the world. Who, for instance, that saw you in your brightest moments, would ever suppose that you could make the confession you have just made?"

"I would not make such a confession to many beside yourself," answered Lady Roseville. "Nay, you need not thank me. I am some years older than you; I have lived longer in the world; I have seen much of its various characters, and my experience has taught me to penetrate and prize a character like yours. While you seem frivolous to the superficial, I know you to have a mind not only capable of the most solid and important affairs, but habituated by reflection to consider them. You appear effeminate, I know that none are more daring; indolent, none are more actively ambitious; utterly selfish, and I know that no earthly interest could bribe you into meanness or injustice,—no, nor even into a venial dereliction of principle. It is from this estimate of your character, that I am frank and open to you. Besides, I recognize something in the careful pride with which you conceal your higher and deeper feelings, resembling the strongest actuating principle in my own mind. All this interests me warmly in your fate; may it be as bright as my presentiments forebode!"

I looked into the beautiful face of the speaker as she concluded: perhaps, at that solitary moment, my heart was unfaithful to Ellen; but the infidelity passed away

like the breath from the mirror. Coxcomb as I was, I knew well how passionless was the interest exposed for me. Rover as I had been, I knew also how pure may be the friendship of a woman,—*provided she loves another!*

I thanked Lady Roseville warmly for her opinion. “Perhaps,” I added, “dared I solicit your advice, you would not find me wholly undeserving of your esteem.”

“ My advice,” answered Lady Roseville, “ would be, indeed, worse than useless, were it not regulated by a certain knowledge, which, perhaps, you do not possess. You seem surprised. *Eh bien*; listen to me,—are you not in no small degree *lié* with Lord Dawton?—do you not expect something from him worthy of your rank and merit?”

“ You do, indeed, surprise me,” said I. “ However close my connection with Lord Dawton may be, I thought it much more secret than it appears to be. However, I own that I have a *right* to expect from Lord Dawton, not, perhaps, a recompense of service, but, at least, a fulfilment of promises. In this expectation I begin to believe I shall be deceived.”

“ You will!” answered Lady Roseville. “ Bend your head lower,—the walls have ears. You have a friend, an unwearied and earnest friend, with those now in power; directly he heard that Mr. V—— was promised the borough which he knew had been long engaged to you, he went straight to Lord Dawton. He found him with Lord Clandonald; however, he opened the matter immediately. He spoke with great warmth of your claims; he did more,—he incorporated them with his own, which are of no mean order, and asked for no other recompense for himself than the fulfilment

of a long-made promise to you. Dawton was greatly confused, and Lord Clandonald replied for him, that certainly there was no denying your talents, that they were very great, that you had, unquestionably, been of much service to their party, and that, consequently, it must be politic to attach you to their interests; but that there was a certain *fierté* and assumption, and he might say (mark the climax) *independence*, about you, which could not but be highly displeasing in one so young; moreover, that it was impossible to trust to you; that you pledged yourself to no party; that you spoke only of conditions and terms; that you treated the proposal of placing you in Parliament rather as a matter of favor on your part than on Lord Dawton's,— and, in a word, that there was no relying upon you. Lord Dawton then took courage, and chimed in, with a long panegyric on V—, and a long account of what was due to him, and to the zeal of his family; adding that, in a crisis like this, it was absolutely necessary to engage a certain, rather than a doubtful and undecided support; that, for his part, if he placed you in Parliament, he thought you quite as likely to prove a foe as a friend; that, owing to the marriage of your uncle, your expectations were by no means commensurate with your presumption, and that the same talents which made your claims to favor as an ally, created also no small danger in placing you in any situation where you could become hurtful as an enemy. All this, and much more to the same purpose, was strenuously insisted upon by the worthy pair; and your friend was obliged to take his leave, perfectly convinced that, unless you assumed a more complaisant bearing, or gave a more decided pledge to the new minister, it was hopeless for you to expect anything from him, at least for the present.

The fact is, he stands too much in awe of you, and would rather keep you out of the House than contribute an iota towards obtaining you a seat. Upon all this you may rely as certain."

"I thank you from my heart," said I, warmly, seizing and pressing Lady Roseville's hand. "You tell me what I have long suspected; I am now upon my guard, and they shall find that I can offend as well as defend. But it is no time for me to boast; oblige me by informing me of the name of my unknown friend. I little thought there was a being in the world who would stir three steps for Henry Pelham."

"That friend," replied Lady Roseville, with a faltering voice and a glowing cheek, "was Sir Reginald Glanville."

"What!" cried I, "repeat the name to me again, or—" I paused, and recovered myself. "Sir Reginald Glanville," I resumed haughtily, "is too gracious to enter into my affairs. I must be strangely altered if I need the officious zeal of *any* intermeddler to redress my wrongs."

"Nay, Mr. Pelham," said the countess, hastily, "you do Glanville, — you do yourself injustice. For him, there never passes a day in which he does not mention you with the highest encomiums and the most affectionate regard. He says of late, that you have altered towards him, but that he is not surprised at the change, — he never mentions the cause; if I am not intruding, suffer me to inquire into it; perhaps (oh! how happy it would make me) I may be able to reconcile you; if you knew, — if you could but guess half of the noble and lofty character of Reginald Glanville, you would suffer no petty difference to divide you."

"It is no *petty* difference," said I, rising, "nor am I

permitted to mention the cause. Meanwhile, may God bless you, dearest Lady Roseville, and preserve that kind and generous heart from *worse* pangs than those of disappointed ambition or betrayed trust."

Lady Roseville looked down,— her bosom heaved violently; she felt the meaning of my words. I left her and returned home.

SI

eft, and
ays an
spective
the hot
division
tellers,
of the
workin
on a
and to
throu
when
might
exper
lists
cous
men
men
in v
uni
rig
to

ce
im
su
th
th
F
n
g

CHAPTER LXXII.

Good Mr. Knave, give me my due,
I like a tart as well as you;
But I would starve on good roast beef,
Ere I would look so like a thief. — *The Queen of Hearts.*

Nunc vino pellite curas;
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor. — HOR.

THE next morning I received a note from Guloseton, asking me to dine with him at eight, to *meet* his *chevreuil*. I sent back an answer in the affirmative, and then gave myself wholly up to considering what was the best line of conduct to pursue with regard to Lord Dawton. "It would be pleasant enough," said anger, "to go to him to ask him boldly for the borough so often pledged to you, and in case of his refusal, to confront, to taunt, and to break with him." "True," replied that more homely and less stage-effect arguer, which we might term knowledge of the world; "but this would be neither useful nor dignified, — common sense never quarrels with any one. Call upon Lord Dawton, if you will; ask him for his promise, with your second-best smile, and receive his excuses with your very best. Then do as you please, — break with him or not, — you can do either with grace and quiet; never make a scene about anything, — reproach and anger always *do* make a scene." "Very true," said I, in answer to the latter suggestion; and, having made up my mind, I repaired a quarter before three to Lord Dawton's house.

"Ah, Pelham," said the little minister, "delighted to see you look so much the better from the country air; you will stay in town now, I hope, till the end of the season?"

"Certainly, Lord Dawton, or, at all events, to the prorogation of Parliament; how, indeed, could I do otherwise, with your lordship's kind promise before my eyes? Mr. —, the member for your borough of —, has, I believe, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds? I feel truly obliged to you for so promptly fulfilling your promise to me."

"Hem! my dear Pelham, hem!" murmured Lord Dawton. I bent forward as if in the attitude of listening respect, but really the more clearly to perceive, and closely to enjoy his confusion. He looked up, and caught my eye, and not being too much gratified with its involuntary expression, he grew more and more embarrassed; at last he summoned courage.

"Why, my dear sir," he said, "I did, it is true, promise you that borough; but individual friendship must frequently be sacrificed to the public good. All our party insisted upon returning Mr. V — in place of the late member: what could I do? I mentioned your claims; they all, to a man, enlarged upon your rival's: to be sure he *is* an older person, and his family is very powerful in the Lower House, — in short, you perceive, my dear Pelham, — that is, you are aware — you can feel for the delicacy of my situation; one could not appear too eager for one's own friends at first, and I was *forced* to concede."

Lord Dawton was now fairly delivered of his speech; it was, therefore, only left me to congratulate him on his offspring.

"My dear lord," I began, "you could not have pleased me better: Mr. V — is a most estimable man,

and I would not, for the world, have had you suspected of placing such a trifle as your own honor — that is to say, your promise to me — before the commands, that is to say, the interests, of your party; but no more of this now. Was your lordship at the Duke of —'s last night?"

Dawton seized joyfully the opportunity of changing the conversation, and we talked and laughed on indifferent matters till I thought it time to withdraw; this I did with the most cordial appearance of regard and esteem; nor was it till I had fairly set my foot out of his door, that I suffered myself to indulge the "black bile" at my breast. I turned towards the Green Park, and was walking slowly along the principal mall with my hands behind me, and my eyes on the ground, when I heard my own name uttered. On looking back, I perceived Lord Vincent on horseback; he stopped and conversed with me. In the humor I was in with Lord Dawton, I received him with greater warmth than I had done of late; and he also, being in a social mood, seemed so well satisfied with our *rencontre*, and my behavior, that he dismounted to walk with me.

"This park is a very different scene now," said Vincent, "from what it was in the times of 'The Merry Monarch'; yet it is still a spot much more to my taste than its more gaudy and less classical brother of Hyde. There is something pleasingly melancholy in walking over places haunted by history; for all of us live more in the past than the present."

"And how exactly alike in all ages," said I, "men have been. On the very spot we are on now, how many have been actuated by the same feelings that now actuate us, how many have made perhaps exactly the same remark just made by you! It is this universal identity which forms our most powerful link with those

that have been, — there is a satisfaction in seeing how closely we resemble the Agamemnons of gone times, and we take care to lose none of it, by thinking how closely we also resemble the Thersites."

"True," replied Vincent; "if wise and great men did but know how little difference there is between them and the foolish or the mean, they would not take such pains to be wise and great; to use the Chinese proverb, 'they sacrifice a picture, to get possession of its ashes.' It is almost a pity that the desire to advance should be so necessary to our being; ambition is often a fine, but never a felicitous feeling. Cyprian, in a beautiful passage on envy, calls it 'the moth of the soul;' but, perhaps, even that passion is less gnawing, less a '*tabes pectoris*,' than ambition. You are surprised at my heat, — the fact is, I am enraged at thinking how much we forfeit, when we look *up* only, and trample unconsciously, in the blindness of our aspiration, on the affections which strew our path. Now, you and I have been utterly estranged from each other of late. Why? — for any dispute, any disagreement in private, any discovery of meanness, treachery, unworthiness in the other? No! merely because I dine with Lord Lincoln, and you with Lord Dawton, *voilà tout*. Well say the Jesuits, that they who live for the public must renounce all private ties; the very day we become citizens we are to cease to be men. Our privacy is like *Leo Decimus*: directly it dies, all peace, comfort, joy, and sociality are to die with it, and an iron age, '*barbara vis et dira malorum omnium incommoda*,' to succeed."

"It is a pity that we struck into different paths," said I; "no pleasure would have been to me greater than making our political interests the same; but — "

“Perhaps there is no but,” interrupted Vincent; “perhaps, like the two knights in the hackneyed story, we are only giving different names to the same shield, because we view it on different sides, — let us also imitate them in their reconciliation, as well as their quarrel, and since we have already run our lances against each other, be convinced of our error, and make up our difference.”

I was silent; indeed, I did not like to trust myself to speak. Vincent continued, —

“I know,” said he, “and it is in vain for you to conceal it, that you have been ill-used by Dawton. Mr. V—— is my first cousin; he came to me the day after the borough was given to him, and told me all that Clansdale and Dawton had said to him at the time. Believe me, they did not spare you: the former you have grievously offended; you know that he has quarrelled irremediably with his son Dartmore, and he insists that you are the friend and abettor of that ingenuous youth in all his debaucheries and extravagance, — *tu illum corrumpi sis*. I tell you this without hesitation, for I know you are less vain than ambitious, and I do not care about hurting you in the one point, if I advance you in the other. As for me, I own to you candidly and frankly, that there are no pains I would spare to secure you to our party. Join us, and you shall, as I have often said, be on the parliamentary benches of our corps without a moment of unnecessary delay. More I cannot promise you, because I cannot promise more to myself; but from that instant your fortune, if I augur aught aright from your ability, will be in your hands. You shake your head, — surely you must see that our differences are not vehement: it is a difference not of measures, but men. There is but a verbal dis-

agreement between us; and we must own the wisdom of the sentence recorded in Aulus Gellius, that 'he is but a madman who splits the weight of things upon the hairbreadths of words.' You laugh at the quaintness of the quotation; quaint proverbs are often the truest."

If my reader should think lightly of me, when I own that I felt wavering and irresolute at the end of this speech, let him for a moment place himself in my situation, — let him feel indignant at the treachery, the injustice, the ingratitude of one man; and, at the very height of his resentment, let him be soothed, flattered, courted, by the offered friendship and favor of another. Let him personally despise the former, and esteem the latter; and let him, above all, be *convinced*, as well as *persuaded* of the truth of Vincent's hint, — namely, that no sacrifice of principle, nor of measures, was required, — nothing but an alliance against *men*, not measures. And who were those men? Bound to me by a single tie, — meriting from my gratitude a single consideration? No! the men, above all others, who had offered me the greatest affront, and deserved from me the smallest esteem.

But, however human feelings might induce me to waver, I felt that it was not by them only I was to decide. I am not a man whose vices or virtues are regulated by the impulse and passion of the moment: if I am quick to act, I am habitually slow to deliberate. I turned to Vincent, and pressed his hand: "I dare not trust myself to answer you now," said I; "give me till to-morrow; I shall then have both considered and determined."

I did not wait for his reply. I sprang from him, turned down the passage which leads to Pall Mall, and

hastened home once more to commune with my own heart, and — *not* to be still.

In these confessions I have made no scruple of owning my errors and my foibles; all that could occasion mirth or benefit to the reader were his own. I have kept a veil over the darker and stormier emotions of my soul; all that could neither amuse nor instruct him *are mine!*

Hours passed on; it became time to dress. I rang for Bedos, dressed as usual,— great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life,— and drove to Guloseton's.

He was unusually entertaining; the dinner, too, was unusually good; but, thinking that I was sufficiently intimate with my host not to be obliged to belie my feelings, I remained *distract*, absent, and dull.

“What is the matter with you, my friend?” said the good-natured epicure; “you have neither applauded my jokes, nor tasted my *escallopes*; and your behavior has trifled alike with my *chevreuil* and my feelings?” The proverb is right in saying, “Grief is communicative.” I confess that I was eager to unbosom myself to one upon whose confidence I could depend. Guloseton heard me with great attention and interest. “Little,” said he, kindly,— “little as I care for these matters myself, I can feel for those who do; I wish I could serve you better than by advice. However, you cannot, I imagine, hesitate to accept Vincent’s offer. What matters it whether you sit on one bench or another, so that you do not sit in a thorough draught,— or dine at Lord Lincoln’s, or Lord Dawton’s, so long as the cooks are equally good? As for Dawton, I always thought him a shuffling, mean fellow, who buys his wines at the second price, and sells his offices at the first. Come, my dear fellow, let us drink to his confusion.”

So saying, Guloseton filled my glass to the brim. He had sympathized with me,— I thought it, therefore, my duty to sympathize with him; nor did we part till the eyes of the *bon vivant* saw more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the sober.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia. — TULLY.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have. — *Julius Cesar.*

I ROSE at my usual early hour; sleep had tended to calm, and, I hope, also to better my feelings. I had now leisure, to reflect, that I had not embraced my party from any private or interested motive; it was not, therefore, from a private or interested motive that I was justified in deserting it. Our passions are terrible sophists! . When Vincent had told me, the day before, that it was from men, not measures, that I was to change, and that such a change could scarcely deserve the name, my heart adopted the assertion, and fancied it into truth.

I now began to perceive the delusion; were government as mechanically perfect as it has never yet been (but as I trust it may yet be), it would signify little who were the mere machines that regulated its springs; but in a constitution like ours, the chief character of which — pardon me, ye De Lolmeites — is its uncertainty; where men invariably make the measures square to the dimensions of their own talent or desire; and where, reversing the maxim of the tailor, the measures so rarely make the men; it required no penetration to see how dangerous it was to intrust to the aristocratic prejudice of Lincoln, or the vehement imbecility of Lesborough, the execution of the very same measures

which might safely be committed to the plain sense of Dawton; and, above all, to the great and various talents of his coadjutors. But what made the vital difference between the two parties was less in the leaders than the body. In the Dawton faction, the best, the purest, the wisest of the day were enrolled; they took upon themselves the origin of all the active measures, and Lord Dawton was the mere channel through which those measures flowed; the plain, the unpretending, and somewhat feeble character of Lord Dawton's mind, readily conceded to the abler components of his party the authority it was so desirable that they should exert. In Vincent's party, with the exception of himself, there was scarcely an individual with the honesty requisite for loving the projects they affected to purpose, or the talents that were necessary for carrying them into effect, even were their wishes sincere; nor was either the haughty Lincoln, or his noisy and overbearing companion, Lesborough, at all of a temper to suffer that quiet yet powerful interference of others, to which Dawton unhesitatingly submitted.

I was the more resolved to do all possible justice to Dawton's party, from the inclination I naturally had to lean towards the other; and, in all matters where private pique or self-interest can possibly penetrate, it has ever been the object of my mature consideration to direct my particular attention to that side of the question which such undue partisans are the least likely to espouse. While I was gradually, but clearly feeling my way to a decision, I received the following note from Guloseton:—

I said nothing to you last night of what is now to be the subject of my letter, lest you should suppose it arose rather from the heat of an extempore conviviality than its real source,

— namely, a sincere esteem for your mind, a sincere affection for your heart, and a sincere sympathy in your resentment and your interest.

They tell me that Lord Dawton's triumph or discomfiture rests entirely upon the success of the motion upon — — — brought before the House of Commons, on the — — —. I care, you know, very little, for my own part, which way this question is decided; do not think, therefore, that I make any sacrifice when I request you to suffer me to follow your advice in the disposal of my four votes. I imagine, of course, that you would wish them to adopt the contrary side to Lord Dawton; and, upon receiving a line from you to that effect, they shall be empowered to do so.

Pray oblige me also by taking the merit of this measure upon yourself, and saying (wherever it may be useful to you) how entirely both the voters and their influence are at your disposal. I trust we shall yet play the Bel to this Dragon, and fell him from his high places.

Pity me, my dear friend; I dine out to-day, and feel already, by an intuitive shudder, that the soup will be cold, and the sherry hot. Adieu. Ever yours,

GULOSETON.

Now, then, my triumph, my vanity, and my revenge might be fully gratified. I had before me a golden opportunity of displaying my own power and of humbling that of the minister. My heart swelled high at the thought. Let it be forgiven me, if, for a single moment, my previous calculations and morality vanished from my mind, and I saw only the offer of Vincent and the generosity of Guloseton. But I checked the risings of my heart, and compelled my proud spirit to obedience.

I placed Guloseton's letter before me, and, as I read it once more in order to reply to it, the disinterested kindness and delicacy of one whom I had long, in the

injustice of my thoughts, censured as selfish, came over me so forcibly, and contrasted so deeply with the hollowness of friends more sounding, alike in their profession and their creeds, that the tears rushed to my eyes.

A thousand misfortunes are less affecting than a single kindness.

I wrote, in answer, a warm and earnest letter of thanks for an offer the kindness of which penetrated me to the soul. I detailed at some length the reasons which induced me to the decision I had taken; I sketched also the nature of the very important motion about to be brought before the House, and deduced from that sketch the impossibility of conscientiously opposing Lord Dawton's party in the debate. I concluded with repeating the expressions my gratitude suggested; and, after declining all interference with Lord Guloseton's votes, ventured to add, that had I interfered, it would have been in support of Dawton; not as a man, but a minister,—not as an individual friend, but a public servant.

I had just despatched this letter when Vincent entered; I acquainted him, though in the most respectful and friendly terms, with my determination. He seemed greatly disappointed, and endeavored to shake my resolution; finding this was in vain, he appeared at last satisfied, and even affected with my reasons. When we parted, it was with a promise, confirmed by both, that no public variance should ever again alter our private opinion of each other.

When I was once more alone, and saw myself brought back to the very foot of the ladder I had so far and so fortunately climbed; when I saw that, in rejecting all the overtures of my friends, I was left utterly solitary and unaided among my foes; when I looked beyond, and saw no faint loophole of hope, no single stepping-

stone on which to recommence my broken but unwearied career, — perhaps one pang of regret and repentance at my determination came across me; but there is something marvellously restorative in a good conscience, and one soon learns to look with hope to the future, when one can feel justified in turning with pride to the past.

My horse came to the door at my usual hour for riding; with what gladness I sprang upon his back, felt the free wind freshening over my fevered cheek, and turned my rein towards the green lanes that border the great city on its western side. I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that the Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers, and survey my resources; on horseback I always originate my subtlest schemes, and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein and a free bound, and I am Cicero, Cato, Cæsar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth which you condemn me to touch: fire, energy, *ethereality*, have departed; I am the soil without the sun, the cask without the wine, the garments without the man.

I returned homewards with increased spirits and collected thoughts; I urged my mind from my own situation, and suffered it to rest upon what Lady Roseville had told me of Reginald Glanville's interference in my behalf. That extraordinary man still continued powerfully to excite my interest; nor could I dwell, without some yearning of the kindlier affections, upon his unsolicited, and, but for Lady Roseville's communication, unknown exertions in my cause. Although the officers of justice were still actively employed in the pursuit of Tyrrell's murderer, and although the newspapers were still full of speculations on their indifferent success,

public curiosity had begun to flag upon the inquiry. I had, once or twice, been in Glanville's company when the murder was brought upon the *tapis*, and narrowly examined his behavior upon a subject which touched him so fearfully. I could not, however, note any extraordinary confusion or change in his countenance; perhaps the pale cheek grew somewhat paler, the dreaming eye more abstracted, and the absent spirit more wandering than before; but many other causes than guilt could account for signs so doubtful and minute.

"You shall soon know all," the last words which he had addressed to me, yet rang in my ears; and most intensely did I anticipate the fulfilment of this promise. My hopes, too, — those flatterers, so often the pleasing antitheses of reason, — whispered that this was not the pledge of a guilty man; and yet he had said to Lady Roseville that he did not wonder at my estrangement from him. Such words seemed to require a less favorable construction than those he had addressed to me; and, in making this mental remark, another, of no flattering nature to Glanville's disinterestedness, suggested itself: might not his interference for me with Lord Dawton arise rather from policy than friendship, — might it not occur to him, if, as I surmised, he was acquainted with my suspicions, and acknowledged their dreadful justice, that it would be advisable to propitiate my silence? Such were among the thousand thoughts which flashed across me, and left my speculations in debate and doubt.

Nor did my reflections pass unnoticed the nature of Lady Roseville's affection for Glanville. From the seeming coldness and austerity of Sir Reginald's temperament, it was likely that this was innocent, at least in act; and there was also something guileless in the manner in which she appeared rather to exult in, than

to conceal her attachment. True, that she was bound by no ties; she had neither husband nor children, for whose sake love became a crime: free and unfettered, if she gave her heart to Glanville, it was also allowable to render the gift lawful and perpetual by the blessing of the church.

Alas! how little can woman, shut up in her narrow and limited circle of duties, know of the wandering life and various actions of her lover! Little, indeed, could Lady Roseville, when, in the heat of her enthusiasm, she spoke of the lofty and generous character of Glanville, dream of the foul and dastardly crime of which he was more than suspected; nor, while it was, perhaps, her fondest wish to ally herself to his destiny, could her wildest fancies anticipate the felon's fate, which, if death came not in a hastier and kinder shape, must sooner or later await him.

Of Thornton I had neither seen nor heard aught since my departure from Lord Chester's; that reprieve was, however, shortly to expire. I had scarcely got into Oxford Street, in my way homeward, when I perceived him crossing the street with another man. I turned round to scrutinize the features of his companion, and, in spite of a great change of dress, a huge pair of false whiskers, and an artificial appearance of increased age, my habit of observing countenances enabled me to recognize, on the instant, my intellectual and virtuous friend, Mr. Job Jonson. They disappeared in a shop, nor did I think it worth while further to observe them, though I still bore a reminiscitory spite against Mr. Job Jonson, which I was fully resolved to wreak at the first favorable opportunity.

I passed by Lady Roseville's door. Though the hour was late, and I had, therefore, but a slight chance of

finding her at home, yet I thought the chance worth the trouble of inquiry. To my agreeable surprise, I was admitted; no one was in the drawing-room. The servant said Lady Roseville was at that moment engaged, but would very shortly see me, and begged I would wait.

Agitated as I was by various reflections, I walked, in the restlessness of my mood, to and fro the spacious rooms which formed Lady Roseville's apartments of reception. At the far end was a small *boudoir*, where none but the goddess's favored few were admitted. As I approached towards it, I heard voices, and the next moment recognized the deep tones of Glanville. I turned hastily away, lest I should overhear the discourse; but I had scarcely got three steps, when the convulsed sound of a woman's sob came upon my ear. Shortly afterwards, steps descended the stairs, and the street-door opened.

The minutes rolled on, and I became impatient. The servant re-entered, — Lady Roseville was so suddenly and seriously indisposed, that she was unable to see me. I left the house, and, full of bewildered conjectures, returned to my apartments.

The next day was one of the most important in my life. I was standing wistfully by my fireplace, listening with the most mournful attention to a broken-winded hurdy-gurdy, stationed opposite to my window, when Bedos announced Sir Reginald Glanville. It so happened, that I had that morning taken the miniature I had found in the fatal field from the secret place in which I usually kept it, in order closely to examine it, lest any proof of its owner, more convincing than the initials and Thornton's interpretation, might be discovered by a minuter investigation.

The picture was lying on the table when Glanville entered; my first impulse was to seize and secrete it, my second to suffer it to remain, and to watch the effect the sight of it might produce. In following the latter, I thought it, however, as well to choose my own time for discovering the miniature; and, as I moved to the table, I threw my handkerchief carelessly over it. Glanville came up to me at once, and his countenance, usually close and reserved in its expression, assumed a franker and bolder aspect.

"You have lately changed towards me," he said; "mindful of our former friendship, I have come to demand the reason."

"Can Sir Reginald Glanville's memory," answered I, "supply him with no probable cause?"

"It can," replied Glanville, "but I would not trust *only* to that. Sit down, Pelham, and listen to me. I can read your thoughts, and I might affect to despise their import; perhaps two years since I should, — at present I can pity and excuse them. I have come to you now, in the love and confidence of our early days, to claim as then your good opinion and esteem. If you require any explanation at my hands, it shall be given. My days are approaching their end. I have made up my accounts with others, — I would do so with you. I confess that I would fain leave behind me in your breast the same affectionate remembrance I might heretofore have claimed, and which, whatever be your suspicions, I have done nothing to forfeit. I have, moreover, a dearer interest than my own to consult in this wish: you color, Pelham, — you know to whom I allude; for my sister's sake, if not for my own, you will hear me."

Glanville paused for a moment. I raised the handker-

chief from the miniature, — I pushed the latter towards him, "Do you remember this?" said I, in a low tone.

With a wild cry, which thrilled through my heart, Glanville sprang forward and seized it. He gazed eagerly and intensely upon it, and his cheek flushed, his eyes sparkled, his breast heaved. The next moment he fell back in his chair, in one of the half swoons, to which, upon a sudden and violent emotion, the debilitating effects of his disease subjected him.

Before I could come to his assistance, he had recovered. He looked wildly and fiercely upon me. "Speak," he cried, "speak; where got you this, where? — answer, for mercy's sake!"

"Recollect yourself," said I, sternly. "I found that token of your presence upon the spot where Tyrrell was murdered."

"True, true," said Glanville, slowly, and in an absent and abstracted tone. He ceased abruptly, and covered his face with his hands; from this attitude he started with some sudden impulse.

"And tell me," he said, in a low, inward, exulting tone, "was it — was it red with the blood of the murdered man?"

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "do you glory in your guilt?"

"Hold!" said Glanville, rising, with an altered and haughty air; "it is not to your accusations that I am now to listen; if you are yet desirous of weighing their justice before you decide upon them, you will have the opportunity; I shall be at home at ten this night; come to me, and *you shall know all*. At present, the sight of this picture has unnerved me. Shall I see you?"

I made no other rejoinder than the brief expression of my assent, and Glanville instantly left the room.

During the whole of that day, my mind was wrought up into a state of feverish and preternatural excitement. I could not remain in the same spot for an instant; my pulse beat with the irregularity of delirium. For the last hour I placed my watch before me, and kept my eyes constantly fixed upon it. It was not *only* Glanville's confession that I was to hear; my own fate, my future connection with Ellen, rested upon the story of that night. For myself, when I called to mind Glanville's acknowledgment of the picture, and his slow and involuntary remembrance of the spot where it was found, I scarcely allowed my temper, sanguine as it was, to hope.

Some minutes before the hour of ten I repaired to Glanville's house. He was alone,—the picture was before him.

I drew my chair towards him in silence, and, accidentally lifting up my eyes, encountered the opposite mirror. I started at my own face; the intensity and fearfulness of my interest had rendered it even more hueless than that of my companion.

There was a pause for some moments, at the end of which Glanville thus began.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

I do but hide,
Under these words, like embers, every spark
Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark
The grave is yawning; as its roof shall cover
My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,
So let oblivion hide this grief. — *Julian and Maddalo.*

With thee the very future fled,
I stand amid the past alone,
A tomb which still shall guard the dead,
Though every earthlier trace be flown;
A tomb o'er which the weeds that love
Decay their wild luxuriance wreathè!
The cold and callous stone above —
And only thou and Death beneath.

From Unpublished Poems by —.

THE HISTORY OF SIR REGINALD GLANVILLE.

“ You remember my character at school,—the difficulty with which you drew me from the visionary and abstracted loneliness which, even at that time, was more consonant to my taste than all the sports and society resorted to by other boys, and the deep, and, to you, inexplicable delight with which I returned to my reveries and solitude again. That character has continued through life the same; circumstances have strengthened, not altered it. So has it been with you; the temper, the habits, the tastes, so strongly contrasted with mine in boyhood, have lost nothing of that contrast. Your ardor for the various ambitions of life is still the antipodes to my indifference;

your daring, restless, thoughtful resolution in the pursuit, still shames my indolence and abstraction. You are still the votary of the world, but will become its conqueror; I its fugitive, and shall die its victim.

" After we parted at school, I went for a short time to a tutor's in —shire. Of this place I soon grew weary; and, my father's death rendering me in a great measure my own master, I lost no time in leaving it. I was seized with that mania for travel common enough to all persons of my youth and disposition. My mother allowed me an almost unlimited command over the fortune eventually to be my own; and, yielding to my wishes rather than her fears, she suffered me, at the age of eighteen, to set out for the Continent alone. Perhaps the quiet and reserve of my character made her think me less exposed to the dangers of youth, than if I had been of a more active and versatile temper. This is no uncommon mistake; a serious and contemplative disposition is, however, often the worst formed to acquire readily the knowledge of the world, and always the most calculated to suffer deeply from the experience.

" I took up my residence for some time at Spa. It is, you know, perhaps, a place dull enough to make gambling the only amusement; every one played, and I did not escape the contagion: nor did I wish it; for, like the minister Godolphin, my habitual silence made me love gaming for its own sake, because it was a substitute for conversation. This pursuit brought me acquainted with Mr. Tyrrell, who was then staying at Spa; he had not, at that time, quite dissipated his fortune, but was daily advancing towards so desirable a consummation. A gambler's acquaintance is readily made and easily kept, — provided you gamble too.

" We became as intimate as the reserve of my habits

ever suffered me to become with any one but you. He was many years older than I, — had seen a great deal of the world; had mixed much in its best societies; and at that time, whatever was the vulgarity of his mind, had little of the coarseness of manner which very soon afterwards distinguished him: evil communication works rapidly in its results. Our acquaintance was, therefore, natural enough, especially when it is considered that my purse was entirely at his disposal; for borrowing is 'twice blessed,' in him that takes and him that gives, — the receiver becomes complaisant and conceding, and the lender thinks favorably of one he has obliged.

"We parted at Spa, under a mutual promise to write. I forget if this promise was kept, — probably not; we were not, however, the worse friends for being bad correspondents. I continued my travels for about another year; I then returned to England, the same melancholy and dreaming enthusiast as before. It is true that we are the creatures of circumstances; but circumstances are also, in a great measure, the creatures of us. I mean, they receive their influences from the previous bent of our own minds; what raises one would depress another, and what vitiates my neighbor might correct me. Thus the experience of the world makes some persons more worldly, — others more abstracted; and the indulgence of the senses becomes a violence to one mind, and a second nature to another. As for me, I had tasted all the pleasures youth and opulence can purchase, and was more averse to them than ever. I had mixed with many varieties of men, — I was still more riveted to the *monotony of self*.

"I cannot hope, while I mention these peculiarities, that I am a very uncommon character; I believe the present age has produced many such. Some time hence,

it will be a curious inquiry to ascertain the causes of that acute and sensitive morbidity of mind, which has been, and still is, so epidemic a disease. You know me well enough to believe that I am not fond of the cant of assuming an artificial character, or of creating a fictitious interest; and I am far from wishing to impose upon you a malady of constitution for a dignity of mind. You must pardon my prolixity. I own that it is very painful to me to come to the main part of my confessions, and I am endeavoring to prepare myself by lingering over the prelude."

Glanville paused here for a few moments. In spite of the sententious coolness with which he pretended to speak, I saw that he was powerfully and painfully affected.

"Well," he continued, "to resume the thread of my narrative. After I had stayed some weeks with my mother and sister, I took advantage of their departure for the Continent, and resolved to make a tour through England. Rich people—and I have always been very rich—grow exceedingly tired of the embarrassment of their riches. I seized with delight at the idea of travelling without carriages and servants; I took merely a favorite horse, and the black dog, poor Terror, which you see now at my feet.

"The day I commenced this plan was to me the epoch of a new and terrible existence. However, you must pardon me if I am not here sufficiently diffuse. Suffice it, that I became acquainted with a being whom, for the first and only time in my life, I loved! This miniature attempts to express her likeness; the initials at the back, interwoven with my own, are hers."

"Yes," said I, incautiously; "they are the initials of Gertrude Douglas."

"What!" cried Glanville, in a loud tone, which he instantly checked, and continued in an indrawn, muttered whisper: "How long is it since I heard that name! and now—now—" He broke off abruptly, and then said, with a calmer voice, "I know not how you have learned her name; perhaps you will explain?"

"From Thornton," said I.

"And has he told you more?" cried Glanville, as if gasping for breath,—"the history, the dreadful—"

"Not a word," said I, hastily; "he was with me when I found the picture, and he explained the initials."

"It is well!" answered Glanville, recovering himself; "you will see presently if I have reason to love that those foul and sordid lips should profane the story I am about to relate. Gertrude was an only daughter; though of gentle blood, she was no match for me, either in rank or fortune. Did I say just now that the world had not altered me? See my folly: one year before I saw her, and I should not have thought *her*, but *myself* honored by a marriage; twelve little months had sufficed to—God forgive me! I took advantage of her love, her youth, her innocence; she fled with me, —*but not to the altar!*"

Again Glanville paused, and again, by a violent effort, conquered his emotion, and proceeded:—

"Never let vice be done by halves; never let a man invest all his purer affections in the woman he ruins; never let him cherish the kindness, if he gratifies the selfishness of his heart. A profligate who really loves his victim is one of the most wretched of beings. In spite of my successful and triumphant passion; in spite of the first intoxication of possession, and the better and deeper delight of a reciprocity of thought, feel-

ing, sympathy, for the first time, found; in the midst of all the luxuries my wealth could produce, and of the voluptuous and spring-like hues with which youth, health, and first love, clothe the earth which the loved one treads, and the air which she inhales,—in spite of these, in spite of all, I was anything but happy. If Gertrude's cheek seemed a shade more pale, or her eyes less bright, I remembered the sacrifice she had made me, and believed that she felt it too. It was in vain, that, with the tender and generous devotion,—never found but in woman,—she assured me that my love was a recompense for all; the more touching was her tenderness, the more poignant was my remorse. I never loved but her; I have never, therefore, entered into the commonplace of passion, and I cannot, even to this day, look upon her sex as ours do in general. I thought—I think so still—that ingratitude to a woman is often a more odious offence—I am sure it contains a more painful penalty—than ingratitude to a man. But enough of this; if you know me, you can penetrate the nature of my feelings,—if not, it is in vain to expect your sympathy.

"I never loved living long in one place. We travelled over the greater part of England and France. What must be the enchantment of love when accompanied with innocence and joy, since, even in sin, in remorse, in grief, it brings us a rapture to which all other things are tame! Oh! those were moments steeped in the very elixir of life; overflowing with the hoarded fondness and sympathies of hearts too full for words, and yet too agitated for silence, when we journeyed alone, and at night, and as the shadows and stillness of the waning hours gathered round us, drew closer to each other, and concentrated this breathing

world in the deep and embracing sentiment of our mutual love! It was then that I laid my burning temples on her bosom, and felt, while my hand clasped hers, that my visions were realized, and my wandering spirit had sunk unto its rest.

"I remember well that, one night, we were travelling through one of the most beautiful parts of England; it was in the very height and flush of summer, and the moon (what scene of love — whether in reality or romance — has anything of tenderness, or passion, or divinity, where her light is not!) filled the intense skies of June with her presence, and cast a sadder and paler beauty over Gertrude's cheek. She was always of a melancholy and despondent temper; perhaps, for that reason, she was more congenial to my own; and when I gazed upon her that night, I was not surprised to see her eyes filled with tears. 'You will laugh at me,' she said, as I kissed them off and inquired into the cause; 'but I feel a presentiment that I cannot shake off; it tells me that you will travel this road again before many months are past, and that I shall not be with you, perhaps not upon the earth.' She was right in all her forebodings, but the suggestion of her death, — *that* came later.

"We took up our residence for some time at a beautiful situation, a short distance from a small watering-place. At this watering-place, to my great surprise, I met with Tyrrell. He had come there partly to see a relation from whom he had some expectations, and partly to recruit his health, which was much broken by his irregularities and excesses. I could not refuse to renew my old acquaintance with him: and, indeed, I thought him too much of a man of the world, and of society, to feel with him that particular delicacy, in

regard to Gertrude, which made me in general shun all intercourse with my former friends. He was in great pecuniary embarrassment, — much more deeply so than I then imagined; for I believed the embarrassment to be only temporary. However, my purse was then, as before, at his disposal, and he did not scruple to avail himself very largely of my offers. He came frequently to our house; and poor Gertrude, who thought I had, for her sake, made a real sacrifice in renouncing my acquaintance, endeavored to conquer her usual diffidence, and that more painful feeling than diffidence, natural to her station, and even to affect a pleasure in the society of *my* friend which she was very far from feeling.

“I was detained at — for several weeks by Gertrude’s confinement. The child — happy being! — died a week after its birth. Gertrude was still in bed, and unable to leave it, when I received a letter from Ellen, to say that my mother was then staying at Toulouse, and dangerously ill; if I wished once more to see her, Ellen besought me to lose no time in setting off for the Continent. You may imagine my situation, or rather you cannot, for you cannot conceive the smallest particle of that intense love I bore to Gertrude. To you, — to any other man, it might seem no extraordinary hardship to leave her even for an uncertain period; to me it was like tearing away the very life from my heart.

“I procured her a sort of half-companion, and half-nurse; I provided for her everything that the most anxious and fearful love could suggest; and, with a mind full of forebodings too darkly to be realized hereafter, I hastened to the nearest seaport and set sail for France.

“When I arrived at Toulouse my mother was much better, but still in a very uncertain and dangerous state

of health. I stayed with her for more than a month, during which time every post brought me a line from Gertrude, and bore back a message from 'my heart to hers' in return. This was no mean consolation, more especially when each letter spoke of increasing health and strength. At the month's end I was preparing to return, — my mother was slowly recovering, and I no longer had any fears on her account; but there are links in our destiny fearfully interwoven with each other, and ending only in the anguish of our ultimate doom. The day before that fixed for my departure, I had been into a house where an epidemic disease raged; that night I complained of oppressive and deadly illness, — before morning I was in a high fever.

" During the time I was sensible of my state I wrote constantly to Gertrude, and carefully concealed my illness; but for several days I was delirious. When I recovered, I called eagerly for my letters; *there were none, none!* I could not believe I was yet awake; but days still passed on, and not a line from England, — from Gertrude. The instant I was able, I insisted upon putting horses to my carriage; I could bear no longer the torture of my suspense. By the most rapid journeys my debility would allow me to bear, I arrived in England. I travelled down to — by the same road that I had gone over with her! — the words of her foreboding, at that time, sank like ice into my heart, ' You will travel this road again before many months are past, and I shall not be with you; perhaps I shall not be upon the earth! ' At that thought I could have called unto the grave to open for me. Her unaccountable and lengthened silence, in spite of all the urgency and entreaties of my letters for a reply filled me with

presentiments the most fearful. Oh, God,—oh, God, they were nothing to the truth!

“At last I arrived at —; my carriage stopped at the very house; my whole frame was perfectly frozen with dread; I trembled from limb to limb; the ice of a thousand winters seemed curdling through my blood. The bell rang, once, twice, —no answer; I would have leaped out of the carriage; I would have forced an entrance, but I was unable to move. A man fettered and spell-bound by an incubus is less helpless than I was. At last, an old female I had never seen before, appeared.

“‘Where is she? How—’ I could utter no more, —my eyes were fixed upon the inquisitive and frightened countenance opposite to my own. Those eyes, I thought, might have said all that my lips could not; I was deceived,—the old woman understood me no more than I did her; another person appeared,—I recognized the face,—it was that of a girl who had been one of our attendants. Will you believe, that at that sight, the sight of one I had seen before, and could associate with the remembrance of the breathing, the living, the present Gertrude, a thrill of joy flashed across me,—my fears seemed to vanish, my spell to cease?

“I sprang from the carriage; I caught the girl by the robe. ‘Your mistress,’ said I,—‘your mistress; she is well—she is alive?—speak, speak!’ The girl shrieked out; my eagerness, and, perhaps, my emaciated and altered appearance, terrified her; but she had the strong nerves of youth, and was soon reassured. She requested me to step in, and she would tell me all. My wife (Gertrude always went by that name) *was* alive, and, she believed, well, but she had left that place some weeks since. Trembling, and still

fearful, but in heaven, comparatively to my former agony, I followed the girl and the old woman into the house.

"The former got me some water. 'Now,' said I, when I had drunk a long and hearty draught, 'I am ready to hear *all*; my wife has left this house, you say,—for what place?' The girl hesitated and looked down; the old woman, who was somewhat deaf, and did not rightly understand my questions, or the nature of the personal interest I had in the reply, answered, 'What does the gentleman want?—the poor young lady who was last here? Lord help her!'

"'What of her?' I called out in a new alarm. 'What of her? Where has she gone? Who took her away?'

"'Who took her?' mumbled the old woman, fretful at my impatient tone,—'who took her? *Why, the mad doctor, to be sure!*'

"I heard no more; my frame could support no longer the agonies my mind had undergone; I fell lifeless on the ground.

"When I recovered, it was at the dead of the night. I was in bed,—the old woman and the girl were at my side. I rose slowly and calmly. You know—all men who have ever suffered much, know the strange anomalies of despair—the quiet of our veriest anguish. Deceived by my bearing, I learned by degrees from my attendants, that Gertrude had some weeks since betrayed certain symptoms of insanity; that these, in a very few hours, arose to an alarming pitch. From some reason the woman could not explain, she had, a short time before, discarded the companion I had left with her; she was, therefore, alone among servants. They sent for the ignorant practitioners of the place; they

tried their nostrums without success; her madness increased; her attendants, with that superstitious horror of insanity common to the lower classes, became more and more violently alarmed; the landlady insisted on her removal; and — and — I told you, Pelham — I told you; they sent her away — sent her to a madhouse! All this I listened to! — all! — ay, and patiently. I noted down the address of her present abode; it was about the distance of twenty miles from —. I ordered fresh horses and set off immediately.

“I arrived there at daybreak. It was a large, old house, which, like a French hotel, seemed to have no visible door; dark and gloomy, the pile appeared worthy of the purpose to which it was devoted. It was a long time before we aroused any one to answer our call; at length I was ushered into a small parlor, — how minutely I remember every article in the room! What varieties there are in the extreme passions! sometimes the same feeling will deaden all the senses — sometimes render them a hundredfold more acute!

“At last, a man of a smiling and rosy aspect appeared. He pointed to a chair, rubbed his hands, and begged me to unfold my business; few words sufficed to do that. I requested to see his patient; I demanded by what authority she had been put under his care. The man’s face altered. He was but little pleased with the nature of my visit. ‘The lady,’ he said coolly, ‘had been intrusted to his care, with an adequate remuneration, by Mr. Tyrrell; without that gentleman’s permission, he could not think even of suffering me to see her.’ I controlled my passion; I knew something, if not of the nature of private madhouses, at least of that of mankind. I claimed his patient as my wife; I expressed myself obliged by

his care, and begged his acceptance of a further remuneration, which I tendered, and which was eagerly accepted. The way was now cleared,—there is no hell to which a golden branch will not win your admittance.

“The man detained me no longer; he hastened to lead the way. We passed through various long passages; sometimes the low moan of pain and weakness came upon my ear, sometimes the confused murmur of the idiot’s drivelling soliloquy. From one passage, at right angles with the one through which we proceeded, broke a fierce and thrilling shriek; it sank at once into silence,—*perhaps beneath the lash!*”

“We were now in a different department of the building: all was silent, hushed, deep, breathless; this seemed to me more awful than the terrible sounds I had just heard. My guide went slowly on, sometimes breaking the stillness of the dim gallery by the jingle of his keys, sometimes by a muttered panegyric on himself and his humanity. I neither heeded nor answered him.

“We read in the annals of the Inquisition, of every limb, nerve, sinew of the victim, being so nicely and accurately strained to their utmost, that the frame would not bear the additional screwing of a single hair-breadth. Such seemed *my* state. We came to a small door, at the right hand; it was the last but one in the passage. We paused before it. ‘Stop,’ said I, ‘for one moment;’ and I was so faint and sick at heart that I leaned against the wall to recover myself before I let him open the door; when he did, it was a greater relief than I can express, to see that all was utterly dark. ‘Wait, sir,’ said the guide, as he entered; and a sullen noise told me that he was unbarring the heavy shutter.

"Slowly the gray, cold light of the morning broke in; a dark figure was stretched upon a wretched bed, at the far end of the room. She raised herself at the sound. She turned her face towards me; I did not fall, nor faint, nor shriek; I stood motionless, as if fixed into stone,—and yet it was Gertrude upon whom I gazed. Oh, Heaven! who but myself could have recognized her? Her cheek was as the cheek of the dead; the hueless skin clung to the bone; the eye was dull and glassy for one moment,—the next it became terribly and preternaturally bright, but not with the ray of intellect, or consciousness, or recognition. She looked long and hard at me; a voice, hollow and broken, but which still penetrated my heart, came forth through the wan lips, that scarcely moved with the exertion. 'I am very cold,' it said; 'but if I complain you will beat me.' She fell down again upon the bed, and hid her face.

"My guide, who was leaning carelessly by the window, turned to me with a sort of smirk, 'This is her way, sir,' he said; 'her madness is of a very singular description: we have not, as yet, been able to discover how far it extends; sometimes she seems conscious of the past, sometimes utterly oblivious of everything; for days she is perfectly silent, or, at least, says nothing more than you have just heard; but at times she raves so violently, that — that — *but I never use force where it can be helped.*'

"I looked at the man, but I could not answer, unless I had torn him to pieces on the spot. I turned away hastily from the room; but I did not quit the house without Gertrude. I placed her in the carriage by my side, notwithstanding all the protestations and fears of the keeper; these were readily silenced by the

sum I gave him, — it was large enough to have liberated half his household. In fact, I gathered from his conversation that Tyrrell had spoken of Gertrude as an unhappy female whom he himself had seduced, and would now be rid of. I thank you, Pelham, for that frown, but keep your indignation till a fitter season for it.

“I took *my* victim, for I then regarded her as such, to a secluded and lonely spot; I procured for her whatever advice England could afford: all was in vain. Night and day I was by her side, but she never, for a moment, seemed to recollect me; yet were there times of fierce and overpowering delirium, when my name was uttered in the transport of the most passionate enthusiasm; when my features as absent, though not present, were recalled and dwelt upon with all the minuteness of the most faithful detail; and I knelt by her in all those moments, when no other human being was near, and clasped her wan hand, and wiped the dew from her forehead, and gazed upon her convulsed and changing face, and called upon her in a voice which could once have allayed her wildest emotions; and had the agony of seeing her eye dwell upon me with the most estranged indifference, or the most vehement and fearful aversion. But, ever and anon, she uttered words which chilled the very marrow of my bones; words which I would not, dared not believe, had any meaning or method in their madness, — but which entered into my own brain, and preyed there like the devouring of a fire. There *was* a truth in those ravings, a reason in that incoherence, — and my cup was not yet full.

“At last, one physician, who appeared to me to have more knowledge than the rest, of the mysteri-

ous workings of her dreadful disease, advised me to take her to the scenes of her first childhood: 'Those scenes,' said he, justly, 'are in all stages of life the most fondly remembered; and I have noted, that in many cases of insanity, places are easier recalled than persons; perhaps, if we can once awaken one link in the chain, it will communicate to the rest.'

"I took this advice, and set off to Norfolk. Her early home was not many miles distant from the churchyard where you once met me, and in that churchyard her mother was buried. *She* had died before Gertrude's flight; the father's death had followed it: perhaps my sufferings were a just retribution! The house had gone into other hands, and I had no difficulty in engaging it. Thank Heaven, I was spared the pain of seeing any of Gertrude's relations.

"It was night when we moved to the house. I had placed within the room where she used to sleep, all the furniture and books with which it appeared, from my inquiries, to have been formerly filled. We laid her in the bed that had held that faded and altered form in its freshest and purest years. I shrouded myself in one corner of the room, and counted the dull minutes till the daylight dawned. I pass over the detail of my recital,—the experiment partially succeeded,—would to God that it had not!—would that she had gone down to her grave with her dreadful secret unrevealed! — would — but —"

Here Glanville's voice failed him, and there was a brief silence before he recommenced.

"Gertrude now had many lucid intervals; but these my presence were always sufficient to change into a delirious raving, even more incoherent than her insanity had ever yet been. She would fly from me with the

most fearful cries, bury her face in her hands, and seem like one oppressed and haunted by a supernatural visitation, as long as I remained in the room; the moment I left her, she began, though slowly, to recover.

“ This was to me the bitterest affliction of all, — to be forbidden to nurse, to cherish, to tend her, was like taking from me my last hope! But little can the thoughtless or the worldly dream of the depths of a real love; I used to wait all day by her door, and it was luxury enough to me to catch her accents, or hear her move, or sigh, or even weep; and all night, when she could not know of my presence, I used to lie down by her bedside; and when I sank into a short and convulsed sleep, I saw her once more in my brief and fleeting dreams, in all the devoted love and glowing beauty which had once constituted the whole of my happiness, and *my world*.

“ One day I had been called from my post by her door. They came to me hastily; she was in strong convulsions. I flew upstairs, and supported her in my arms till the fits had ceased; we then placed her in bed; she never rose from it again; but on that bed of death, the words, as well as the cause of her former insanity, were explained, — the mystery was unravelled.

“ It was a still and breathless night. The moon, which was at its decrease, came through the half-closed shutters, and, beneath its solemn and eternal light, she yielded to my entreaties, and revealed all. The man — my friend, Tyrrell — had polluted her ear with his addresses, and, when forbidden the house, had bribed the woman I had left with her to convey his letters: she was discharged, — but Tyrrell was no ordinary villain; he entered the house one evening, when no one but Gertrude was there. Come near me, Pel-

ham—nearer, bend down your ear,—he used force, violence! That night Gertrude's senses deserted her, —you know the rest.

“The moment that I gathered, from Gertrude's broken sentences, their meaning, that moment the demon entered into my soul. All human feelings seemed to fly from my heart; it shrank into one burning, and thirsty, and fiery want,—and that want was for revenge! I would have sprung from the bedside, but Gertrude's hand clung to me, and detained me; the damp, chill grasp grew colder and colder; it ceased; the hand fell; I turned,—one slight, but awful shudder, went over that face, made yet more wan by the light of the waning and ghastly moon; one convulsion shook the limbs; one murmur passed the falling and hueless lips. I cannot tell you the rest; you know,—you can guess it.

“That day week we buried her in the lonely church-yard,—where she had, in her lucid moments, wished to lie,—by the side of her mother.”

CHAPTER LXXV.

I breathed,
But not the breath of human life;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my very thought to strife.— *The Giaour.*

“THANK Heaven, the most painful part of my story is at an end. You will now be able to account for our meeting in the churchyard at —. I secured myself a lodging at a cottage not far from the spot which held Gertrude’s remains. Night after night I wandered to that lonely place, and longed for a couch beside the sleeper, whom I mourned in the selfishness of my soul. I prostrated myself on the mound; I humbled myself to tears. In the overflowing anguish of my heart I forgot all that had aroused its stormier passions into life. Revenge, hatred, — all vanished. I lifted up my face to the tender heavens; I called aloud to the silent and placid air; and when I turned again to that unconscious mound, I thought of nothing but the sweetness of our early love, and the bitterness of her early death. It was in such moments that your footstep broke upon my grief: the instant others had seen me, — other eyes penetrated the sanctuary of my regret, — from that instant, whatever was more soft and holy in the passions and darkness of my mind, seemed to vanish away like a scroll. I again returned to the intense and withering remembrance which was henceforward to make the very key and pivot of my existence. I again recalled the last night of Gertrude’s life; I again shuddered at the low, murmured sounds, whose dreadful sense broke slowly

upon my soul. I again felt the cold, cold, slimy grasp of those wan and dying fingers; and I again nerved my heart to an iron strength, and vowed deep, deep-rooted, endless, implacable revenge.

"The morning after the night you saw me, I left my abode. I went to London, and attempted to methodize my plans of vengeance. The first thing to discover was Tyrrell's present residence. By accident, I heard he was at Paris, and, within two hours of receiving the intelligence, I set off for that city. On arriving there, the habits of the gambler soon discovered him to my search. I saw him one night at a hell. He was evidently in distressed circumstances, and the fortune of the table was against him. Unperceived by him, I feasted my eyes on his changing countenance, as those deadly and wearing transitions of feeling, only to be produced by the gaming-table, passed over it. While I gazed upon him, a thought of more exquisite and refined revenge than had yet occurred to me, flashed upon my mind. Occupied with the ideas it gave rise to, I went into the adjoining room, which was quite empty. There I seated myself, and endeavored to develop more fully the rude and imperfect outline of my scheme.

"The arch tempter favored me with a trusty coadjutor in my designs. I was lost in a reverie, when I heard myself accosted by name. I looked up and beheld a man whom I had often seen with Tyrrell, both at Spa and — (the watering-place where, with Gertrude, I had met Tyrrell). He was a person of low birth and character; but esteemed, from his love of coarse humor and vulgar enterprise, a man of infinite parts — a sort of Yorick — by the set most congenial to Tyrrell's tastes. By this undue reputation, and the *levelling* habit of gaming, to which he was addicted, he was raised, in cer-

tain societies, much above his proper rank; need I say that this man was Thornton? I was but slightly acquainted with him; however, he accosted me cordially, and endeavored to draw me into conversation.

“ ‘Have you seen Tyrrell?’ said he; ‘he is at it again; what’s bred in the bone, you know, etc.’ I turned pale with the mention of Tyrrell’s name, and replied very laconically, to what purpose I forget. — ‘Ah! ah!’ rejoined Thornton, eying me with an air of impudent familiarity, — ‘I see you have not forgiven him; he played you but a shabby trick at —; seduced your mistress, or something of that sort; he told me all about it. Pray, how is the poor girl now?’

“ I made no reply; I sank down and gasped for breath. All I had suffered seemed nothing to the indignity I then endured. *She—she* — who had once been my pride, my honor, life, — to be thus spoken of — and — I could not pursue the idea. I rose hastily, looked at Thornton with a glance, which might have abashed a man less shameless and callous than himself, and left the room.

“ That night, as I tossed restless and feverish on my bed of thorns, I saw how useful Thornton might be to me in the prosecution of the scheme I had entered into; and the next morning I sought him out, and purchased (no very difficult matter) both his secrecy and his assistance. My plan of vengeance, to one who had seen and observed less of the varieties of human nature than you have done, might seem far-fetched and unnatural; for while the superficial are ready to allow eccentricity as natural in the coolness of ordinary life, they never suppose it can exist in the heat of the passions,—as if in such moments, anything was ever considered absurd, in the means which was favorable to the end. Were the

secrets of one passionate and irregulated heart laid bare, there would be more romance in them than in all the fables which we turn from with incredulity and disdain, as exaggerated and overdrawn.

" Among the thousand schemes for retribution which had chased each other across my mind, the death of my victim was only the ulterior object. Death, indeed,—the pang of one moment,—appeared to me but very feeble justice for the life of lingering and restless anguish to which his treachery had condemned *me*; but *my* penance, *my* doom, I could have forgiven: it was the fate of a more innocent and injured being which irritated the sting and fed the venom of my revenge. That revenge no ordinary punishment could appease. If fanaticism can only be satisfied by the rack and the flames, you may readily conceive a like unappeasable fury in a hatred so deadly, so concentrated, and so just as mine,—and if fanaticism persuades itself into a virtue, so also did my hatred.

" The scheme which I resolved upon was to attach Tyrrell more and more to the gaming-table; to be present at his infatuation; to feast my eyes upon the feverish intensity of his suspense; to reduce him, step by step, to the lowest abyss of poverty; to glut my soul with the abjectness and humiliation of his penury; to strip him of all aid, consolation, sympathy, and friendship; to follow him, unseen, to his wretched and squalid home; to mark the struggles of the craving nature with the loathing pride,—and, finally, to watch the frame wear, the eye sink, the lip grow livid, and all the terrible and torturing progress of gnawing want, to utter starvation. Then, in that last state, but not before, I might reveal myself, stand by the hopeless and succorless bed of death, shriek out in the dizzy ear a name which could

treble the horrors of remembrance, snatch from the struggling and agonizing conscience the last plank, the last straw, to which in its madness it could cling, and blacken the shadows of departing life by opening to the shuddering sense the threshold of an impatient and yawning hell.

“Hurried away by the unhallowed fever of these projects, I thought of nothing but their accomplishment. I employed Thornton, who still maintained his intimacy with Tyrrell, to decoy him more and more to the gambling-house; and, as the unequal chances of the public table were not rapid enough in their termination to consummate the ruin even of an impetuous and vehement gamester like Tyrrell, so soon as my impatience desired, Thornton took every opportunity of engaging him in private play and accelerating my object by the unlawful arts of which he was master. My enemy was every day approaching the farthest verge of ruin; near relations he had none; all his distant ones he had disengaged; all his friends, and even his acquaintance, he had fatigued by his importunity, or disgusted by his conduct. In the whole world there seemed not a being who would stretch forth a helping hand to save him from the total and penniless beggary to which he was hopelessly advancing. Out of the wrecks of his former property and the generosity of former friends, whatever he had already wrung had been immediately staked at the gaming-house, and as immediately lost.

“Perhaps this would not so soon have been the case if Thornton had not artfully fed and sustained his expectations. He had been long employed by Tyrrell in a professional capacity, and he knew well all the gamester’s domestic affairs; and when he promised, should things come to the worst, to find some expedient to restore them, Tyrrell easily adopted so flattering a belief.

"Meanwhile I had taken the name and disguise under favor of which you met me at Paris, and Thornton had introduced me to Tyrrell as a young Englishman of great wealth, and still greater inexperience. The gambler grasped eagerly at an acquaintance which Thornton readily persuaded him he could turn to such account; and I had thus every facility of marking, day by day, how my plot thickened and my vengeance hastened to its triumph.

"This was not all. I said, there was not in the wide world a being who would have saved Tyrrell from the fate he deserved and was approaching. I forgot there *was* one who still clung to him with affection, and for whom he still seemed to harbor the better and purer feelings of less degraded and guilty times. This person (you will guess readily it was a woman) I made it my especial business and care to wean away from my prey; I would not suffer him a consolation he had denied to me. I used all the arts of seduction to obtain the transfer of her affections. Whatever promises and vows — whether of love or wealth — could effect, were tried; nor at last without success, — *I* triumphed. The woman became my slave. It was she who, whenever Tyrrell faltered in his course to destruction, combated his scruples and urged on his reluctance; it was she who informed me minutely of his pitiful finances, and assisted to her utmost in expediting their decay. The still more bitter treachery of deserting him in his veriest want I reserved till the fittest occasion, and contemplated with a savage delight.

"I was embarrassed in my scheme by two circumstances: first, Thornton's acquaintance with you; and, secondly, Tyrrell's receipt (some time afterwards) of a very unexpected sum of two hundred pounds in return for renouncing all further and *possible* claim on the

purchasers of his estate. To the former, so far as it might interfere with my plans, or lead to my detection, you must pardon me for having put a speedy termination; the latter threw me into great consternation, — for Tyrrell's first idea was to renounce the gaming-table and endeavor to live upon the trifling pittance he had acquired, as long as the utmost economy would permit.

"This idea, Margaret, the woman I spoke of, according to my instructions, so artfully and successfully combated, that Tyrrell yielded to his natural inclination, and returned once more to the infatuation of his favorite pursuit. However, I had become restlessly impatient for the conclusion to this prefatory part of my revenge, and accordingly Thornton and myself arranged that Tyrrell should be persuaded by the former to risk all, even to his very last farthing, in a private game with me. Tyrrell, who believed he should readily recruit himself by my unskilfulness in the game, fell easily into the snare; and, on the second night of our engagement, he not only had lost the whole of his remaining pittance, but had signed bonds owning to a debt of far greater amount than he at that time could ever even have dreamed of possessing.

"Flushed, heated, almost maddened with my triumph, I yielded to the exultation of the moment. I did not know you were so near; I discovered myself, — you remember the scene. I went joyfully home, and for the first time since Gertrude's death I was happy, — but there I imagined my vengeance only would begin; I revelled in the burning hope of marking the hunger and extremity that must ensue. The next day, when Tyrrell turned round, in his despair, for one momentary word of comfort from the lips to which he believed, in the fond credulity of his heart, falsehood and treachery

never came, his last earthly friend taunted and deserted him. Mark me, Pelham, — I was by and heard her!

"But here my power of retribution was to close: from the thirst still unslaked and unappeased the cup was abruptly snatched. Tyrrell disappeared, — no one knew whither. I set Thornton's inquiries at work. A week afterwards he brought me word that Tyrrell had died in extreme want and from very despair. Will you credit that, at hearing this news, my first sensations were only rage and disappointment! True, he had died, died in all the misery my heart could wish, but *I had not seen him die*; and the death-bed seemed to me robbed of its bitterest pang.

"I know not to this day, though I have often questioned him, what interest Thornton had in deceiving me by this tale: for my own part, I believe that he himself was deceived;¹ certain it is (for I inquired) that a person, very much answering to Tyrrell's description, had perished in the state Thornton mentioned; and this might, therefore, in all probability, have misled him.

"I left Paris, and returned through Normandy to England (where I remained some weeks); there we again met: but I think we did *not* meet till I had been persecuted by the insolence and importunity of Thornton. The tools of our passions cut both ways; like the monarch who employed strange beasts in his army, we find our treacherous allies less destructive to others than ourselves. But I was not of a temper to brook the tauntings or the encroachment of my own creature; it had been with but an ill grace that I had endured his familiarity when I absolutely required his services, much less could I suffer his intrusion when those services —

¹ It seems (from subsequent investigation) that this was really the case.

services, not of love, but hire — were no longer necessary. Thornton, like all persons of his stamp, has a low pride, which I was constantly offending. He had mixed with men more than my equals in rank on a familiar footing, and he could ill brook the *hauteur* with which my disgust at his character absolutely constrained me to treat him. It is true that the profuseness of my liberality was such that the mean wretch stomached affronts for which he was so largely paid; but, with the cunning and malicious spite natural to him, he knew well how to repay them in kind. While he assisted, he affected to ridicule my revenge; and, though he soon saw that he durst not, for his very life, breathe a syllable openly against Gertrude, or her memory, yet he contrived by general remarks and covert insinuations, to gall me to the very quick, and in the very tenderest point. Thus a deep and cordial antipathy to each other arose, and grew, and strengthened, till, I believe, like the fiends in hell, our mutual hatred became our common punishment.

"No sooner had I returned to England than I found him here awaiting my arrival. He favored me with frequent visits and requests for money. Although not possessed of any secret really important affecting my character, he knew well that he was possessed of one important to my quiet; and he availed himself to the utmost of my strong and deep aversion even to the most delicate recurrence to my love to Gertrude, and its unhallowed and disastrous termination. At length, however, he wearied me. I found that he was sinking into the very dregs and refuse of society, and I could not longer brook the idea of enduring his familiarity and feeding his vices.

"I pass over any detail of my own feelings, as well

as my outward and worldly history. Over my mind a great change had passed: I was no longer torn by violent and contending passions; upon the tumultuous sea a dead and heavy torpor had fallen; the very winds, necessary for health, had ceased, —

‘I slept on the abyss without a surge.’

One violent and engrossing passion is among the worst of all immoralities; for it leaves the mind too stagnant and exhausted for those activities and energies which constitute our real duties. However, now that the tyrant feeling of my mind was removed, I endeavored to shake off the apathy it had produced, and return to the various occupations and businesses of life. Whatever could divert me from my own dark memories, or give a momentary motion to the stagnation of my mind, I grasped at with the fondness and eagerness of a child. Thus, you found me surrounding myself with luxuries which palled upon my taste the instant that their novelty had passed, — now striving for the vanity of literary fame; now for the emptier baubles which riches could procure. At one time I shrouded myself in my closet, and brooded over the dogmas of the learned and the errors of the wise; at another, I plunged into the more engrossing and active pursuits of the living crowd which rolled around me, — and flattered my heart that amidst the applause of senators and the whirlpool of affairs, I could lull to rest the voices of the past and the spectre of the dead.

“Whether these hopes were effectual, and the struggle not in vain, this haggard and wasting form, drooping day by day into the grave, can declare; but I said I would not dwell long upon this part of my history, nor is it necessary. Of one thing only, not connected with

the main part of my confessions, it is right, for the sake of one tender and guiltless being, that I should speak.

"In the cold and friendless world with which I mixed, there was a heart which had years ago given itself wholly up to me. At that time I was ignorant of the gift I so little deserved, or (for it was before I knew Gertrude) I might have returned it, and been saved years of crime and anguish. Since then, the person I allude to had married, and, by the death of her husband, was once more free. Intimate with my family, and more especially with my sister, she now met me constantly; her compassion for the change she perceived in me, both in mind and person, was stronger than even her reserve, and this is the only reason why I speak of an attachment which ought otherwise to be concealed. I believe that you already understand to whom I allude, and since you have discovered her weakness, it is right that you should know also her virtue; it is right that you should learn that it was not in her the fantasy or passion of a moment, but a long and secreted love; that you should learn that it was her pity, and no unfeminine disregard to opinion, which betrayed her into imprudence; and that she is, at this moment, innocent of everything but the folly of loving *me*.

"I pass on to the time when I discovered that I had been, either intentionally or unconsciously, deceived, and that my enemy yet lived! — *lived* in honor, prosperity, and the world's blessings. This information was like removing a barrier from a stream hitherto pent into quiet and restraint. All the stormy thoughts, feelings, and passions, so long at rest, rushed again into a terrible and tumultuous action. The newly-formed stratum of my mind was swept away; everything seemed a wreck, a chaos, a convulsion of jarring elements; but this is a

trite and tame description of my feelings: words would be but commonplace to express the revulsion which I experienced; yet, amidst all, there was one paramount and presiding thought, to which the rest were as atoms in the heap,—the awakened thought of vengeance! — but how was it to be gratified?

“Placed as Tyrrell now was in the scale of society, every method of retribution but the one formerly rejected, seemed at an end. To that one, therefore, weak and merciful as it appeared to me, I resorted, —you took my challenge to Tyrrell; you remember his behavior, —conscience doth indeed make cowards of us all! The letter enclosed to me in his to you, contained only the commonplace argument urged so often by those who have injured us,—namely, the reluctance at attempting our life after having ruined our happiness. When I found that he had left London, my rage knew no bounds; I was absolutely frantic with indignation; the earth reeled before my eyes; I was almost suffocated by the violence —the *whirlpool*—of my emotions. I gave myself no time to think,—I left town in pursuit of my foe.

“I found that—still addicted, though I believe not so madly as before, to his old amusements — he was in the neighborhood of Newmarket, awaiting the races shortly to ensue. No sooner did I find his address, than I wrote him another challenge, still more forcibly and insultingly worded than the one you took. In this I said that his refusal was of no avail; that I had sworn that my vengeance should overtake him; and that sooner or later, in the face of Heaven and despite of hell, my oath should be fulfilled. Remember those words, Pelham, I shall refer to them hereafter.

“Tyrrell’s reply was short and contemptuous; he affected to treat me as a madman. Perhaps (and I con-

fess that the incoherence of my letter authorized such suspicion) he believed I really was one. He concluded by saying, that if he received more of my letters, he should shelter himself from my aggressions by the protection of the law.

"On receiving this reply, a stern, sullen, iron spirit entered into my bosom. I betrayed no external mark of passion; I sat down in silence,—I placed the letter and Gertrude's picture before me. There, still and motionless, I remained for hours. I remember well, I was awakened from my gloomy reverie by the clock, as it struck the first hour of the morning. At that lone and ominous sound, the associations of romance and dread which the fables of our childhood connect with it, rushed coldly and fearfully into my mind; the damp dews broke out upon my forehead, and the blood curdled in my limbs. In that moment I knelt down and vowed a frantic and deadly oath—the words of which I would not now dare to repeat—that before three days expired, hell should no longer be cheated of its prey. I rose,—I flung myself on my bed, *and slept*.

"The next day I left my abode. I purchased a strong and swift horse, and, disguising myself from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, I set off alone, locking in my heart the calm and cold conviction, that my oath should be kept. I placed, concealed in my dress, two pistols; my intention was to follow Tyrrell wherever he went, till we could find ourselves alone, and without the chance of intrusion. It was then my determination to *force* him into a contest, and that no trembling of the hand, no error of the swimming sight, might betray my purpose, to place us foot to foot, and the mouth of each pistol almost to the very temple of each antagonist. Nor was I deterred for a moment from this resolution

by the knowledge that my own death must be as certain as my victim's. On the contrary, I looked forward to dying thus, and so baffling the more lingering, but not less sure disease, which was daily wasting me away, with the same fierce, yet not unquiet delight with which men have rushed into battle, and sought out a death less bitter to them than life.

"For two days, though I each day saw Tyrrell, fate threw into my way no opportunity of executing my design. The morning of the third came, — Tyrrell was on the race-ground; sure that he would remain there for some hours, I put up my wearied horse in the town, and, seating myself in an obscure corner of the course, was contented with watching, as the serpent does his victim, the distant motions of my enemy. Perhaps you can recollect passing a man seated on the ground, and robed in a horseman's cloak? I need not tell you that it was I whom you passed and accosted. I saw you ride by me; but the moment you were gone I forgot the occurrence. I looked upon the rolling and distant crowd as a child views the figures of the phantasmagoria, scarcely knowing if my eyes deceived me, feeling impressed with some stupefying and ghastly sensation of dread, and cherishing the conviction that my life was not as the life of the creatures that passed before me.

"The day waned. I went back for my horse; I returned to the course, and, keeping at a distance as little suspicious as possible, followed the motions of Tyrrell. He went back to the town, rested there, repaired to a gaming-table, stayed in it a short time, returned to his inn, and ordered his horse.

"In all these motions I followed the object of my pursuit; and my heart bounded with joy when I at last saw him set out alone, and in the advancing twilight.

I followed him till he left the main road. Now, I thought, was my time. I redoubled my pace, and had nearly reached him, when some horsemen appearing, constrained me again to slacken my pace. Various other similar interruptions occurred to delay my plot. At length all was undisturbed. I spurred my horse, and was nearly on the heels of my enemy when I perceived him join another man, — this was *you*. I clenched my teeth and drew my breath, as I once more retreated to a distance. In a short time two men passed me, and I found that, owing to some accident on the road, they stopped to assist *you*. It appears by your evidence on a subsequent event, that these men were Thornton and his friend Dawson: at the time they passed too rapidly, and I was too much occupied in my own dark thoughts, to observe them; still I kept up to you and Tyrrell, sometimes catching the outlines of your figures through the moonlight, at others (with the acute sense of anxiety), only just distinguishing the clang of your horses' hoofs on the stony ground. At last, a heavy shower came on; imagine my joy when Tyrrell left you and rode off alone!

"I passed you, and followed my enemy as fast as my horse would permit; but it was not equal to Tyrrell's, which was almost at its full speed. However, I came at last to a very steep, and almost precipitous descent. I was forced to ride slowly and cautiously; this, however, I the less regarded, from my conviction that Tyrrell must be obliged to use the same precaution. My hand was on my pistol with the grasp of premeditated revenge, when a shrill, sharp, solitary cry broke on my ear.

"No sound followed, — all was silence. I was just approaching towards the close of the descent, when a

horse without its rider passed me. The shower had ceased, and the moon broken from the cloud some minutes before; by its light I recognized the horse rode by Tyrrell; perhaps, I thought, it has thrown its master, and my victim will now be utterly in my power. I pushed hastily forward in spite of the hill, not yet wholly passed. I came to a spot of singular desolation, —it was a broad patch of waste land, a pool of water was on the right, and a remarkable and withered tree hung over it. I looked round, but saw nothing of life stirring. A dark and imperfectly-developed object lay by the side of the pond; I pressed forward, —merciful God! my enemy had escaped my hand, and lay in the stillness of death before me!"

"What!" I exclaimed, interrupting Glanville, for I could contain myself no longer; "it was not by *you* then that Tyrrell fell?" With these words, I grasped his hand; and, excited as I had been by my painful and wrought-up interest in his recital, I burst into tears of gratitude and joy. Reginald Glanville was innocent, —Ellen was not the sister of an assassin!

After a short pause, Glanville continued: —

"I gazed upon the upward and distorted face in a deep and sickening silence; an awe, dark and undefined, crept over my heart; I stood beneath the solemn and sacred heavens, and felt that the hand of God was upon me; that a mysterious and fearful edict had gone forth; that my headlong and unholy wrath had, in the very midst of its fury, been checked, as if but the idle anger of a child; that the plan I had laid in the foolish wisdom of my heart had been traced, step by step, by an all-seeing eye, and baffled in the moment of its fancied success by an inscrutable and awful doom. I had wished the death of my enemy; lo! my wish was accomplished,

— *how*, I neither knew nor guessed. There, a still and senseless clod of earth, without power of offence or injury, he lay beneath my feet: it seemed as if, in the moment of my uplifted arm, the Divine Avenger had asserted His prerogative, — as if the angel which had smitten the Assyrian had again swept forth, though against a meaner victim, — and, while he punished the guilt of a human criminal, had set an eternal barrier to the vengeance of a human foe!

“ I dismounted from my horse, and bent over the murdered man. I drew from my bosom the miniature, which never forsook me, and bathed the lifeless resemblance of Gertrude in the blood of her betrayer. Scarcely had I done so, before my ear caught the sound of steps; hastily I thrust, as I thought, the miniature in my bosom, remounted, and rode hurriedly away. At that hour, and for many which succeeded to it, I believe that all sense was suspended. I was like a man haunted by a dream, and wandering under its influence; or, as one whom a spectre pursues, and for whose eye the breathing and busy world is but as a land of unreal forms and flitting shadows, teeming with the monsters of darkness and the terrors of the tomb.

“ It was not till the next day that I missed the picture. I returned to the spot, searched it carefully, but in vain, — the miniature could not be found; I returned to town, and shortly afterwards the newspapers informed me of what had subsequently occurred. I saw, with dismay, that all appearances pointed to me as the criminal, and that the officers of justice were at that moment tracing the clew, which my cloak, and the color of my horse afforded them. My mysterious pursuit of Tyrrell; the disguise I had assumed; the circumstance of my passing you on the road, and of my flight when you

approached,—all spoke volumes against me. A stronger evidence yet remained, and it was reserved for Thornton to indicate it,—at this moment my life is in his hands. Shortly after my return to town, he forced his way into my room, shut the door, bolted it, and, the moment we were alone, said, with a savage and fiendish grin of exultation and defiance, ‘Sir Reginald Glanville, you have many a time and oft insulted me with your pride, and more with your gifts; now it is my time to insult and triumph over you. Know that one word of mine could sentence you to the gibbet.’

“He then minutely summed up the evidence against me, and drew from his pocket the threatening letter I had last written to Tyrrell. You remember that therein I said my vengeance was sworn against him, and that, sooner or later, it should overtake him. ‘Couple,’ said Thornton, coldly, as he replaced the letter in his pocket, —‘couple these words with the evidence already against you, and I would not buy your life at a farthing’s value.’

“How Thornton came by this paper, so important to my safety, I know not; but when he read it I was startled by the danger it brought upon me: one glance sufficed to show me that I was utterly at the mercy of the villain who stood before me; he saw and enjoyed my struggles.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘we know each other; at present I want a thousand pounds; you will not refuse it me, I am sure. When it is gone I shall call again; till then you can do without me.’ I flung him a check for the money, and he departed.

“You may conceive the mortification I endured in this sacrifice of pride to prudence; but those were no ordinary motives which induced me to submit to it.

Fast approaching to the grave, it mattered to me but little whether a violent death should shorten a life to which a limit was already set, and which I was far from being anxious to retain: but I could not endure the thought of bringing upon my mother and my sister the wretchedness and shame which the mere suspicion of a crime so enormous would occasion them; and, when my eye caught all the circumstances arrayed against me, my pride seemed to suffer a less mortification even in the course I adopted than in the thought of the felon's jail, and the criminal's trial, the hoots and execrations of the mob, and the death and ignominious remembrance of the murderer.

"Stronger than either of these motives was my shrinking and loathing aversion to whatever seemed likely to unrip the secret history of the past. I sickened at the thought of Gertrude's name and fate being bared to the vulgar eye, and exposed to the comment, the strictures, the ridicule of the gaping and curious public. It seemed to me, therefore, but a very poor exertion of philosophy to conquer my feelings of humiliation at Thornton's insolence and triumph, and to console myself with the reflection, that a few months must rid me alike of his exactions and my life.

"But of late Thornton's persecutions and demands have risen to such a height, that I have been scarcely able to restrain my indignation and control myself into compliance. The struggle is too powerful for my frame; it is rapidly bringing on the fiercest and the last contest I shall suffer, before 'the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.' Some days since, I came to a resolution, which I am now about to execute: it is to leave this country and take refuge on the Continent. There I shall screen myself from Thorn-

ton's pursuit, and the danger which it entails upon me; and there, unknown and undisturbed, I shall await the termination of my disease.

"But two duties remained to me to fulfil before I departed; I have now discharged them both. One was due to the warm-hearted and noble being who honored me with her interest and affection, — the other to you. I went yesterday to the former; I sketched the outline of that history which I have detailed to you. I showed her the waste of my barren heart, and spoke to her of the disease which was wearing me away. How beautiful is the love of woman! She would have followed me over the world, — received my last sigh, and seen me to the rest I shall find at length; and this without a hope or thought of recompense, even from the worthlessness of my love.

"But, enough! — of her my farewell has been taken. Your suspicions I have seen and forgiven, — for they were natural; it was due to me to remove them. The pressure of your hand tells me that I have done so, — but I had another reason for my confessions. I have worn away the romance of my heart, and I have now no indulgence for the little delicacies and petty scruples which often stand in the way of our real happiness. I have marked your former addresses to Ellen, and, I confess, with great joy; for I know, amidst all your worldly ambition, and the incrusted artificiality of your exterior, how warm and generous is your real heart, — how noble and intellectual is your real mind: and were my sister tenfold more perfect than I believe her, I do not desire to find on earth one more deserving of her than yourself. I have remarked your late estrangement from Ellen; and while I *guessed*, I felt that, however painful to me, I ought to *remove* the cause.

She loves you — though perhaps you know it not — much and truly; and since my earlier life has been passed in a selfish inactivity, I would fain let it close with the reflection of having served two beings whom I prize so dearly, and the hope that their happiness will commence with my death.

"And now, Pelham, I have done; I am weak and exhausted, and cannot bear more, even of your society, now. Think over what I have last said, and let me see you again to-morrow; on the day after, I leave England forever."

Allah and their cause

CHAPTER LXXVI.

But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the Heavens reject not —
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

IT was not with a light heart, — for I loved Glanville too well not to be powerfully affected by his awful history, — but with a chastised and sober joy, that I now beheld my friend innocent of the guilt of which my suspicions had accused him, while the only obstacle to my marriage with his sister was removed. True it was that the sword yet hung over his head, and that while he lived there could be no rational assurance of his safety from the disgrace and death of the felon. In the world's eye, therefore, the barrier to my union with Ellen would have been far from being wholly removed; but, at that moment, my disappointments had disgusted me with the world, and I turned with a double yearning of heart to her whose pure and holy love could be at once my recompense and retreat.

Nor was this selfish consideration my only motive in the conduct I was resolved to adopt; on the contrary, it was scarcely more prominent in my mind than those derived from giving to a friend who was now dearer to me than ever, his only consolation on this earth, and to Ellen the safest protection, in case of any danger to her brother. With these, it is true, were mingled feelings

which, in happier circumstances, might have been those of transport at a bright and successful termination to a deep and devoted love; but these I had, while Glanville's very life was so doubtful, little right to indulge, and I checked them as soon as they arose.

After a sleepless night I repaired to Lady Glanville's house. It was long since I had been there, and the servant who admitted me seemed somewhat surprised at the earliness of my visit. I desired to see the mother, and waited in the parlor till she came. I made but a scanty exordium to my speech. In very few words I expressed my love to Ellen, and besought her mediation in my behalf: nor did I think it would be a slight consideration in my favor, with the fond mother, to mention Glanville's approbation of my suit.

"Ellen is upstairs in the drawing-room," said Lady Glanville. "I will go and prepare her to receive you, — if you have her consent, you have mine."

"Will you suffer me, then," said I, "to forestall you? Forgive my impatience, and let me see her before you do."

Lady Glanville was a woman of the good old school, and stood somewhat upon forms and ceremonies. I did not, therefore, await the answer, which I foresaw might not be favorable to my success, but with my customary assurance left the room, and hastened upstairs. I entered the drawing-room, and shut the door. Ellen was at the far end; and as I entered with a light step, she did not perceive me till I was close by.

She started when she saw me; and her cheek, before very pale, deepened into crimson. "Good heavens! is it you?" she said, falteringly. "I — I thought — but — but excuse me for an instant, I will call my mother."

"Stay for one instant, I beseech you; it is from your mother that I come, — she has referred me to you." And, with a trembling and hurried voice, — for all my usual boldness forsook me, — I poured forth, in rapid and burning words, the history of my secret and hoarded love, — its doubts, fears, and hopes.

Ellen sank back on her chair, overpowered and silent by her feelings, and the vehemence of my own. I knelt and took her hand; I covered it with my kisses, — it was not withdrawn from them. I raised my eyes, and beheld in hers all that my heart had hoped, but did not dare to portray.

"You — you," said she, when at last she found words; "I imagined that you only thought of ambition and the world, — I could not have dreamed of this." She ceased, blushing and embarrassed.

"It is true," said I, "that you had a right to think so; for, till this moment, I have never opened to you even a glimpse of my veiled heart and its secret and wild desires; but do you think that my love was the less a treasure because it was hidden, or the less deep because it was cherished at the bottom of my soul? No, no; believe me, *that* love was not to be mingled with the ordinary objects of life, — it was too pure to be profaned by the levities and follies which are all of my nature that I have permitted myself to develop to the world. Do not imagine that, because I have seemed an idler with the idle, — selfish with the interested, and cold and vain and frivolous with those to whom such qualities were both a passport and a virtue; do not imagine that I have concealed within me nothing more worthy of you and of myself; my very love for you shows that I am wiser and better than I have seemed. Speak to me, Ellen, — may I call you by that name, — one word, one syllable! Speak

to me, and tell me that you have read my heart, and that you will not reject it!"

There came no answer from those dear lips; but their soft and tender smile told me that I might hope. That hour I still recall and bless; that hour was the happiest of my life.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Second Part of Henry VI.

FROM Ellen I hastened to the house of Sir Reginald. The hall was in all the confusion of approaching departure. I sprang over the paraphernalia of books and boxes which obstructed my way, and bounded up the stairs. Glanville was, as usual, alone; his countenance was less pale than it had been lately, and when I saw it brighten as I approached, I hoped, in the new happiness of my heart, that he might baffle both his enemy and his disease.

I told him all that had just occurred between Ellen and myself. "And now," said I, as I clasped his hand, "I have a proposal to make, to which you must accede: let me accompany you abroad; I will go with you to whatever corner of the world you may select. We will plan together every possible method of concealing our retreat. Upon the past I will never speak to you. In your hours of solitude I will never disturb you by an unwelcome and ill-timed sympathy. I will tend upon you, watch over you, bear with you, with more than the love and tenderness of a brother. You shall see me only when you wish it. Your loneliness shall never be invaded. When you get better, as I presage you will, I will leave you to come back to England, and provide for the worst by insuring your sister a protector. I will then return to you alone, that your seclusion may not be endangered by the

knowledge even of Ellen, and you shall have me by your side till — till — ”

“ The last! ” interrupted Glanville. “ Too — too generous, Pelham, I feel — these tears (the first I have shed for a long, long time) tell you that I feel to the heart — your friendship and disinterested attachment; but in the moment your love for Ellen has become successful, I will not tear you from its enjoyment. Believe me, all that I could derive from your society could not afford me half the happiness I should have in knowing that you and Ellen were blessed in each other. No, no; my solitude will, at that reflection, be deprived of its sting. You shall hear from me once again; my letter shall contain a request, and your executing that last favor must console and satisfy the kindness of your heart. For myself, I shall die as I have lived, — *alone*. All fellowship with my griefs would seem to me strange and unwelcome.”

I would not suffer Glanville to proceed. I interrupted him with fresh arguments and entreaties, to which he seemed at last to submit, and I was in the firm hope of having conquered this determination, when we were startled by a sudden and violent noise in the hall.

“ It is Thornton, ” said Glanville, calmly. “ I told them not to admit him, and he is forcing his way.”

Scarcely had Sir Reginald said this before Thornton burst abruptly into the room.

Although it was scarcely noon, he was more than half intoxicated, and his eyes swam in his head with a maudlin expression of triumph and insolence as he rolled towards us.

“ Oh, oh! Sir Reginald, ” he said; “ thought of giving me the slip, eh? Your d—d servants said you

were out; but I soon silenced them. 'Egad I made them as nimble as cows in a cage,—I have not learned the use of my fists for nothing. So, you're going abroad to-morrow; without my leave, too,—pretty good joke that, indeed. Come, come, my brave fellow, you need not scowl at me in that way. Why, you look as surly as a butcher's dog with a broken head."

Glanville, who was livid with ill-suppressed rage, rose haughtily.

"Mr. Thornton," he said, in a calm voice, although he was trembling, in his extreme passion, from head to foot, "I am not now prepared to submit to your insolence and intrusion. You will leave this room instantly. If you have any further demands upon me, I will hear them to-night, at any hour you please to appoint."

"No, no, my fine fellow," said Thornton, with a coarse chuckle; "you have as much wit as three folks,—two fools and a madman! — but you won't *do me*, for all that. The instant my back is turned yours will be turned too; and by the time I call again, your honor will be half-way to Calais. But—bless my stars, Mr. Pelham, is that you? I really did not see you before; I suppose you are not in the secret?"

"I have *no* secrets from Mr. Pelham," said Glanville; "nor do I care if you discuss the whole of your nefarious transactions with me in his presence. Since you doubt my word, it is beneath my dignity to vindicate it, and your business can as well be despatched now as hereafter. You have heard rightly, that I intend leaving England to-morrow; and now, sir, what is your will?"

"By G—, Sir Reginald Glanville!" exclaimed Thornton, who seemed stung to the quick by Glanville's contemptuous coldness, "you shall *not* leave

England without my leave. Ay, you may frown, but I say you shall not; nay, you shall not budge a foot from this very room unless I cry, 'Be it so!'"

Glanville could no longer restrain himself. He would have sprung towards Thornton, but I seized and arrested him. I read, in the malignant and incensed countenance of his persecutor, all the danger to which a single imprudence would have exposed him, and I trembled for his safety.

I whispered, as I forced him again to his seat, "Leave me alone to settle with this man, and I will endeavor to free you from him." I did not tarry for his answer, but, turning to Thornton, said to him coolly but civilly, "Sir Reginald Glanville has acquainted me with the nature of your very extraordinary demands upon him. Did he adopt my advice he would immediately place the affair in the hands of his legal advisers. His ill-health, however, his anxiety to leave England, and his wish to sacrifice almost everything to quiet, induce him, rather than take this alternative, to silence your importunities by acceding to claims, however illegal and unjust. If, therefore, you now favor Sir Reginald with your visit for the purpose of making a demand previous to his quitting England, and which, consequently, will be the last to which he will concede, you will have the goodness to name the amount of your claim, and should it be reasonable, I think Sir Reginald will authorize me to say that it shall be granted."

"Well, now!" cried Thornton, "that's what I call talking like a sensible man; and though I am not fond of speaking to a third person when the principal is present, yet as you have always been very civil to me, I have no objection to treating with you. Please to

give Sir Reginald this paper; if he will take the trouble to sign it, he may go to the Falls of Niagara for me! I won't interrupt him,—so he had better put pen to paper, and get rid of me at once, for I know I am as welcome as snow in harvest."

I took the paper, which was folded up, and gave it to Glanville, who leaned back on his chair, half-exhausted by rage. He glanced his eye over it, and then tore it into a thousand pieces, and trampled it beneath his feet. "Go!" exclaimed he,—"go, rascal, and do your worst! I will not make myself a beggar to enrich you. My whole fortune would but answer this demand."

"Do as you please, Sir Reginald," answered Thornton, grinning,—"do as you please. It's not a long walk from hence to Bow Street, nor a long swing from Newgate to the gallows; do as you please, Sir Reginald, do as you please!" and the villain flung himself at full length on the ottoman, and eyed Glanville's countenance with an easy and malicious effrontery which seemed to say, "I know you will struggle, but you cannot help yourself."

I took Glanville aside: "My dear friend," said I, "believe me, that I share your indignation to the utmost; but we must do anything rather than incense this wretch. What is his demand?"

"I speak literally," replied Glanville, "when I say, that it covers nearly the whole of my fortune, except such lands as are entailed upon the male heir; for my habits of extravagance have very much curtailed my means: it is the exact sum I had set apart for a marriage gift to my sister, in addition to her own fortune."

"Then," said I, "you shall give it him; your sister has no longer any necessity for a portion: her marriage

with me prevents *that*; and with regard to yourself, your wants are not many,—such as it is, you can share *my* fortune."

"No, no, no!" cried Glanville; and his generous nature lashing him into fresh rage, he broke from my grasp, and moved menacingly to Thornton. That person still lay on the ottoman, regarding us with an air half-contemptuous, half-exulting.

"Leave the room instantly," said Glanville, "or you will repent it!"

"What! another murder, Sir Reginald!" said Thornton. "No, I am not a sparrow, to have my neck wrenched by a woman's hand like yours. Give me my demand,—sign the paper, and I will leave you forever and a day."

"I will commit no such folly," answered Glanville. "If you will accept five thousand pounds, you shall have that sum; but were the rope on my neck you should not wring from me a farthing more!"

"Five thousand!" repeated Thornton; "a mere drop,—a child's toy. Why, you are playing with me, Sir Reginald; nay, I am a reasonable man, and will abate a trifle or so of my just claims, but you must not take advantage of my good nature. Make me snug and easy for life; let me keep a brace of hunters, a cosy box, a bit of land to it, and a girl after my own heart, and I'll say quits with you. Now, Mr. Pelham, who is a long-headed gentleman, and does not spit on his own blanket, knows well enough that one can't do all this for five thousand pounds; make it a thousand a year—that is, give me a cool twenty thousand—and I won't exact another sou. 'Egad, this drinking makes one deuced thirsty. Mr. Pelham, just reach me that glass of water,—*I hear bees in my head!*"

Seeing that I did not stir, Thornton rose, with an oath against pride, and, swaggering towards the table, took up a tumbler of water, which happened accidentally to be there; close by it was the picture of the ill-fated Gertrude. The gambler, who was evidently so intoxicated as to be scarcely conscious of his motions or words (otherwise, in all probability, he would, to borrow from himself a proverb illustrative of his profession, have played his cards better), took up the portrait.

Glanville saw the action, and was by his side in an instant. "Touch it not with your accursed hands!" he cried, in an ungovernable fury. "Leave your hold this instant, or I will dash you to pieces."

Thornton kept a firm gripe of the picture. "Here's a to-do!" said he, tauntingly. "Was there ever such work about a poor —" (using a word too coarse for repetition) "before?"

The word had scarcely passed his lips, when he was stretched at his full length upon the ground. Nor did Glanville stop there. With all the strength of his nervous frame, fully required for the debility of disease by the fury of the moment, he seized the gamester as if he had been an infant, and dragged him to the door; the next moment, I heard his heavy frame rolling down the stairs with no decorous slowness of descent.

Glanville reappeared. "Good heavens!" I cried, "what have you done?" But he was too lost in his still unappeased rage to heed me. He leaned, panting and breathless, against the wall, with clenched teeth and a flashing eye, rendered more terribly bright by the feverish lustre natural to his disease.

Presently I heard Thornton reascend the stairs; he opened the door, and entered but one pace. Never did

human face wear a more fiendish expression of malevolence and wrath. "Sir Reginald Glanville," he said, "I thank you heartily. He must have iron nails who scratches a bear. You have sent me a challenge, and the hangman shall bring you my answer. Good-day, Sir Reginald, — good-day, Mr. Pelham;" and so saying, he shut the door, and, rapidly descending the stairs, was out of the house in an instant.

"There is no time to be lost," said I; "order post-horses to your carriage, and be gone instantly."

"You are wrong," replied Glanville, slowly recovering himself. "I must not fly; it would be worse than useless; it would seem the strongest argument against me. Remember that if Thornton has really gone to inform against me, the officers of justice would arrest me long before I reached Calais; or, even if I did elude their pursuit so far, I should be as much in their power in France as in England; but, to tell you the truth, I do not think Thornton *will* inform. Money, to a temper like his, is a stronger temptation than revenge; and, before he has been three minutes in the air he will perceive the folly of losing the golden harvest he may yet make of me, for the sake of a momentary passion. No; my best plan will be to wait here till to-morrow, as I originally intended. In the meanwhile he will, in all probability, pay me another visit, and I will make a compromise with his demands."

Despite my fears, I could not but see the justice of these observations, the more especially as a still stronger argument than any urged by Glanville, forced itself on my mind; this was my internal conviction, that Thornton himself was guilty of the murder of Tyrrell, and that therefore he would, for his own sake, avoid the new and

particularizing scrutiny into that dreadful event which his accusation of Glanville would necessarily occasion.

Both of us were wrong. Villains have passions as well as honest men; and they will, therefore, forfeit their own interest in obedience to those passions, while the calculations of prudence invariably suppose that that interest is their *only* rule.

Glanville was so enfeebled by his late excitement that he besought me once more to leave him to himself. I did so, under a promise that he would admit me again in the evening; for, notwithstanding my persuasion that Thornton would not put his threats into execution, I could not conquer a latent foreboding of dread and evil.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Away with him to prison, — where is the provost ?
Measure for Measure.

I RETURNED home, perplexed by a thousand contradictory thoughts upon the scene I had just witnessed; the more I reflected, the more I regretted the fatality of the circumstances that had tempted Glanville to accede to Thornton's demand. True it was, that Thornton's self-regard might be deemed a sufficient guarantee for his concealment of such extortionate transactions; moreover, it was difficult to say, when the formidable array of appearances against Glanville was considered, whether any other line of conduct than that which he had adopted, could with safety have been pursued.

His feelings, too, with regard to the unfortunate Gertrude, I could fully enter into and sympathize with; but, in spite of all these considerations, it was with an inexpressible aversion that I contemplated the idea of that tacit confession of guilt, which his compliance with Thornton's exactions so unhappily implied; it was, therefore, a thought of some satisfaction that my rash and hasty advice, of a still further concession to those extortions, had not been acceded to. My present intention, in the event of Glanville's persevering to reject my offer of accompanying him, was to remain in England, for the purpose of sifting the murder; nor did I despair of accomplishing this most desirable end, through the means of Dawson; for there was but little doubt in my own mind, that Thornton and himself were

the murderers, and I hoped that address or intimidation might win a confession from Dawson, although it might probably be unavailing with his hardened and crafty associate.

Occupied with these thoughts, I endeavored to while away the hours till the evening summoned me once more to the principal object of my reflections. The instant Glanville's door was opened, I saw, by one glance, that I had come too late; the whole house was in confusion; several of the servants were in the hall, conferring with each other, with that mingled mystery and agitation which always accompany the fears and conjectures of the lower classes. I took aside the valet, who had lived with Glanville for some years, and who was remarkably attached to his master, and learned that, somewhat more than an hour before, Mr. Thornton had returned to the house, accompanied by three men of very suspicious appearance. "In short, sir," said the man, lowering his voice to a whisper, "I knew one of them by sight: he was Mr. S——, the Bow Street officer; with these men, Sir Reginald left the house, merely saying, in his usual quiet manner, that he did not know when he should return."

I concealed my perturbation, and endeavored, as far as I was able, to quiet the evident apprehensions of the servant. "At all events, Seymour," said I, "I know that I may trust you sufficiently to warn you against mentioning the circumstance any farther; above all, let me beg of you to stop the mouths of those idle loiterers in the hall, and be sure that you do not give any unnecessary alarm to Lady and Miss Glanville."

The poor man promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would obey my injunctions; and, with a calm face, but a sickening heart, I turned away from the house.

I knew not whither to direct my wanderings; fortunately I recollect that I should, in all probability, be among the first witnesses summoned on Glanville's examination, and that, perhaps, by the time I reached home, I might already receive an intimation to that effect; accordingly, I retraced my steps, and, on re-entering my hotel, was told by the waiter, with a mysterious air, that a gentleman was waiting to see me. Seated by a window in my room, and wiping his forehead with a red silk pocket-handkerchief, was a short, thick-set man, with a fiery and rugose complexion, not altogether unlike the aspect of a mulberry; from underneath a pair of shaggy brows peeped two singularly small eyes, which made ample amends, by their fire, for their deficiency in size,—they were black, brisk, and somewhat fierce in their expression. A nose of that shape vulgarly termed bottled, formed the "arch sublime," the bridge, the twilight, as it were, between the purple sunset of one cheek and the glowing sunrise of the other. His mouth was small, and drawn up at each corner, like a purse,—there was something sour and crabbed about it; if it was like a purse, it was the purse of a miser. A fair round chin had not been condemned to single blessedness,—on the contrary, it was like a farmer's pillion, and carried double; on either side of a very low forehead, hedged round by closely-mowed bristles of a dingy black, was an enormous ear, of the same intensely rubicund color as that inflamed pendant of flesh which adorns the throat of an enraged turkey-cock: ears so large, and so red, I never beheld before,—they were something preposterous!

This enchanting figure, which was attired in a sober suit of leaden black, relieved by a long, gold watch-chain and a plentiful decoration of seals, rose at my

entrance with a solemn grunt, and a still more solemn bow. I shut the door carefully, and asked him his business. As I had foreseen, it was a request from the magistrate at —, to attend a private examination on the ensuing day.

“ Sad thing, sir, sad thing,” said Mr. —; “ it would be quite shocking to hang a gentleman of Sir Reginald Glanville’s quality, so distinguished an orator too; sad thing, sir, — very sad thing.”

“ Oh! ” said I, quietly, “ there is not a doubt as to Sir Reginald’s innocence of the crime laid to him; and, probably, Mr. —, I may call in your assistance tomorrow, to ascertain the real murderers, — I think I am possessed of some clew.”

Mr. — pricked up his ears, — those enormous ears! “ Sir,” he said, “ I shall be happy to accompany you, — very happy; give me the clew you speak of, and I will soon find the villains. Horrid thing, sir, murder, — very horrid. It is too hard that a gentleman cannot take his ride home from a race, or a merry-making, but he must have his throat cut from ear to ear, — ear to ear, sir; ” and with these words, the speaker’s own auricular protuberances seemed, as in conscious horror, to glow with a double carnation.

“ Very true, Mr. —! ” said I; “ say I will certainly attend the examination, — till then, good-by.” At this hint, my fiery-faced friend made a low bow, and blazed out of the room, like the ghost of a kitchen fire.

Left to myself, I revolved, earnestly and anxiously, every circumstance that could tend to diminish the appearances against Glanville, and direct suspicion to that quarter where I was confident the guilt rested. In this endeavor I passed the time till morning, when I fell into an uneasy slumber, which lasted some hours; on

waking, it was almost time to attend the magistrate's appointment. I dressed hastily, and soon found myself in the room of inquisition.

It is impossible to conceive a more courteous and yet more equitable man than the magistrate whom I had the honor of attending. He spoke with great feeling on the subject for which I was summoned; owned to me that Thornton's statement was very clear and forcible; trusted that my evidence would contradict an account which he was very loth to believe,—and then proceeded to the question. I saw, with an agony which I can scarcely express, that all my answers made powerfully against the cause I endeavored to support. I was obliged to own that a man on horseback passed me soon after Tyrrell had quitted me; that, on coming to the spot where the deceased was found, I saw this same horseman on the very place; that I believed, nay, that I was sure (how could I evade this?) that this man was Reginald Glanville.

Further evidence Thornton had already offered to adduce. He could prove that the said horseman had been mounted on a gray horse, sold to a person answering exactly to the description of Sir Reginald Glanville; moreover, that that horse was yet in the stables of the prisoner. He produced a letter, which, he said, he had found upon the person of the deceased, signed by Sir Reginald Glanville, and containing the most deadly threats against Sir John Tyrrell's life; and, to crown all, he called upon me to witness, that we had both discovered upon the spot where the murder was committed, a picture belonging to the prisoner, since restored to him, and now in his possession.

At the close of this examination, the worthy magistrate shook his head in evident distress. "I have

known Sir Reginald Glanville personally," said he; "in private as in public life, I have always thought him the most upright and honorable of men. I feel the greatest pain in saying, that it will be my duty fully to commit him for trial."

I interrupted the magistrate; I demanded that Dawson should be produced. "I have already," said he, "inquired of Thornton respecting that person, whose testimony is of evident importance; he tells me that Dawson has left the country, and can give me no clew to his address."

"He lies!" cried I, in the abrupt anguish of my heart; "his associate *shall* be produced. Hear me; I have been, next to Thornton, the chief witness against the prisoner, and when I swear to you that, in spite of all appearances, I most solemnly believe in his innocence, you may rely on my assurance that there are circumstances in his favor, which have not yet been considered, but which I will pledge myself hereafter to adduce." I then related to the private ear of the magistrate my firm conviction of the guilt of the accuser himself. I dwelt forcibly upon the circumstance of Tyrrell's having mentioned to me that Thornton was aware of the large sum he had on his person, and of the strange disappearance of that sum when his body was examined in the fatal field. After noting how impossible it was that Glanville could have stolen the money, I insisted strongly on the distressed circumstances, the dissolute habits, and the hardened character of Thornton,—I recalled to the mind of the magistrate the singularity of Thornton's absence from home when I called there, and the doubtful nature of his excuse: much more I said, but all equally in vain. The only point where I was successful was in pressing

for a delay, which was granted to the passionate manner in which I expressed my persuasion that I could confirm my suspicions by much stronger data before the reprieve expired.

"It is very true," said the righteous magistrate, "that there are appearances somewhat against the witness; but certainly not tantamount to anything above a slight suspicion. If, however, you positively think you can ascertain any facts to elucidate this mysterious crime, and point the inquiries of justice to another quarter, I will so far strain the question as to remand the prisoner to another day,—let us say the day after to-morrow. If nothing important can before then be found in his favor, he *must* be committed for trial."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Nihil est furacius illo :
Non fuit Antolyci tam piceata manus. — MARTIAL.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ? — HORAT.

WHEN I left the magistrate I knew not whither my next step should tend. There was, however, no time to indulge the idle stupor which Glanville's situation at first occasioned; with a violent effort I shook it off and bent all my mind to discover the best method to avail myself to the utmost of the short reprieve I had succeeded in obtaining. At length, one of those sudden thoughts which, from their suddenness, appear more brilliant than they really are, flashed upon my mind. I remembered the accomplished character of Mr. Job Jonson, and the circumstance of my having seen him in company with Thornton. Now although it was not very likely that Thornton should have made Mr. Jonson his confidant in any of those affairs which it was so essentially his advantage to confine exclusively to himself, yet the acuteness and penetration visible in the character of the worthy Job might not have lain so fallow during his companionship with Thornton but that it might have made some discoveries which would considerably assist me in my researches; besides, as it is literally true in the systematized roguery of London that "birds of a feather flock together," it was by no means unlikely that the honest Job might be honored with the friendship of Mr. Dawson as well as the company of Mr. Thornton; in

which case I looked forward with greater confidence to the detection of the notable pair.

I could not, however, conceal from myself that this was but a very unstable and ill-linked chain of reasoning; and there were moments when the appearances against Glanville wore so close a semblance of truth that all my friendship could scarcely drive from my mind an intrusive suspicion that he might have deceived me, and that the accusation might not be groundless.

This unwelcome idea did not, however, at all lessen the rapidity with which I hastened towards the memorable gin-shop where I had whilom met Mr. Gordon; there I hoped to find either the address of that gentleman, or of the "Club" to which he had taken me, in company with Tringle and Dartmore. Either at this said club, or of that said gentleman, I thought it not unlikely that I might hear some tidings of the person of Mr. Job Jonson; if not, I was resolved to return to the office and employ Mr. —, my mulberry-cheeked acquaintance of the last night, in search after the holy Job.

Fate saved me a world of trouble; as I was hastily walking onwards I happened to turn my eyes on the opposite side of the way, and discovered a man dressed in what the newspapers term the very height of fashion, — namely, in the most ostentatious attire that ever flaunted at Margate, or blazed in the Palais Royal. The nether garments of this *petit-maître* consisted of a pair of blue tight pantaloons profusely braided, and terminating in Hessian boots, adorned with brass spurs of the most burnished resplendency; a black velvet waistcoat, studded with gold stars, was backed by a green frock coat, covered, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, with fur, and frogged and *cordonné* with the most lordly indifference, both as to taste and expense; a small French

hat, which might not have been much too large for my lord of —, was set jauntily in the centre of a system of long, black curls, which my eye, long accustomed to penetrate the arcana of habilitatory art discovered at once to be a wig. A fierce black mustache, very much curled, wandered lovingly from the upper lip towards the eyes, which had an unfortunate prepossession for eccentricity in their direction. To complete the picture we must suppose some coloring, and this consisted in a very nice and delicate touch of the *rouge-pot*, which could not be called by so harsh a term as paint: say rather that it was a *tinge*!

No sooner had I set my eyes upon this figure than I crossed over to the side of the way which it was adorning, and followed its motions at a respectful but observant distance.

At length my *freluquet* marched into a jeweller's shop in Oxford Street; with a careless air I affected, two minutes afterwards, to saunter into the same shop; the shopman was showing his *bijouterie* to him of the Hessians with the greatest respect, and, beguiled by the splendor of the wig and waistcoat, turned me over to his apprentice. Another time I might have been indignant at perceiving that the *air noble*, on which I so much piqued myself, was by no means so universally acknowledged as I had vainly imagined; at that moment I was too much occupied to think of my insulted dignity. While I was pretending to appear wholly engrossed with some seals, I kept a vigilant eye on my superb fellow-customer; at last I saw him secrete a diamond ring, and thrust it by a singular movement of the forefinger up the fur cuff of his capacious sleeve; presently, some other article of minute size disappeared in the like manner.

The *gentleman* then rose, expressed himself *very well satisfied* by the great taste of the jeweller, said he should look in again on Saturday, when he hoped the set he had ordered would be completed, and gravely took his departure amidst the prodigal bows of the shopman and his helpmates. Meanwhile I bought a seal of small value, and followed my old acquaintance, for the reader has doubtless discovered long before this, that *the gentleman* was no other than Mr. Job Jonson.

Slowly and struttingly did the man of two virtues perform the whole pilgrimage of Oxford Street. He stopped at Cumberland Gate, and looking round with an air of gentlemanlike indecision, seemed to consider whether or not he should join the loungers in the park; fortunately for the well-bred set, his doubts terminated in their favor, and Mr. Job Jonson entered the park. Every one happened to be thronging to Kensington Gardens, and the man of two virtues accordingly cut across the park, as the shortest but the least frequented way thither, in order to confer upon the seekers of pleasure the dangerous honor of his company.

As soon as I perceived that there were but few persons in the immediate locality to observe me, and that those consisted of a tall guardsman and his wife, a family of young children with their nursery-maid, and a debilitated East-India captain, walking for the sake of his liver, I overtook the incomparable Job, made him a low bow, and thus reverently accosted him,—

“ Mr. Jonson, I am delighted once more to meet you,— suffer me to remind you of the very pleasant morning I passed with you in the neighborhood of Hampton Court. I perceive by your mustaches and military dress that you have entered the army since that day; I congratulate the British troops on so admirable an acquisition.”

Mr. Jonson's assurance forsook him for a moment, but he lost no time in regaining a quality which was so natural to his character. He assumed a fierce look, and, *relevant sa moustache, sourit amèrement*, like Voltaire's governor.¹ — "D—me, sir," he cried, "do you mean to insult me? I know none of your Mr. Jonsons, and I never set my eyes upon you before."

"Look ye, my dear Mr. Job Jonson," replied I, "as I can prove not only all I say, but much more that I shall not say, — such as your little mistakes just now, at the jeweller's shop in Oxford Street, etc., etc., perhaps it would be better for you not to oblige me to create a mob, and give you in charge — pardon my abruptness of speech — *to a constable!* Surely there will be no need of such a disagreeable occurrence, when I assure you, in the first place, that I perfectly forgive you for ridding me of the unnecessary comforts of a pocketbook and handkerchief, the unphilosophical appendage of a purse, and the effeminate love-token of a gold locket; nor is this all, — it is perfectly indifferent to me, whether you levy contributions on jewellers or gentlemen, and I am very far from wishing to intrude upon your harmless occupations, or to interfere with your innocent amusements. I see, Mr. Jonson, that you are beginning to understand me; let me facilitate so desirable an end, by an additional information, that, since it is preceded with a promise to open my purse, may tend somewhat to open your heart: I am at this moment in great want of your assistance, — favor me with it, and I will pay you to your soul's content. Are we friends now, Mr. Job Jonson?"

My old friend burst out into a loud laugh. "Well, sir, I must say that your frankness enchants me. I can

¹ Don Ferdinand d'Ibarra, in the "Candide."

no longer dissemble with you; indeed I perceive it would be useless; besides, I always adored candor,— it is my favorite virtue. Tell me how I can help you, and you may command my services."

"One word," said I: "will you be open and ingenuous with me? I shall ask you certain questions, not in the least affecting your own safety, but to which, if you would serve me, you must give me (and, since candor is your favorite virtue, this will be no difficult task) your most candid replies. To strengthen you in so righteous a course, know also that the said replies will come verbatim before a court of law, and that, therefore, it will be a matter of prudence to shape them as closely to the truth as your inclinations will allow. To counterbalance this information, which, I own, is not very inviting, I repeat that the questions asked you will be wholly foreign to your own affairs, and that, should you prove of that assistance to me which I anticipate, I will so testify my gratitude as to place you beyond the necessity of pillaging rural young gentlemen and credulous shopkeepers for the future: all your present pursuits need thenceforth only be carried on for your private amusement."

"I repeat that you may command me," returned Mr. Jonson, gracefully putting his hand to his heart.

"Pray, then," said I, "to come at once to the point, how long have you been acquainted with Mr. Thomas Thornton?"

"For some months only," returned Job, without the least embarrassment.

"And Mr. Dawson?" said I.

A slight change came over Jonson's countenance; he hesitated. "Excuse me, sir," said he; "but I am, really, perfectly unacquainted with you, and I may be

falling into some trap of the law, of which, Heaven knows, I am as ignorant as a babe unborn."

I saw the knavish justice of this remark; and in my predominating zeal to serve Glanville, I looked upon the *inconvenience* of discovering myself to a pickpocket and sharper as a consideration not worth attending to. In order, therefore, to remove his doubts, and, at the same time, to have a more secret and undisturbed place for our conference, I proposed to him to accompany me home. At first Mr. Jonson demurred, but I soon half-persuaded and half-intimidated him into compliance.

Not particularly liking to be publicly seen with a person of his splendid description and celebrated character, I made him walk before me to Mivart's, and I followed him closely, never turning my eye either to the right or the left, lest he should endeavor to escape me. There was no fear of this, for Mr. Jonson was both a bold and a crafty man, and it required, perhaps, but little of his penetration to discover that I was no officer or informer, and that my communication had been of a nature likely enough to terminate in his advantage; there was, therefore, but little need of his courage in accompanying me to my hotel.

There were a good many foreigners of rank at Mivart's, and the waiters took my companion for an ambassador at least; he received their homage with the mingled dignity and condescension natural to so great a man.

As the day was now far advanced, I deemed it but hospitable to offer Mr. Job Jonson some edible refreshment. With the frankness on which he so justly valued himself, he accepted my proposal. I ordered some cold meat, and two bottles of wine; and, mindful of old maxims, deferred my business till his repast was over. I conversed with him merely upon ordinary

topics, and at another time should have been much amused by the singular mixture of impudence and shrewdness which formed the stratum of his character.

At length his appetite was satisfied, and one of the bottles emptied; with the other before him, his body easily reclining on my library chair, his eyes apparently cast downwards, but ever and anon glancing up at my countenance with a searching and curious look, Mr. Job Jonson prepared himself for our conference; accordingly I began:—

“ You say that you are acquainted with Mr. Dawson; where is he at present? ”

“ I don’t know,” answered Jonson, laconically.

“ Come,” said I, “ no trifling,—if you do not know, you can learn.”

“ Possibly I can, in the course of time,” rejoined honest Job.

“ If you cannot tell me his residence at once,” said I, “ our conference is at an end; that is a leading feature in my inquiries.”

Jonson paused before he replied: “ You have spoken to me frankly, let us do nothing by halves,—tell me, at once, the nature of the service I can do you, and the amount of my reward, and then you shall have my answer. With respect to Dawson, I will confess to you that I did once know him well, and that we have done many a mad prank together, which I should not like the bugaboos and bulkies to know; you will, therefore, see that I am naturally reluctant to tell you anything about him, unless your honor will inform me of the why and the wherefore.”

I was somewhat startled by this speech, and by the shrewd, cunning eye which dwelt upon me as it was uttered; but, however, I was by no means sure that

acceding to his proposal would not be my readiest and wisest way to the object I had in view. Nevertheless, there were some preliminary questions to be got over first: perhaps Dawson might be too dear a friend to the candid Job, for the latter to endanger his safety; or perhaps (and this was more probable) Jonson might be perfectly ignorant of anything likely to aid me: in this case my communication would be useless, — accordingly I said, after a short consideration, —

“ Patience, my dear Mr. Jonson, — patience; you shall know all in good time; meanwhile I must — even for Dawson’s sake — question you blindfold. What, now, if your poor friend Dawson were in imminent danger, and you had, if it so pleased you, the power to save him, would you not do all you could? ”

The small coarse features of Mr. Job grew blank with a curious sort of disappointment: “ Is that all? ” said he. “ No! unless I were well paid for my pains in his behalf, he might go to Botany Bay, for all I care.”

“ What! ” I cried, in a tone of reproach, “ is this your friendship? I thought, just now, that you said Dawson had been an old and firm associate of yours.”

“ An old one, your honor, but not a firm one. A short time ago I was in great distress, and he and Thornton had, deuce knows how! about two thousand between them; but I could not worm a stiver out of Dawson, — that gripe-all, Thornton, got it all from him.”

“ Two thousand pounds! ” said I, in a calm voice, though my heart beat violently; “ that’s a great sum for a poor fellow like Dawson. How long ago is it since he had it? ”

“ About two or three months, ” answered Jonson.

“ Pray, ” I asked, “ have you seen much of Dawson lately? ”

"I have," replied Jonson.

"Indeed!" said I. "I thought you told me, just now, that you were unacquainted with his residence?"

"So I am," replied Jonson, coldly; "it is not at his own house that I ever see him."

I was silent, for I was now rapidly and minutely weighing the benefits and disadvantages of trusting Jonson as he had desired me to do.

To reduce the question to the simplest form of logic, he had either the power of assisting my investigation, or he had not: if not, neither could he much impede it, and therefore it mattered little whether he was in my confidence or not; if he *had* the power, the doubt was, whether it would be better for me to benefit by it openly or by stratagem, — that is, whether it were wiser to state the whole case to him, or continue to gain whatever I was able by dint of a blind examination. Now, the disadvantage of candor was, that if it were his wish to screen Dawson and his friend, he would be prepared to do so, and even to put them on their guard against my suspicions; but the indifference he had testified with regard to Dawson seemed to render this probability very small. The benefits of candor were more prominent: Job would then be fully aware that his own safety was not at stake; and should I make it more his interest to serve the innocent than the guilty, I should have the entire advantage, not only of any actual information he might possess, but of his skill and shrewdness in providing additional proof, or at least suggesting advantageous hints. Moreover, in spite of my vanity and opinion of my own penetration, I could not but confess that it was unlikely that my cross-examination would be very successful with so old and experienced a sinner as Mr. Jonson. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is among the

wisest of wise sayings, and accordingly I resolved in favor of a disclosure.

Drawing my chair close to Jonson's, and fixing my eye upon his countenance, I briefly proceeded to sketch Glanville's situation (only concealing his name), and Thornton's charges. I mentioned my own suspicions of the accuser, and my desire of discovering Dawson, whom Thornton appeared to me artfully to secrete. Lastly, I concluded with a solemn promise, that if my listener could, by any zeal, exertion, knowledge, or contrivance of his own, procure the detection of the men who, I was convinced, were the murderers, a pension of three hundred pounds a year should be immediately settled upon him.

During my communication, the patient Job sat mute and still, fixing his eyes on the ground, and only betraying, by an occasional elevation of the brows, that he took the slightest interest in the tale; when, however, I touched upon the peroration, which so tenderly concluded with the mention of three hundred pounds a year, a visible change came over the countenance of Mr. Jonson. He rubbed his hands with an air of great content, and one sudden smile broke over his features, and almost buried his eyes amid the intricate host of wrinkles it called forth; the smile vanished as rapidly as it came, and Mr. Job turned round to me with a solemn and sedate aspect.

"Well, your honor," said he, "I 'm glad you 've told me all; we must see what can be done. As for Thornton, I 'm afraid we sha'n't make much out of him, for he 's an old offender whose conscience is as hard as a brickbat; but of Dawson I hope better things. However, you must let me go now, for this is a matter that requires a vast deal of private consideration. I shall

call upon you to-morrow, sir, before ten o'clock, since you say matters are so pressing; and, I trust, you will then see that you have no reason to repent of the confidence you have placed in a man of *honor*."

So saying, Mr. Job Jonson emptied the remainder of the bottle into his tumbler, held it up to the light with the *gusto* of a connoisseur, and concluded his potations with a hearty smack of the lips, followed by a long sigh.

"Ah, your honor!" said he; "good wine is a marvellous whetter of the intellect; but your true philosopher is always moderate: for my part, I never exceed my two bottles."

And with these words this true philosopher took his departure.

No sooner was I freed from his presence than my thoughts flew to Ellen. I had neither been able to call nor write the whole of the day; and I was painfully fearful lest my precaution with Sir Reginald's valet had been frustrated, and the alarm of his imprisonment had reached her and Lady Glanville. Harassed by this fear, I disregarded the lateness of the hour, and immediately repaired to Berkeley Square.

Lady and Miss Glanville were alone and at dinner: the servant spoke with his usual unconcern. "They are quite well?" said I, relieved, but still anxious; and the servant replying in the affirmative, I again returned home, and wrote a long, and, I hope, consoling letter to Sir Reginald.

CHAPTER LXXX.

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

2d Part of Henry IV.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment, the next morning came Mr. Job Jonson. I had been on the rack of expectation for the last three hours previous to his arrival, and the warmth of my welcome must have removed any little diffidence with which so shamefaced a gentleman might possibly have been troubled.

At my request he sat himself down, and, seeing that my breakfast things were on the table, remarked what a famous appetite the fresh air always gave him. I took the hint, and pushed the rolls towards him. He immediately fell to work, and, for the next quarter of an hour, his mouth was far too well occupied for the intrusive impertinence of words. At last the things were removed, and Mr. Jonson began:—

“ I have thought well over the matter, your honor, and I believe we can manage to trounce the rascals,— for I agree with you, that there is not a doubt that Thornton and Dawson are the real criminals; but the affair, sir, is one of the greatest difficulty and importance,— nay, of the greatest personal danger. My life may be the forfeit of my desire to serve you,— you will not, therefore, be surprised at my accepting your liberal offer of three hundred a year, should I be successful; although I do assure you, sir, that it was my original intention to reject all recompense, for I am naturally

benevolent, and love doing a good action. Indeed, sir, if I were alone in the world, I should scorn any remuneration, for virtue is its own reward; but a real moralist, your honor, must not forget his duties on any consideration, and I have a little family to whom my loss would be an irreparable injury; this, upon my honor, is my only inducement for taking advantage of your generosity;" and, as the moralist ceased, he took out of his waistcoat-pocket a paper, which he handed to me with his usual bow of deference.

I glanced over it,—it was a bond apparently drawn up in all the legal formalities, pledging myself, in case Job Jonson, before the expiration of three days, gave that information which should lead to the detection and punishment of the true murderers of Sir John Tyrrell, deceased, to insure to the said Job Jonson the yearly annuity of three hundred pounds.

"It is with much pleasure that I shall sign this paper," said I; "but allow me, *par parenthèse*, to observe, that since you only accept the annuity for the sake of benefiting your little family, in case of your death, this annuity, ceasing with your life, will leave your children as penniless as at present."

"Pardon me, your honor," rejoined Job, not a whit daunted at the truth of my remark, "*I can insure!*"

"I forgot that," said I, signing, and restoring the paper; "and now to business."

Jonson gravely and carefully looked over the interesting document I returned to him, and, carefully lapping it in three envelopes, inserted it in a huge red pocketbook, which he thrust into an innermost pocket in his waistcoat.

"Right, sir," said he, slowly; "to business. Before I begin, you must, however, promise me, upon your

honor as a gentleman, the strictest secrecy as to my communications."

I readily agreed to this, so far as that secrecy did not impede my present object; and Job, being content with this condition, resumed.

" You must forgive me, if, in order to arrive at the point in question, I set out from one which may seem to you a little distant."

I nodded my assent, and Job continued.

" I have known Dawson for some years; my acquaintance with him commenced at Newmarket, for I have always had a slight tendency to the turf. He was a wild, foolish fellow, easily led into any mischief, but ever the first to sneak out of it; in short, when he became one of *us*, which his extravagance soon compelled him to do, we considered him as a very serviceable tool, but one who, while he was quite wicked enough to begin a bad action, was much too weak to go through it; accordingly he was often employed, but never trusted. By the word *us*, which I see has excited your curiosity, I merely mean a body corporate, established furtively, and restricted *solely* to exploits on the turf. I think it right to mention this," continued Mr. Jonson, aristocratically, " because I have the honor to belong to many other societies to which Dawson could never have been admitted. Well, sir, our club was at last broken up, and Dawson was left to shift for himself. His father was still alive, and the young hopeful having quarrelled with him, was in the greatest distress. He came to me with a pitiful story, and a more pitiful face; so I took compassion upon the poor devil, and procured him, by dint of great interest, admission into a knot of good fellows, whom I visited, by the way, last night. Here I took him under my especial care; and, as far as

I could, with such a dull-headed dromedary, taught him some of the most elegant arts of my profession. However, the ungrateful dog soon stole back to his old courses, and robbed me of half my share of a booty to which I had helped him myself. I hate treachery and ingratitude, your honor; they are so terribly ungentlemanlike!

"I then lost sight of him, till between two and three months ago, when he returned to town and attended our meetings in company with Tom Thornton, who had been chosen a member of the club some months before. Since we had met, Dawson's father had died, and I thought his flash appearance in town arose from his new inheritance. I was mistaken: old Dawson had tied up the property so tightly that the young one could not scrape enough to pay his debts; accordingly, before he came to town, he gave up his life interest in the property to his creditors. However that be, Master Dawson seemed at the top of Fortune's wheel. He kept his horses, and sported the set to champagne and venison; in short, there would have been no end to his extravagance, had not Thornton sucked him like a leech.

"It was about that time that I asked Dawson for a trifle to keep me from jail; for I was ill in bed and could not help myself. Will you believe, sir, that the rascal told me to go and be d—d, and Thornton said, amen! I did not forget the ingratitude of my *protégé*, though when I recovered I appeared entirely to do so. No sooner could I walk about, than I relieved all my necessities. He is but a fool who starves, with all London before him! In proportion as my finances improved, Dawson's visibly decayed. With them decreased also his spirits. He became pensive and downcast; never joined any of our parties, and gradu-

ally grew quite a useless member of the corporation. To add to his melancholy, he was one morning present at the execution of an unfortunate associate of ours, this made a deep impression upon him; from that moment he became thoroughly moody and despondent. He was frequently heard talking to himself, could not endure to be left alone in the dark, and began rapidly to pine away.

"One night when he and I were seated together, he asked me if I never repented of my sins, and then added, with a groan, that I had never committed the heinous crime he had. I pressed him to confess, but he would not. However, I coupled that half-avowal with his sudden riches, and the mysterious circumstances of Sir John Tyrrell's death, and dark suspicions came into my mind. At that time, and indeed ever since Dawson reappeared, we were often in the habit of discussing the notorious murder which then engrossed public attention; and, as Dawson and Thornton had been witnesses on the inquest, we frequently referred to them respecting it. Dawson always turned pale, and avoided the subject; Thornton, on the contrary, brazened it out with his usual impudence. Dawson's aversion to the mention of the murder now came into my remembrance with double weight, to strengthen my suspicions; and, on conversing with one or two of our comrades, I found that my doubts were more than shared, and that Dawson had frequently, when unusually oppressed with his hypochondria, hinted at his committal of some dreadful crime, and at his unceasing remorse for it.

"By degrees, Dawson grew worse and worse; his health decayed, he started at a shadow, drank deeply, and spoke, in his intoxication, words that made the hairs of our *green men* stand on end.

" 'We must not suffer this,' said Thornton, whose hardy effrontery enabled him to lord it over the jolly boys, as if he were their chief: ' his ravings and hum-dudgeon will unman all our youngsters.' And so, under this pretence, Thornton had the unhappy man conveyed away to a secret asylum, known only to the chiefs of the gang, and appropriated to the reception of persons who, from the same weakness as Dawson, were likely to endanger others or themselves. There many a poor wretch has been secretly immured, and never suffered to revisit the light of heaven. The moon's minions, as well as the monarch's, must have their state prisoners and their state victims.

" Well, sir, I shall not detain you much longer. Last night, after your obliging confidence, I repaired to the meeting; Thornton was there, and very much out of humor. When our messmates dropped off, and we were alone at one corner of the room, I began talking to him carelessly about his accusation of your friend, who, I have since learned, is Sir Reginald Glanville, — an old friend of mine too; ay, you may look, sir, — but I can stake my life to having picked his pocket one night at the opera! Thornton was greatly surprised at my early intelligence of a fact hitherto kept so profound a secret; however, I explained it away by a boast of my skill in acquiring information; and he then incautiously let out, that he was exceedingly vexed with himself for the charge he had made against the prisoner, and very uneasy at the urgent inquiries set on foot for Dawson. More and more convinced of his guilt, I quitted the meeting, and went to Dawson's retreat.

" For fear of his escape, Thornton had him closely confined in one of the most secret rooms in the house. His solitude and the darkness of the place, combined

with his remorse, had worked upon a mind, never too strong, almost to insanity. He was writhing with the most acute and morbid pangs of conscience that my experience, which has been pretty ample, ever witnessed. The old hag, who is the Hecate (you see, sir, I have had a classical education) of the place, was very loth to admit me to him, for Thornton had bullied her into a great fear of the consequences of disobeying his instructions; but she did not dare to resist my orders. Accordingly, I had a long interview with the unfortunate man. He firmly believes that Thornton intends to murder him; and says, that if he could escape from his dungeon, he would surrender himself to the first magistrate he could find.

"I told him that an innocent man had been apprehended for the crime of which I *knew* he and Thornton were guilty; and then, taking upon myself the office of a preacher, I exhorted him to atone, as far as possible, for his past crime, by a full and faithful confession, that would deliver the innocent and punish the guilty. I held out to him the hope that this confession might perhaps serve the purpose of king's evidence, and obtain him a pardon for his crime; and I promised to use my utmost zeal and diligence to promote his escape from his present den.

"He said, in answer, that he did not wish to live; that he suffered the greatest tortures of mind; and that the only comfort earth held out to him would be to ease his remorse by a full acknowledgment of his crime, and to hope for future mercy by expiating his offence on the scaffold,—all this, and much more to the same purpose, the hen-hearted fellow told me, with sighs and groans. I would fain have taken his confession on the spot, and carried it away with me, but he refused to give it to me,

or to any one but a parson, whose services he implored me to procure him. I told him, at first, that the thing was impossible; but, moved by his distress and remorse, I promised, at last, to bring one to-night, who should both administer spiritual comfort to him and receive his deposition. My idea at the moment was to disguise myself in the dress of the *pater cove*,¹ and perform the double job; since then I have thought of a better scheme.

"As my character, you see, your honor, is not so highly prized by the magistrates as it ought to be, any confession made to me might not be of the same value as if it were made to any one else,—to a gentleman like you, for instance; and, moreover, it will not do for me to appear in evidence against any of the fraternity, and for two reasons: first, because I have sworn a solemn oath never to do so; and, secondly, because I have a very fair chance of joining Sir John Tyrrell in kingdom come if I do. My present plan, therefore, if it meets your concurrence, would be to introduce your honor as the parson, and for you to receive the confession, which, indeed, you might take down in writing. This plan, I candidly confess, is not without great difficulty, and some danger; for I have not only to impose you upon Dawson as a priest, but also upon Brimstone Bess as one of our jolly boys; since I need not tell you that any real parson might knock a long time at her door before it would be opened to him. You must, therefore, be as mum as a mole unless she *cants* to you, and your answers must then be such as I shall dictate; otherwise she may detect you, and, should any of the true men be

¹ Gypsy slang,—a parson or minister, but generally applied to a priest of the lowest order.

in the house, we should both come off worse than we went in."

"My dear Mr. Job," replied I, "there appears to me to be a much easier plan than all this; and that is, simply to tell the Bow Street officers where Dawson may be found, and I think they would be able to carry him away from the arms of Mrs. Brimstone Bess, without any great difficulty or danger."

Jonson smiled:

"I should not long enjoy my annuity, your honor, if I were to set the runners upon our best hive. I should be stung to death before the week were out. Even you, should you accompany me to-night, will never know where the spot is situated, nor would you discover it again if you searched all London, with the whole police at your back. Besides, Dawson is not the only person in the house for whom the law is hunting,—there are a score others whom I have no desire to give up to the gallows, hid among the odds and ends of the house, as snug as plums in a pudding. Honor forbid that I should betray them, *and for nothing, too!* No, sir; the only plan I can think of is the one I proposed; if you do not approve of it (and it certainly *is* open to exception), I must devise some other: but that may require delay."

"No, my good Job," replied I; "I am ready to attend you; but could we not manage to release Dawson, as well as take his deposition?—his personal evidence is worth all the written ones in the world."

"Very true," answered Job, "and if it be possible to give Bess the slip we will. However, let us not lose what we may get by grasping at what we may not; let us have the confession first, and we'll try for the release afterwards. I have another reason for this, sir, which, if you knew as much of penitent prigs as I do, you would

easily understand. However, it may be explained by the old proverb of 'The devil was sick,' etc. As long as Dawson is stowed away in a dark hole, and fancies devils in every corner, he may be very anxious to make confessions, which, in broad daylight, may not seem to him so desirable. Darkness and solitude are strange stimulants to the conscience, and we may as well not lose any advantage they give us."

"You are an admirable reasoner," cried I, "and I am impatient to accompany you,—at what hour shall it be?"

"Not much before midnight," answered Jonson; "but your honor must go back to school and learn lessons before then. Suppose Bess were to address you thus: 'Well, you parish bull prig, are you for lushing jackey, or pattering in the hum box?'¹ I'll be bound you would not know how to answer."

"I am afraid you are right, Mr. Jonson," said I, in a tone of self-humiliation.

"Never mind," replied the compassionate Job, "we are all born ignorant,—knowledge is not learned in a day. A few of the most common and necessary words in our St. Giles's Greek, I shall be able to teach you before night; and I will, beforehand, prepare the old lady for seeing a young hand in the profession. As I must disguise you before we go, and that cannot well be done here, suppose you dine with me at my lodgings?"

"I shall be too happy," said I, not a little surprised at the offer.

"I am in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, No. —. You must ask for me by the name of Captain de Courcy,"

¹ Well, you parson thief, are you for drinking gin, or talking in the pulpit?



said Job, with dignity; "and we'll dine at five, in order to have time for your preliminary initiation."

"With all my heart," said I; and Mr. Job Jonson then rose, and, reminding me of my promise of secrecy, took his departure.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Pectus praeceptis format amicis. — HOR.

Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra. — *Ibid.*

WITH all my love of enterprise and adventure, I cannot say that I should have particularly chosen the project before me for my evening's amusement, had I been left solely to my own will; but Glanville's situation forbade me to think of self; and, so far from shrinking at the danger to which I was about to be exposed, I looked forward with the utmost impatience to the hour of rejoining Jonson.

There was yet a long time upon my hands before five o'clock; and the thought of Ellen left me no doubt how it should be passed. I went to Berkeley Square; Lady Glanville rose eagerly when I entered the drawing-room.

"Have you seen Reginald?" said she, "or do you know where he has gone?"

I answered carelessly, that he had left town for a few days, and, I believed, merely upon a vague excursion, for the benefit of the country air.

"You reassure us," said Lady Glanville; "we have been quite alarmed by Seymour's manner. He appeared so confused when he told us Reginald had left town, that I really thought some accident had happened to him."

I sat myself by Ellen, who appeared wholly occupied in the formation of a purse. While I was whispering into her ear words which brought a thousand blushes to

her cheek, Lady Glanville interrupted me by an exclamation of "Have you seen the papers to-day, Mr. Pelham?" and on my reply in the negative, she pointed to an article in the "Morning Herald," which she said had occupied their conjectures all the morning, — it ran thus: —

"The evening before last, a person of rank and celebrity was privately carried before the magistrate at —. Since then he has undergone an examination, the nature of which, as well as the name of the individual, is as yet kept a profound secret."

I believe that I have so firm a command over my countenance, that I should not change tint nor muscle, to hear of the greatest calamity that could happen to me. I did not therefore betray a single one of the emotions this paragraph excited within me; but appeared, on the contrary, as much at a loss as Lady Glanville, and wondered and guessed with her, till she remembered my present situation in the family, and left me alone with Ellen.

Why should the *tête-à-tête* of lovers be so uninteresting to the world, when there is scarcely a being in it who has not loved? The expressions of every other feeling come home to us all, — the expressions of love weary and fatigue us. But the interview of that morning was far from resembling those delicious meetings which the history of love at that early period of its existence so often delineates. I could not give myself up to happiness which a moment might destroy; and though I veiled my anxiety and coldness from Ellen, I felt it as a crime to indulge even the appearance of transport, while Glanville lay alone and in prison, with the charge of murder yet uncontroverted, and the chances of its doom undiminished.

The clock had struck four before I left Ellen, and, without returning to my hotel, I threw myself into a hackney-coach, and drove to Charlotte Street. The worthy Job received me with his wonted dignity and ease; his lodgings consisted of a first-floor, furnished according to all the notions of Bloomsbury elegance,—namely, new, glaring Brussels carpeting; convex mirrors, with massy gilt frames, and eagles at the summit; rosewood chairs, with chintz cushions; bright grates, with a flower-pot, cut out of yellow paper, in each,—in short, all that especial neatness of upholstering paraphernalia, which Vincent used, not inaptly, to designate by the title of “the tea-chest taste.” Jonson seemed not a little proud of his apartments,—accordingly, I complimented him upon their elegance.

“Under the rose be it spoken,” said he, “the landlady, who is a widow, believes me to be an officer on half-pay, and thinks I wish to marry her; poor woman! my black locks and green coat have a witchery that surprises even me: who would be a slovenly thief, when there are such advantages in being a smart one?”

“Right, Mr. Jonson,” said I; “but shall I own to you that I am surprised that a gentleman of your talents should stoop to the lower arts of the profession. I always imagined that pocket-picking was a part of your business left only to the plebeian purloiner; now I know, to my cost, that you do not disdain that manual accomplishment.”

“Your honor speaks like a judge,” answered Job; “the fact is, that I *should* despise what you rightly designate ‘the lower arts of the profession,’ if I did not value myself upon giving them a charm, and investing them with a dignity, never bestowed upon them before. To give you an idea of the superior dexterity with which

I manage my sleight of hand, know, that four times I have been in that shop where you saw me *borrow* the diamond ring, which you now remark upon my little finger; and four times have I brought back some token of my visitations; nay, the shopman is so far from suspecting me, that he has twice favored me with the piteous tale of the very losses I myself brought upon him; and I make no doubt that I shall hear, in a few days, the whole history of the departed diamond, now in my keeping, coupled with that of *your honor's* appearance and custom! Allow that it would be a pity to suffer pride to stand in the way of the talents with which Providence has blessed me; to scorn the little *delicacies* of art, which I execute so well, would, in my opinion, be as absurd as for an epic poet to disdain the composition of a perfect epigram, or a consummate musician the melody of a faultless song."

"Bravo! Mr. Job," said I; "a truly great man, you see, can confer honor upon trifles." More I might have said, but was stopped short by the entrance of the landlady, who was a fine, fair, well-dressed, comely woman, of about thirty-nine years and eleven months; or, to speak less precisely, *between thirty and forty*. She came to announce that dinner was served below. We descended, and found a sumptuous repast of roast beef and fish; this primary course was succeeded by that great dainty with common people,—a duck and green peas.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jonson," said I, "you fare like a prince; your weekly expenditure must be pretty considerable for a single gentleman."

"I don't know," answered Jonson, with an air of lordly indifference,—"I have never paid my good hostess any coin but compliments, and in all probability never shall."

Was there ever a better illustration of Moore's admonition,—

“O ladies, beware of a gay young knight,” etc.

After dinner we remounted to the apartments Job emphatically called *his own*; and he then proceeded to initiate me in those phrases of the noble language of “Flash,” which might best serve my necessities on the approaching occasion. The slang part of my Cambridge education had made me acquainted with some little elementary knowledge which rendered Jonson’s precepts less strange and abstruse. In this lecture “sweet and holy,” the hours passed away till it became time for me to dress. Mr. Jonson then took me into the penetralia of his bedroom. I stumbled against an enormous trunk. On hearing the involuntary anathema which this accident conjured up to my lips, Jonson said, “Ah, sir! — *do* oblige me by trying to move that box.”

I did so, but could not stir it an inch.

“Your honor never saw a *jewel-box* so heavy before, I think,” said Jonson, with a smile.

“A jewel-box!”

“Yes,” returned Jonson, — “a jewel-box; for it is full of *precious stones*! When I go away — not a little in my good landlady’s books — I shall desire her, very importantly, to take the greatest care of ‘*my box*.’ Egad! it would be a treasure to Macadam; he might pound its flinty contents into a street.”

With these words, Mr. Jonson unlocked a wardrobe in the room, and produced a full suit of rusty black.

“There!” said he, with an air of satisfaction, — “there! this will be your first step to the pulpit.”

I doffed my own attire, and with “some natural sighs” at the deformity of my approaching metamorphosis, I

slowly indued myself in the clerical garments; they were much too wide, and a little too short for me; but Jonson turned me round, as if I were his eldest son, breeched for the first time, and declared with an emphatical oath that the clothes fitted me to a hair.

My host next opened a tin dressing-box, of large dimensions, from which he took sundry powders, lotions, and paints. Nothing but my extreme friendship for Glanville could ever have supported me through the operation I then underwent. My poor complexion, thought I, with tears in my eyes, it is ruined forever! To crown all, Jonson robbed me, by four clips of his scissors, of the luxuriant locks which, from the pampered indulgence so long accorded to them, might have rebelled against the new dynasty which Jonson now elected to *the crown*. This dynasty consisted of a shaggy but admirably-made wig, of a sandy color. When I was thus completely attired from head to foot, Job displayed me to myself before a full-length looking-glass.

Had I gazed at the reflection forever, I should not have recognized either my form or visage. I thought my soul had undergone a real transmigration, and not carried to its new body a particle of the original one. What appeared the most singular was, that I did not seem even to myself at all a ridiculous or *outré* figure; so admirably had the skill of Mr. Jonson been employed. I overwhelmed him with encomiums, which he took *au pied de la lettre*. Never, indeed, was there a man so vain of being a rogue.

"But," said I, "why this disguise? Your friends will, probably, be well versed enough in the mysteries of metamorphosis, to see even through your arts; and as they have never beheld me before, it would very little matter if I went *in propriâ personâ*."

"True," answered Job, "but you don't reflect that without disguise you may hereafter be recognized; our friends walk in Bond Street as well as your honor; and, in that case, you might be shot without a second, as the saying is."

"You have convinced me," said I; "and now, before we start, let me say one word further respecting our *object*. I tell you fairly, that I think Dawson's written deposition but a secondary point; and, for this reason, should it not be supported by any *circumstantial* or *local* evidence hereafter to be ascertained, it may be quite insufficient fully to acquit Glanville (in spite of all appearances) and criminate the real murderers. If, therefore, it be *possible* to carry off Dawson, *after* having secured his confession, we must. I think it right to insist more particularly on this point, as you appeared to me rather averse to it this morning."

"I say ditto to your honor," returned Job; "and you may be sure that I shall do all in my power to effect your *object*, not only from that love of virtue which is implanted in my mind, when no stronger inducement leads me astray, but from the more worldly reminiscence that the annuity we have agreed upon is only to be given, in case of *success*, — not merely for *well-meaning attempts*. To say that I have no objection to the release of Dawson would be to deceive your honor; I own that I have: and the objection is, — first, my fear lest he should *peach* respecting other affairs besides the murder of Sir John Tyrrell; and, secondly, my scruples as to *appearing* to interfere with his escape. Both of these chances expose me to great danger; however, one does not get three hundred a year for washing one's hands, and I must balance the one against the other."

" You are a sensible man, Mr. Job," said I, " and I am sure you will richly earn, and long enjoy your annuity."

As I said this, the watchman beneath our window called " past eleven!" and Jonson, starting up, hastily changed his own gay gear for a more simple dress, and throwing over all a Scotch plaid, gave me a similar one, in which I closely wrapped myself. We descended the stairs softly, and Jonson *let us out* into the street by the "open sesame" of a key which he retained about his person.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati. — VIRGIL.

As we walked on into Tottenham Court Road, where we expected to find a hackney-coach, my companion earnestly and strenuously impressed on my mind the necessity of implicitly obeying any instructions or hints he might give me in the course of our adventure. "Remember," said he, forcibly, "that the least deviation from them will not only defeat our object of removing Dawson, but even expose our lives to the most imminent peril." I faithfully promised to conform to the minutest tittle of his instructions.

We came to a stand of coaches. Jonson selected one and gave the coachman an order; he took care it should not reach my ears. During the half-hour we passed in this vehicle, Job examined and re-examined me in "my canting catechism," as he termed it. He expressed himself much pleased with the quickness of my parts, and honored me with an assurance that in less than three months he would engage to make me as complete a ruffler as *ever nailed a swell*.

To this gratifying compliment I made the best return in my power.

"You must not suppose," said Jonson, some minutes afterwards, "from our use of this language, that our club consists of the lower orders of thieves,— quite the contrary; we are a knot of gentlemen adventurers who wear the best clothes, ride the best hacks, frequent the best gaming-houses as well as the *genteest* haunts, and

sometimes keep *the first company*, in London. We are limited in number; we have nothing in common with ordinary prigs, and should my own little private amusements (as you appropriately term them) be known in the set, I should have a very fair chance of being expelled for *ungentlemanlike* practices. We rarely condescend to speak 'flash' to each other in our ordinary meetings, but we find it necessary for many shifts to which fortune sometimes drives us. The house you are going this night to visit is a sort of colony we have established for whatever persons amongst us are in danger of blood-money.¹ There they sometimes lie concealed for weeks together, and are at last shipped off for the Continent, or enter the world under a new alias. To this refuge of the distressed we also send any of the mess who, like Dawson, are troubled with qualms of conscience, which are likely to endanger the commonwealth; there they remain, as in an hospital, till death, or a cure, — in short, we put the house, like its inmates, to any purposes likely to frustrate our enemies, and serve ourselves. Old Brimstone Bess, to whom I shall introduce you, is, as I before said, the guardian of the place; and the language that respectable lady chiefly indulges in, is the one into which you have just acquired so good an insight. Partly in compliment to her, and partly from inclination, the dialect adopted in her house is almost entirely 'flash'; and you therefore perceive the necessity of appearing not utterly ignorant of a tongue which is not only the language of the country, but one with which no true boy, however high in his profession, is ever unacquainted."

By the time Jonson had finished this speech, the coach stopped; I looked eagerly out of the window, —

¹ Rewards for the apprehension of thieves, etc.

Jonson observed the motion: "We have not got half-way yet, your honor," said he. We left the coach, which Jonson requested me to pay, and walked on.

"Tell me frankly, sir," said Job, — "do you know where you are?"

"Not in the least," replied I, looking wistfully up a long, dull, ill-lighted street.

Job rolled his sinister eye towards me with a searching look, and then turning abruptly to the right, penetrated into a sort of covered lane, or court, which terminated in an alley, that brought us suddenly to a stand of three coaches; one of these Job hailed; we entered it, — a secret direction was given, and we drove furiously on, faster than I should think the crazy body of hackney chariot ever drove before. I observed that we had now entered a part of the town which was singularly strange to me; the houses were old, and for the most part of the meanest description; we appeared to me to be threading a labyrinth of alleys; once, I imagined that I caught, through a sudden opening, a glimpse of the river, but we passed so rapidly that my eye might have deceived me. At length we stopped; the coachman was again dismissed, and I again walked onwards, under the guidance, and almost at the mercy of my honest companion.

Jonson did not address me, — he was silent and absorbed, and I had therefore full leisure to consider my present situation. Though (thanks to my physical constitution) I am as callous to fear as most men, a few chilling apprehensions certainly flitted across my mind, when I looked round at the dim and dreary sheds — houses they were not — which were on either side of our path; only, here and there, a single lamp shed a sickly light upon the dismal and intersecting lanes

(though lane is too lofty a word) through which our footsteps woke a solitary sound. Sometimes this feeble light was altogether withheld, and I could scarcely catch even the outline of my companion's muscular frame. However, he strode on through the darkness with the mechanical rapidity of one to whom every stone is familiar. I listened eagerly for the sound of the watchman's voice, in vain,—that note was never heard in those desolate recesses. My ear drank in nothing but the sound of our own footsteps, or the occasional burst of obscene and unholy merriment from some half-closed hovel, where infamy and vice were holding revels. Now and then, a wretched thing in the vilest extreme of want, and loathsomeness, and rags, loitered by the unfrequent lamps, and interrupted our progress with solicitations which made my blood run cold. By degrees even these tokens of life ceased; the last lamp was entirely shut from our view,—we were in utter darkness.

"We are near our journey's end now," whispered Jonson.

At these words a thousand unwelcome reflections forced themselves involuntarily on my mind: I was about to plunge into the most secret retreat of men whom long habits of villainy and desperate abandonment had hardened into a nature which had scarcely a sympathy with my own; unarmed and defenceless, I was about to penetrate a concealment upon which their lives perhaps depended; what could I anticipate from their vengeance but the sure hand and the deadly knife which their self-preservation would more than justify to such lawless reasoners? And who was my companion? One who literally gloried in the perfection of his nefarious practices; and who, if he had stopped short of the worst

enormities, seemed neither to disown the principle upon which they were committed, nor to balance for a moment between his interest and his conscience.

Nor did he attempt to conceal from me the danger to which I was exposed; much as his daring habits of life, and the good fortune which had attended him, must have hardened his nerves, even *he* seemed fully sensible of the peril he incurred, — a peril certainly considerably less than that which attended *my* temerity. Bitterly did I repent, as these reflections rapidly passed my mind, my negligence in not providing myself with a single weapon in case of need; the worst pang of death is the falling without a struggle. However, it was no moment for the indulgence of fear; it was rather one of those eventful periods which so rarely occur in the monotony of common life, when our minds are sounded to their utmost depths, and energies, of which we dreamed not when at rest in their secret retreats, arise like spirits at the summons of the wizard, and bring to the invoking mind an unlooked-for and preternatural aid.

There was something, too, in the disposition of my guide which gave me a confidence in him, not warranted by the occupations of his life: an easy and frank boldness, an ingenuous vanity of abilities skilfully, though dishonestly, exerted, which had nothing of the meanness and mystery of an ordinary villain, and which, being equally prominent with the rascality they adorned, prevented the attention from dwelling upon the darker shades of his character. Besides, I had so closely entwined his interest with my own, that I felt there could be no possible ground either for suspecting him of any deceit towards me, or of omitting any art or exertion which could conduce to our mutual safety or our common end.

Forcing myself to dwell solely upon the more encouraging side of the enterprise I had undertaken, I continued to move on with my worthy comrade, silent and in darkness, for some minutes longer, — Jonson then halted.

“Are you quite prepared, sir?” said he, in a whisper: “if your heart fails, in Heaven’s name let us turn back; the least evident terror will be as much as your life is worth.”

My thoughts were upon Reginald and Ellen as I replied, —

“You have told me and *convinced* me that I may trust in you, and I have no fears; my present object is one as strong to me as life.”

“I would we had a *glim*,” rejoined Job, musingly; “I should like to see your face, but will you give me your hand, sir?”

I did, and Jonson held it in his own for more than a minute.

“Fore Gad, sir,” said he at last, “I would you were one of us; you would live like a brave man, and die a game one. Your pulse is like iron; and your hand does not sway, — no, not so much as to wave a dove’s feather. It would be a burning shame if harm came to so stout a heart.” Job moved on a few steps. “Now, sir,” he whispered, “remember your flash; do exactly as I may have occasion to tell you, and be sure to sit away from the light, should we be in company.”

With these words he stopped. By the touch (for it was too dark to see) I felt that he was bending down, apparently in a listening attitude; presently he tapped five times at what I supposed was the door, though I afterwards discovered it was the shutter to a window; upon this a faint light broke through the crevices of the

boards, and a low voice uttered some sound which my ear did not catch. Job replied in the same key, and in words which were perfectly unintelligible to me. The light disappeared; Job moved round as if turning a corner. I heard the heavy bolts and bars of a door slowly withdrawn; and in a few moments a voice said in the thieves' dialect,—

“Ruffling Job, my prince of prigs, is that you; are you come to the ken alone, or do you carry double?”

“Ah, Bess, my covess, strike me blind if my sees don't tout your bingo muns in spite of the darkmans. Egad, you carry a bene blink aloft. Come to the ken alone? No! my blowen: did not I tell you I should bring a pater cove to chop up the whiners for Dawson?”¹

“Stubble it, you ben, you deserve to cly the jerk for your patter; come in, and be d—d to you.”²

Upon this invitation, Jonson, seizing me by the arm, pushed me into the house, and followed. “Go for a glim, Bess, to light in the black 'un with proper respect. I'll close the gig of the crib.”

At this order, delivered in an authoritative tone, the old woman, mumbling “strange oaths” to herself, moved away; when she was out of hearing, Job whispered,—

“Mark, I shall leave the bolts undrawn; the door opens with a latch, which you press *thus*, — do not forget the spring; it is easy, but peculiar. Should you be forced to run for it, you will also remember, above all, when you are out of the door, to turn *to the right* and go straight forwards.”

The old woman now reappeared with a light, and Jon-

¹ Strike me blind if my eyes don't see your brandy face in spite of the night. Come to the house alone? No! my woman; did not I tell you I should bring a parson to say prayers for Dawson?

² Hold your tongue, fool, you deserve to be whipped for your chatter.

son ceased, and moved hastily towards her; I followed. The old woman asked whether the door had been carefully closed, and Jonson, with an oath at her doubts of such a matter, answered in the affirmative.

We proceeded onwards through a long and very narrow passage, till Bess opened a small door to the right, and introduced us into a large room, which, to my great dismay, I found already occupied by four men, who were sitting, half immersed in smoke, by an oak table, with a spacious bowl of hot liquor before them. At the background of this room which resembled the kitchen of a public-house, was an enormous screen of antique fashion; a low fire burned sullenly in the grate, and beside it was one of those high-backed chairs seen frequently in old houses and old pictures. A clock stood in one corner, and in the opposite nook was a flight of narrow stairs, which led downwards, probably to a cellar. On a row of shelves were various bottles of the different liquors generally in request among the "flash" gentry, together with an old-fashioned fiddle, two bridles, and some strange-looking tools, probably of more use to true boys than to honest men.

Brimstone Bess was a woman about the middle size, but with bones and sinews which would not have disgraced a prize-fighter; a cap, that might have been cleaner, was rather thrown than put on the back of her head, developing, to full advantage, the few scanty locks of grizzled ebon which adorned her countenance. Her eyes, large, black, and prominent, sparkled with a fire half-vivacious, half-vixen. The nasal feature was broad and *fungous*, and, as well as the whole of her spacious physiognomy, blushed with the deepest scarlet: it was evident to see that many a full bottle of "British compounds" had contributed to the feeding of

that burning and phosphoric illumination, which was, indeed, "the outward and visible sign of an inward and *spiritual* grace."

The expression of the countenance was not wholly bad. Amidst the deep traces of searing vice and unrestrained passion, amidst all that was bold and unfeminine, and fierce and crafty, there was a latent look of coarse good-humor, a twinkle of the eye that bespoke a tendency to mirth and drollery, and an upward curve of the lip that showed, however the human creature might be debased, it still cherished its grand characteristic, — the propensity to laughter.

The garb of this Dame Leonarda was by no means of that humble nature which one might have supposed. A gown of crimson silk, flounced and furbelowed to the knees, was tastefully relieved by a bright yellow shawl; and a pair of heavy pendants glittered in her ears, which were of the size proper to receive "the big words" they were in the habit of hearing. Probably this finery had its origin in the policy of her guests, who had seen enough of life to know that age, which tames all other passions, never tames the passion of dress in a woman's heart.

No sooner did the four revellers set their eyes upon me than they all rose.

"Zounds, Bess!" cried the tallest of them, "what cull's this? Is this a bowsing ken for every cove to shove his trunk in?"

"What ho, my kiddy!" cried Job, "don't be glim-flashy. Why, you'd cry beef on a blater;¹ the cove is a bob cull, and a pal of my own; and moreover, is as pretty a Tyburn blossom as ever was brought up to ride a horse foaled by an acorn."

¹ Don't be angry! Why, you'd cry beef on a calf; the man is a good fellow, and a comrade of my own, etc.

Upon this commendatory introduction I was forthwith surrounded, and one of the four proposed that I should be immediately "elected."

This motion, which was probably no gratifying ceremony, Job negative with a dictatorial air, and reminded his comrades that however they might find it convenient to lower themselves occasionally, yet that they were gentlemen sharpers, and not vulgar cracksmen and cly-fakers, and that, therefore, they ought to welcome me with the good breeding appropriate to their station.

Upon this hint, which was received with mingled laughter and deference (for Job seemed to be a man of might among these Philistines), the tallest of the set, who bore the euphonious appellation of Spider-shanks, politely asked me if I would "blow a cloud with him!" and upon my assent (for I thought such an occupation would be the best excuse for silence), he presented me with a pipe of tobacco, to which Dame Brimstone applied a light, and I soon lent my best endeavors to darken still further the atmosphere around us.

Mr. Job Jonson then began artfully to turn the conversation away from me to the elder confederates of his crew; these were all spoken of under certain singular appellations which might well baffle impertinent curiosity. The name of one was "the Gimlet;" another, "Crack Crib;" a third, "the Magician;" a fourth, "Cherry-colored Jowl." The tallest of the present company was called (as I before said) "Spider-shanks," and the shortest, "Fib Fake-screw;" Job himself was honored by the *venerabile nomen* of "Guinea Pig." At last Job explained the cause of my appearance,—namely, his wish to pacify Dawson's conscience by dressing up one of the pals, whom the sinner could not recognize, as an "autem bawler," and so obtaining him

the benefit of the clergy without endangering the gang by his confession. This detail was received with great good-humor, and Job, watching his opportunity, soon after rose, and turning to me, said, —

“Toddle, my bob cull; we must track up the dancers and tout the sinner.”¹

I wanted no other hint to leave my present situation.

“The ruffian cly thee, Guinea Pig, for stashing the lush,”² said Spider-shanks, helping himself out of the bowl, which was nearly empty.

“Stash the lush!” cried Mrs. Brimstone, “ay, and toddle off to Ruggins. Why, you would not be boosing till lightman’s in a square crib like mine, as if you were in a flash panny?”³

“That’s bang up, mort!” cried Fib. “A square crib, indeed! ay, square as Mr. Newman’s court-yard, — ding-boys on three sides, and the crap on the fourth!”⁴

This characteristic witticism was received with great applause; and Jonson, taking a candlestick from the fair fingers of the exasperated Mrs. Brimstone, the hand thus conveniently released immediately transferred itself to Fib’s cheeks, with so hearty a concussion that it almost brought the rash jester to the ground. Jonson and I lost not a moment in taking advantage of the confusion this gentle remonstrance appeared to occasion, but instantly left the room and closed the door.

¹ Move, my good fellow; we must go upstairs, and look at the sinner.

² The devil take thee, for stopping the drink.

³ Stop the drink, ay, and be off to bed. You would not be drinking till day, in an honest house like mine, as if you were in a disreputable place?

⁴ That’s capital. A square crib (honest house)! Ay, square as Newgate coach-yard, — rogues on three sides, and the gallows on the fourth.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

"T is true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be. — SHAKESPEARE.

WE proceeded a short way, when we were stopped by a door; this Job opened, and a narrow staircase, lighted from above by a dim lamp, was before us. We ascended and found ourselves in a sort of gallery; here hung another lamp, beneath which Job opened a closet.

"This is the place where Bess generally leaves the keys," said he; "we shall find them here, I hope."

So saying, Master Job entered, leaving me in the passage; but soon returned with a disappointed air.

"The old haridan has left them below," said he; "I must go down for them; your honor will wait here till I return."

Suiting the action to the word, honest Job immediately descended, leaving me alone with my own reflections. Just opposite to the closet was the door of some apartment; I leaned accidentally against it; it was only ajar and gave way; the ordinary consequence in such accidents is a certain precipitation from the centre of gravity. I am not exempt from the general lot, and accordingly entered the room in a manner entirely contrary to that which my natural inclination would have prompted me to adopt. My ear was accosted by a faint voice, which proceeded from a bed at the opposite corner; it asked, in the thieves' dialect, and in the feeble accents of bodily weakness, who was there? I did not judge it necessary to make any reply, but was

withdrawing as gently as possible, when my eye rested upon a table at the foot of the bed, upon which, among two or three miscellaneous articles, were deposited a brace of pistols, and one of those admirable swords, made according to the modern military regulation, for the united purpose of cut and thrust. The light which enabled me to discover the contents of the room, proceeded from a rushlight placed in the grate; this general symptom of a valetudinarian, together with some other little odd matters (combined with the weak voice of the speaker), impressed me with the idea of having intruded into the chamber of some sick member of the crew. Emboldened by this notion, and by perceiving that the curtains were drawn closely around the bed, so that the inmate could have optical discernment of nothing that occurred without, I could not resist taking two soft steps to the table, and quietly removing a weapon, whose bright face seemed to invite me as a long-known and long-tried friend.

This was not, however, done in so noiseless a manner, but what the voice again addressed me, in a somewhat louder key, by the appellation of "Brimstone Bess," asking with sundry oaths, "what was the matter?" and requesting something to drink. I need scarcely say that, as before, I made no reply, but crept out of the room as gently as possible, blessing my good fortune for having thrown into my way a weapon with the use of which, above all others, I was acquainted. Scarcely had I regained the passage, before Jonson reappeared with the keys; I showed him my treasure (for indeed it was of no size to conceal).

"Are you mad, sir?" said he, "or do you think that the best way to avoid suspicion is to walk about with a drawn sword in your hand? I would not have Bess see

you for the best diamond I ever *borrowed*." With these words Job took the sword from my reluctant hand.

"Where did you get it?" said he.

I explained in a whisper, and Job, re-opening the door I had so unceremoniously entered, laid the weapon softly on a chair that stood within reach. The sick man, whose senses were of course rendered doubly acute by illness, once more demanded in a fretful tone, who was there? And Job replied, in the flash language, that Bess had sent him up to look for her keys, which she imagined she had left there. The invalid rejoined by a request to Jonson to reach him a draught, and we had to undergo a farther delay until his petition was complied with: we then proceeded up the passage till we came to another flight of steps, which led to a door; Job opened it, and we entered a room of no common dimensions.

"This," said he, "is Bess Brimstone's sleeping apartment; whoever goes into the passage, that leads not only to Dawson's room, but to the several other chambers occupied by such of the gang as require *particular care*, must pass first through this room. You see that bell by the bedside,—I assure you it is no ordinary tintinnabulum; it communicates with every sleeping apartment in the house, and is only rung in cases of great alarm, when every boy must look well to himself. There are two more of this description,—one in the room which we have just left, another in the one occupied by Spider-shanks, who is our watch-dog, and keeps his kennel below. Those steps in the common room, which seem to lead to a cellar, conduct to his den. As we shall have to come back through this room, you see the difficulty of smuggling Dawson, and if the old dame rang the alarm, the whole hive would be out in a moment."

After this speech, Job led me from the room by a door at the opposite end, which showed us a passage, similar in extent and fashion to the one we had left below; at the very extremity of this was the entrance to an apartment, at which Jonson stopped.

"Here," said he, taking from his pocket a small paper book and an ink-horn, — "here, your honor, take these, you may want to note the heads of Dawson's confession; we are now at his door." Job then applied one of the keys of a tolerably-sized bunch to the door, and the next moment we were in Dawson's apartment.

The room, which, though low and narrow, was of considerable length, was in utter darkness, and the dim and flickering light which Jonson held only struggled with, rather than penetrated the thick gloom. About the centre of the room stood the bed, and sitting upright on it, with a wan and hollow countenance, bent eagerly towards us, was a meagre, attenuated figure. My recollection of Dawson, whom, it will be remembered I had only seen once before, was extremely faint, but it had impressed me with the idea of a middle-sized and rather athletic man, with a fair and florid complexion: the creature I now saw was totally the reverse of this idea. His cheeks were yellow and drawn in; his hand, which was raised in the act of holding aside the curtains, was like the talons of a famished vulture, so thin was it, so long, so withered in its hue and texture.

No sooner did the advancing light allow him to see us distinctly, than he half sprang from the bed, and cried, in that peculiar tone of joy which seems to throw off from the breast a suffocating weight of previous terror and suspense, "Thank God, thank God! it is you at last; and you have brought the clergyman, — God bless you, Jonson, you are a true friend to me."

"Cheer up, Dawson," said Job; "I have smuggled in this worthy gentleman, who, I have no doubt, will be of great comfort to you,—but you must be open with him, and tell all."

"That I will,—that I will," cried Dawson, with a wild and vindictive expression of countenance,—"if it be only to hang *him*. Here, Jonson, give me your hand; bring the light nearer; I say,—*he*—the devil, the fiend—has been here to-day and threatened to murder me; and I have listened, and listened, all night, and thought I heard his step along the passage, and up the stairs, and at the door; but it was nothing, Job, nothing,—and you are come at last, good, kind, worthy Job. Oh! 't is so horrible to be left in the dark, and not sleep; and in this large, large room, which looks like eternity at night; and one does fancy such sights, Job,—such horrid, horrid sights. Feel my wristband, Jonson, and here at my back, you would think they had been pouring water over me, but it's only the cold sweat. Oh! 't is a fearful thing to have a bad conscience, Job; but you won't leave me till daylight, now, that's a dear, good Job!"

"For shame, Dawson," said Jonson; "pluck up, and be a man; you are like a baby frightened by its nurse. Here's the clergyman come to heal your poor wounded conscience; will you hear him *now*?"

"Yes," said Dawson; "yes!—but go out of the room,—I can't tell all if you're here; go, Job, go!—but you're not angry with me,—I don't mean to offend you."

"Angry!" said Job; "Lord help the poor fellow! no, to be sure not. I'll stay outside the door, till you've done with the clergyman,—but make haste, for the night's almost over, and it's as much as the parson's life is worth to stay here after daybreak."

"I *will* make haste," said the guilty man, tremulously; "but Job, where are you going, — what are you doing? *Leave the light! here*, Job, by the bedside."

Job did as he was desired, and quitted the room, leaving the door not so firmly shut but that he might hear, if the penitent spoke aloud, every particular of his confession.

I seated myself on the side of the bed, and, taking the skeleton hand of the unhappy man, spoke to him in the most consolatory and comforting words I could summon to my assistance. He seemed greatly soothed by my efforts, and at last implored me to let him join me in prayer. I knelt down, and my lips readily found words for that language, which, whatever be the formula of our faith, seems, in all emotions which come home to our hearts, the most natural method of expressing them. It is *here*, by the bed of sickness, or remorse, that the ministers of God have their real power! it is here that their office is indeed a divine and unearthly mission; and that in breathing balm and comfort, in healing the broken heart, in raising the crushed and degraded spirit, — they are the voice and oracle of the FATHER, who made us in benevolence, and will judge us in mercy! I rose, and after a short pause, Dawson, who expressed himself impatient for the comfort of confession, thus began: —

"I have no time, sir, to speak of the earlier part of my life. I passed it upon the race-course, and at the gaming-table, — all that was, I know, very wrong and wicked; but I was a wild, idle boy, and eager for anything like enterprise or mischief. Well, sir, it is now more than three years ago since I first met with one Tom Thornton; it was at a boxing-match. Tom was chosen chairman, at a sort of club of the farmers and yeomen;

and, being a lively, amusing fellow, and accustomed to the company of gentlemen, was a great favorite with all of us. He was very civil to me, and I was quite pleased with his notice. I did not, however, see much of him, then, nor for more than two years afterwards; but some months ago we met again. I was in very poor circumstances; so was he, and this made us closer friends than we might otherwise have been. He lived a great deal at the gambling-houses, and fancied he had discovered a certain method of winning¹ at hazard. So whenever he could not find a gentleman whom he could cheat with false dice, tricks at cards, etc., he would go into any hell to try his infallible game. I did not, however, perceive that he made a good living by it; and though sometimes, either by that method or some other, he had large sums of money in his possession, yet they were spent as soon as acquired. The fact was, that he was not a man that could ever grow rich; he was extremely extravagant in all things,—loved women and drinking, and was always striving to get into the society of people above him. In order to do this, he affected great carelessness of money, and if at a race or a cock-fight, any real gentlemen would go home with him, he would insist upon treating them to the best of everything.

“Thus, sir, he was always poor, and at his wit’s end for means to supply his extravagance. He introduced me to three or four *gentlemen*, as he called them, but whom I have since found to be markers, sharpers, and blacklegs; and this set soon dissipated the little honesty my own habits of life had left me. They never spoke of things by their right names; and therefore those things never seemed so bad as they really were,—to swindle a gentleman did not sound a crime when it was

¹ A very common delusion, both among sharpers and their prey.

called 'macing a swell ;' nor transportation a punishment, when it was termed, with a laugh, 'lagging a cove.' Thus, insensibly, my ideas of right and wrong, always obscure, became perfectly confused; and the habit of treating all crimes as subjects of jest in familiar conversation, soon made me regard them as matters of very trifling importance.

" Well, sir, at Newmarket races, this spring meeting, Thornton and I were on the look-out. He had come down to stay, during the races, at a house I had just inherited from my father, but which was rather an expense to me than an advantage; especially as my wife, who was an innkeeper's daughter, was very careless and extravagant. It so happened that we were both taken in by a jockey, whom we had bribed very largely, and were losers to a very considerable amount. Among other people, I lost to a Sir John Tyrrell. I expressed my vexation to Thornton, who told me not to mind it, but to tell Sir John that I would pay him if he came to the town; and that he was quite sure we could win enough by his certain game at hazard to pay off my debt. He was so very urgent, that I allowed myself to be persuaded; though Thornton has since told me, that his only motive was to prevent Sir John's going to the Marquess of Chester's (where he was invited) with my lord's party; and so to have an opportunity of accomplishing the crime he then meditated.

" Accordingly, as Thornton desired, I asked Sir John Tyrrell to come with me to Newmarket. He did so. I left him, joined Thornton, and went to the gambling-house. Here we were engaged in Thornton's sure game when Sir John entered. I went up and apologized for not paying, and said I would pay him in three months. However, Sir John was very angry, and treated me with

such rudeness that the whole table remarked it. When he was gone, I told Thornton how hurt and indignant I was at Sir John's treatment. He incensed me still more, exaggerated Sir John's conduct, said that I had suffered the grossest insult, and at last put me into such a passion, that I said, that if I was a gentleman, I would fight Sir John Tyrrell across the table.

" When Thornton saw I was so moved, he took me out of the room and carried me to an inn. Here he ordered dinner, and several bottles of wine. I never could bear much drink; he knew this, and artfully plied me with wine till I scarcely knew what I did or said. He then talked much of our destitute situation, affected to put himself out of the question, said he was a single man, and could easily make shift upon a potato; but that I was encumbered with a wife and child, whom I could not suffer to starve. He then said, that Sir John Tyrrell had publicly disgraced me; that I should be blown upon the course; that no gentleman would bet with me again, and a great deal more of the same sort. Seeing what an effect he had produced upon me, he then told me that he had seen Sir John receive a large sum of money, which would more than pay our debts, and set us up like gentlemen; and at last he proposed to me to rob him. Intoxicated as I was, I was somewhat startled at this proposition. However, the slang terms in which Thornton disguised the greatness and danger of the offence, very much diminished both in my eyes, — so at length I consented.

" We went to Sir John's inn, and learned that he had just set out; accordingly we mounted our horses and rode after him. The night had already closed in. After we had got some distance from the main road, into a lane which led both to my house and to Chester Park, — for

the former was on the direct way to my lord's, — we passed a man on horseback. I only observed that he was wrapped in a cloak, but Thornton said, directly we had passed him, 'I know that man well: he has been following Tyrrell all day, and though he attempts to screen himself, I have penetrated his disguise: he is Tyrrell's mortal enemy.'

" 'Should the *werst* come to the *worst*,' added Thornton (words which I did not at that moment understand), 'we can make *him* bear the blame.'

" When we had got some way farther, we came up to Tyrrell and a gentleman, whom, to our great dismay, we found that Sir John had joined; the gentleman's horse had met with an accident, and Thornton dismounted to offer his assistance. He assured the gentleman, who proved afterwards to be a Mr. Pelham, that the horse was quite lame, and that he would scarcely be able to get it home; and he then proposed to Sir John to accompany us, and said that we would put him in the right road; this offer Sir John rejected very haughtily, and we rode on.

" 'It's all up with us,' said I, 'since he has joined another person.'

" 'Not at all,' replied Thornton; 'for I managed to give the horse a sly poke with my knife; and if I know anything of Sir John Tyrrell, he is much too impatient a spark to crawl along at a snail's pace, with any companion, especially with this heavy shower coming on.'

" 'But,' said I, for I now began to recover from my intoxication, and to be sensible of the nature of our undertaking, 'the moon is up, and unless this shower conceals it, Sir John will recognize us; so you see, even if he leave the gentleman, it will be no use, and we had much better make haste home and go to bed.'

"Upon this, Thornton cursed me for a faint-hearted fellow, and said that the cloud would effectually hide the moon; or, if not, he added, 'I know how to silence a prating tongue.' At these words I was greatly alarmed, and said, that if he meditated murder as well as robbery, I would have nothing further to do with it. Thornton laughed, and told me not to be a fool. While we were thus debating, a heavy shower came on; we rode hastily to a large tree by the side of a pond, — which, though bare and withered, was the nearest shelter the country afforded, and was only a very short distance from my house. I wished to go home, but Thornton would not let me; and as I was always in the habit of yielding, I remained with him, though very reluctantly, under the tree.

"Presently we heard the trampling of a horse.

"'It is he, — it is he,' cried Thornton, with a savage tone of exultation, — 'and alone! Be ready, — we must make a rush; I will be the one to bid him to deliver, — you hold your tongue.'

"The clouds and rain had so overcast the night that, although it was not *perfectly dark*, it was sufficiently obscure to screen our countenances. Just as Tyrrell approached, Thornton dashed forward, and cried, in a feigned voice, 'Stand, on your peril!' I followed, and we were now both by Sir John's side.

"He attempted to push by us, but Thornton seized him by the arm, — there was a stout struggle, in which, as yet, I had no share; at last, Tyrrell got loose from Thornton, and I seized him; he set spurs to his horse, which was a very spirited and strong animal, — it reared upwards, and very nearly brought me and my horse to the ground; at that instant Thornton struck the unfortunate man a violent blow across the head with the

butt-end of his heavy whip. Sir John's hat had fallen before in the struggle, and the blow was so stunning that it felled him upon the spot. Thornton dismounted, and made me do the same. 'There is no time to lose,' said he; 'let us drag him from the roadside and rifle him.' We accordingly carried him (he was still senseless) to the side of the pond before-mentioned. While we were searching for the money Thornton spoke of, the storm ceased, and the moon broke out. We were detained some moments by the accident of Tyrrell's having transferred his pocketbook from the pocket Thornton had seen him put it in on the race-ground to an inner one.

"We had just discovered and seized the pocketbook, when Sir John awoke from his swoon, and his eyes opened upon Thornton, who was still bending over him, and looking at the contents of the book to see that all was right; the moonlight left Tyrrell in no doubt as to our persons; and, struggling hard to get up, he cried, 'I know you! I know you! you shall hang for this.' No sooner had he uttered this imprudence than it was all over with him. 'We will see that, Sir John,' said Thornton, setting his knee upon Tyrrell's chest, and nailing him down. While thus employed, he told me to feel in his coat-pocket for a case-knife.

"'For God's sake,' cried Tyrrell, with a tone of agonizing terror which haunts me still, — 'spare my life!'

"'It is too late,' said Thornton, deliberately, and taking the knife from my hands, he plunged it into Sir John's side, and as the blade was too short to reach the vitals, Thornton drew it backwards and forwards to widen the wound. Tyrrell was a strong man, and still continued to struggle and call out for mercy; Thornton drew out the knife, — Tyrrell seized it by the

blade, and his fingers were cut through before Thornton could snatch it from his grasp. The wretched gentleman then saw all hope was over; he uttered one loud, sharp cry of despair. Thornton put one hand to his mouth, and with the other gashed his throat from ear to ear.

“‘You have done for him and for us now,’ said I, as Thornton slowly rose from the body. ‘No,’ replied he, ‘look, he still moves;’ and sure enough he did, but it was in the last agony. However, Thornton, to make all sure, plunged the knife again into his body; the blade came in contact with a bone, and snapped in two; so great was the violence of the blow, that, instead of remaining in the flesh, the broken piece fell upon the ground among the long fern and grass.

“While we were employed in searching for it, Thornton, whose ears were much sharper than mine, caught the sound of a horse. ‘Mount! mount!’ he cried, ‘and let us be off!’ We sprang upon our horses, and rode away as fast as we could. I wished to go home, as it was so near at hand; but Thornton insisted on making to an old shed, about a quarter of a mile across the fields; thither, therefore, we went.”

“Stop,” said I; “what did Thornton do with the remaining part of the case-knife? Did he throw it away, or carry it with him?”

“He took it with him,” answered Dawson; “for his name was engraved on a silver plate on the handle; and he was therefore afraid of throwing it into the pond, as I advised, lest at any time it should be discovered. Close by the shed there is a plantation of young firs of some extent; Thornton and I entered, and he dug a hole with the broken blade of the knife, and buried it, covering up the hole again with the earth.”

“Describe the place,” said I. Dawson paused, and

seemed to recollect. I was on the very tenterhooks of suspense, for I saw with one glance all the importance of his reply.

After some moments he shook his head: "I cannot describe the place," said he; "for the wood is so thick, — yet I know the exact spot so well, that, were I in any part of the plantation, I could point it out immediately."

I told him to pause again, and recollect himself; and at all events, to *try* to indicate the place. However, his account was so confused and perplexed that I was forced to give up the point in despair, and he continued.

"After we had done this, Thornton told me to hold the horses, and said he would go alone, to spy whether we might return; accordingly he did so, and brought back word, in about half an hour, that he had crept cautiously along till in sight of the place, and then, throwing himself down on his face by the ridge of a bank, had observed a man (who he was sure was the person with the cloak we had passed, and who, he said, was Sir Reginald Glanville) mount his horse on the very spot of the murder, and ride off, while another person (Mr. Pelham) appeared, and also discovered the fatal place.

"There is no doubt now," said he, "that we shall have the hue-and-cry upon us. However, if you are stanch and stout-hearted, no possible danger can come to us; for you may leave me alone to throw the whole guilt upon Sir Reginald Glanville."

"We then mounted and rode home. We stole upstairs by the back way. Thornton's linen and hands were stained with blood. The former he took off, locked up carefully, and burned the first opportunity: the latter he washed; and, that the water might not

lead to detection, *drank it*. We then appeared as if nothing had occurred, and learned that Mr. Pelham had been to the house; but as, very fortunately, our out-buildings had been lately robbed by some idle people, my wife and servants had refused to admit him. I was thrown into great agitation, and was extremely frightened. However, as Mr. Pelham had left a message that we were to go to the pond, Thornton insisted upon our repairing there to avoid suspicion."

Dawson then proceeded to say that, on their return, as he was still exceedingly nervous, Thornton insisted on his going to bed. When our party from Lord Chester's came to the house, Thornton went into Dawson's room, and made him swallow a large tumbler of brandy;¹ this intoxicated him so as to make him less sensible to his dangerous situation. Afterwards, when the picture was found, which circumstance Thornton communicated to him, along with that of the threatening letter sent by Glanville to the deceased, which was discovered in Tyrrell's pocketbook, Dawson recovered courage, and, justice being entirely thrown on a wrong scent, he managed to pass his examination without suspicion. He then went to town with Thornton, and constantly attended "the club" to which Jonson had before introduced him; at first, among his new comrades, and while the novel flush of the money he had so fearfully acquired, lasted, he partially succeeded in stifling his remorse. But the success of crime is too contrary to nature to continue long; his poor wife, whom, in spite of *her* extravagant, and *his* dissolute habits, he seemed really to love, fell ill, and died; on her death-bed she revealed the suspicions she had formed of his crime, and

¹ A common practice with thieves who fear the weak nerves of their accomplices.

said that those suspicions had preyed upon, and finally destroyed her health: this awoke him from the guilty torpor of his conscience. His share of the money, too, the greater part of which Thornton had bullied out of him, was gone. He fell, as Job had said, into despondency and gloom, and often spoke to Thornton so forcibly of his remorse, and so earnestly of his gnawing and restless desire to appease his mind, by surrendering himself to justice, that the fears of that villain grew, at length, so thoroughly alarmed, as to procure his removal to his present abode.

It was here that his real punishment commenced; closely confined to his apartment, at the remotest corner of the house, his solitude was never broken but by the short and hurried visits of his female jailer, and (worse even than loneliness) the occasional invasions of Thornton. There appeared to be in that abandoned wretch, what, for the honor of human nature, is but rarely found,—namely, a love of sin, not for its objects, but itself. With a malignity, doubly fiendish from its inutility, he forbade Dawson the only indulgence he craved,—a light during the dark hours; and not only insulted him for his cowardice, but even added to his terrors by threats of effectually silencing them.

These fears had so wildly worked upon the man's mind, that prison itself appeared to him an elysium to the hell he endured; and when his confession was ended, and I said, "If you can be freed from this place, would you repeat before a magistrate all that you have now told me?" he started up in delight at the very thought. In truth, besides his remorse, and that inward and impelling voice which, in all the annals of murder, seems to urge the criminal onwards to the last expiation of his guilt,—besides these, there mingled in his mind a senti-

ment of bitter, yet cowardly vengeance, against his inhuman accomplice; and perhaps he found consolation for his own fate, in the hope of wreaking upon Thornton's head somewhat of the tortures that ruffian had inflicted upon him.

I had taken down in my book the heads of the confession, and I now hastened to Jonson, who, waiting without the door, had (as I had anticipated) heard all.

"You see," said I, "that however satisfactory this recital has been, it contains no secondary or innate proofs to confirm it; the only evidence with which it could furnish us, would be the remnant of the broken knife engraved with Thornton's name; but you have heard from Dawson's account, how impossible it would be in an extensive wood, for any one to discover the spot but himself. You will agree with me, therefore, that we must not leave this house without Dawson."

Job changed color slightly.

"I see as clearly as you do," said he, "that it will be necessary for my annuity, and your friend's full acquittal, to procure Dawson's personal evidence, but it is late now; the men may be still drinking below; Bess may be still awake and stirring: even if she sleeps, how could we pass her room without disturbing her? I own that I do not see a chance of effecting his escape to-night, without incurring the most probable peril of having our throats cut. Leave it, therefore, to me to procure his release as soon as possible, — probably to-morrow, and let us now quietly retire, content with what we have yet got."

Hitherto I had implicitly obeyed Job; it was now *my* turn to command. "Look you," said I, calmly but sternly, "I have come into this house under your guidance, solely to procure the evidence of that man; the evidence he has as yet given may not be worth a straw;

and, since I have ventured among the knives of your associates, it shall be for some purpose. I tell you fairly that, whether you befriend or betray me, I will either leave these walls with Dawson, or remain in them a corpse."

"You are a bold blade, sir," said Jonson, who seemed rather to respect than resent the determination of my tone, "and we will see what can be done. Wait here, your honor, while I go down to see if the boys are gone to bed, and the coast is clear."

Job descended, and I re-entered Dawson's room. When I told him that we were resolved, if possible, to effect his escape, nothing could exceed his transport and gratitude; this was, indeed, expressed in so mean and servile a manner, mixed with so many petty threats of vengeance against Thornton, that I could scarcely conceal my disgust.

Jonson returned, and beckoned me out of the room.

"They are all in bed, sir," said he, — "Bess as well as the rest; indeed the old girl has lushed so well at the bingo, that she sleeps as if her next morrow was the day of judgment. I have also seen that the street door is still unbarred, so that, upon the whole, we have perhaps as good a chance to-night as we may ever have again. All my fear is about that cowardly lubber. I have left both Bess's doors wide open, so we have nothing to do but to creep through; as for me, I am an old file, and could steal my way through a sick man's room, like a sunbeam through a keyhole."

"Well," said I, in the same strain, "I am no elephant, and my dancing-master used to tell me I might tread on a butterfly's wing without brushing off a tint (poor Coulon! he little thought of the use his lessons would be to me hereafter!); so let us be quick, Master Job."

“Stop,” said Jonson; “I have yet a ceremony to perform with our caged bird. I must put a fresh gag on his mouth; for though, if he escapes, I must leave England, perhaps forever, for fear of the jolly boys, and, therefore, care not what he blabs about me; yet there are a few fine fellows amongst the club, whom I would not have hurt for the Indies; so I shall make Master Dawson take *our last oath*, — the devil himself would not break that, I think! Your honor will stay outside the door, for we can have no witness while it is administered.”

Job then entered; I stood without; in a few minutes I heard Dawson’s voice in the accents of supplication. Soon after Job returned; “The craven dog won’t take the oath,” said he; “and may my right hand rot above ground before it shall turn key for him unless he does.” But when Dawson saw that Job had left the room, and withdrawn the light, the conscience-stricken coward came to the door, and implored Job to return. “Will you swear, then?” said Jonson. — “I will, I will,” was the answer.

Job then re-entered; minutes passed away, — Job reappeared, and Dawson was dressed, and clinging hold of him. “All’s right!” said he to me, with a satisfied air.

The oath had been taken; what it was I know not, — *but it was never broken.*¹

Dawson and Job went first, — I followed; we passed the passage, and came to the chamber of the sleeping Mrs. Brimstone. Job bent eagerly forward to listen, before we entered; he took hold of Dawson’s arm, and, beckoning me to follow, stole, with a step that the blind

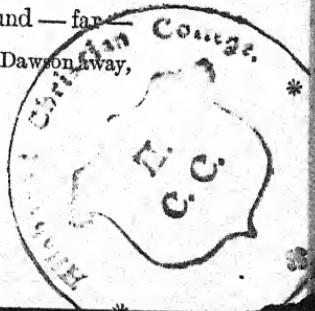
¹ Those conversant with the annals of Newgate, well know how religiously the oaths of these fearful freemasonries are kept.

mole would not have heard, across the room. Carefully did the practised thief veil the candle he carried with his hand, as he now began to pass by the bed. I saw that Dawson trembled like a leaf, and the palpitation of his limbs made his step audible and heavy. Just as they had half-way passed the bed, I turned my look on Brimstone Bess, and observed, with a shuddering thrill, her eyes slowly open, and fix upon the form of my companions. Dawson's gaze had been bent in the same direction, and when he met the full, glassy stare of the beldame's eyes, he uttered a faint scream. This completed our danger; had it not been for that exclamation, Bess might, in the uncertain vision of drowsiness, have passed over the third person, and fancied it was only myself and Jonson, in our way from Dawson's apartment; but no sooner had her ear caught the sound, than she started up, and sat erect on her bed, gazing at us in mingled wrath and astonishment.

That was a fearful moment, — we stood riveted to the spot. "Oh, my kiddies," cried Bess, at last finding speech, "you are in Queer Street, I trow! Plant your stumps, Master Guinea Pig; you are going to stall off the Daw's baby in prime twig, eh? But Bess stags you, my cove! Bess stags you."¹

Jonson looked irresolute for one instant; but the next he had decided. "Run, run," cried he, "for your lives;" and he and Dawson (to whom fear did indeed lend wings) were out of the room in an instant. I lost no time in following their example; but the vigilant and incensed hag was too quick for me; she pulled violently the bell, on which she had already placed her hand. The alarm rang like an echo in a cavern; below — around — far —

¹ Halt, Master Guinea Pig; you are going to steal Dawson away, eh? But Bess sees you, my man! Bess sees you!



near — from wall to wall — from chamber to chamber, the sound seemed multiplied and repeated! and in the same breathing point of time, she sprang from her bed, and seized me, just as I had reached the door.

“On, on, on,” cried Jonson’s voice to Dawson, as they had already gained the passage, and left the room and the staircase beyond in utter darkness.

With a firm, muscular, nervous gripe, which almost showed a masculine strength, the hag clung to my throat and breast; behind, among some of the numerous rooms in the passage we had left, I heard sounds which told too plainly how rapidly the alarm had spread. A door opened, steps approached, my fate seemed fixed; but despair gave me energy: it was no time for the ceremonials due to the *beau sexe*. I dashed Bess to the ground, tore myself from her relaxing grasp, and fled down the steps with all the precipitation the darkness would allow. I gained the passage, at the far end of which hung the lamp, now weak and waning in its socket, which, it will be remembered, burned close by the sick man’s chamber that I had so unintentionally entered. A thought flashed upon my mind, and lent me new nerves and fresh speed; I flew along the passage, guided by the dying light. The staircase I had left shook with the footsteps of my pursuers. I was at the door of the sick thief; I burst it open, seized the sword as it lay within reach on the chair, where Jonson had placed it, and feeling, at the touch of the familiar weapon, as if the might of ten men had been transferred to my single arm, I bounded down the stairs before me, passed the door at the bottom, which Dawson had fortunately left open, flung it back almost upon the face of my advancing enemies, and found myself in the long passage which led to the street-door in safety, but in the thickest darkness. A light flashed

from a door to the left; the door was that of the "Common-room" which we had first entered; it opened, and Spider-shanks, with one of his comrades, looked forth, the former holding a light. I darted by them, and, guided by their lamp, fled along the passage and reached the door. Imagine my dismay, when, either through accident or by the desire of my fugitive companions to impede pursuit, I found it unexpectedly closed!

The two villains had now come up to me; close at their heels were two more, probably my pursuers from the upper apartments. Providentially the passage was (as I before said) extremely narrow, and as long as no firearms were used, nor a general rush resorted to, I had little doubt of being able to keep the ruffians at bay, until I had hit upon the method of springing the latch, and so winning my escape from the house.

While my left hand was employed in feeling the latch, I made such good use of my right as to keep my antagonists at a safe distance. The one who was nearest to me was Fib Fake-screw; he was armed with a weapon exactly similar to my own. The whole passage rang with oaths and threats. "Crash the cull! — down with him! — down with him before he dubs the jigger. Tip him the degan, Fib, fake him through and through; if he pikes, we shall all be scragged."¹

Hitherto, in the confusion, I had not been able to recall Job's instructions in opening the latch; at last I remembered, and pressed the screw; the latch rose, — I opened the door, but not wide enough to escape through the aperture. The ruffians saw my escape at hand. "Rush the b—— cove! rush him!" cried the loud voice of one behind; and, at the word, Fib was thrown for-

¹ Kill the fellow, down with him before he opens the door. Stab him through and through; if he gets off, we shall all be hanged.

wards upon the extended edge of my blade; scarcely with an effort of my own arm the sword entered his bosom, and he fell at my feet bathed in blood; the motion which the men thought would prove my destruction, became my salvation; staggered by the fall of their companion, they gave way. I seized advantage of the momentary confusion, —threw open the door, and, mindful of Job's admonition, *turned to the right*, and fled onwards, with a rapidity which baffled and mocked pursuit.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit. — VIRGIL.

THE day had already dawned, but all was still and silent; my footsteps smote the solitary pavement with a strange and unanswered sound. Nevertheless, though all pursuit had long ceased, I still continued to run on mechanically, till, faint and breathless, I was forced to pause. I looked round, but could recognize nothing familiar in the narrow and filthy streets; even the names of them were to me like an unknown language. After a brief rest I renewed my wanderings, and at length came to an alley called River Lane; the name did not deceive me, but brought me, after a short walk, to the Thames; there, to my inexpressible joy, I discovered a solitary boatman, and transported myself forthwith to the Whitehall Stairs.

Never, I ween, did gay gallant, in the decaying part of the season, arrive at those stairs for the sweet purpose of accompanying his own mistress, or another's wife, to green Richmond, or sunny Hampton, with more eager and animated delight than I felt when rejecting the arm of the rough boatman, and leaping on the well-known stones, I hastened to that stand of "jarvies" which has often been the hope and shelter of belated member of St. Stephen's or bewetted fugitive from the opera, startled a sleeping coachman, flung myself into his vehicle, — and descended at Mivart's.

The drowsy porter surveyed, and told me to be gone; I had forgotten till then my strange attire. "Pooh, my

friend," said I, "may not Mr. Pelham go to a masquerade as well as his betters?" My voice and words undeceived my Cerberus, and I was admitted; I hastened to bed, and no sooner had I laid my head on my pillow than I fell fast asleep. It must be confessed, that I had deserved "tired nature's sweet restorer."

I had not been above a couple of hours in the land of dreams, when I was awakened by some one grasping my arm; the events of the past night were so fresh in my memory, that I sprang up, as if the knife was at my throat, — my eyes opened upon the peaceful countenance of Mr. Job Jonson.

"Thank Heaven, sir, you are safe! I had but a very faint hope of finding you here when I came."

"Why," said I, rubbing my eyes, "it is very true that I am safe, honest Job; but I believe I have few thanks to give *you* for a circumstance so peculiarly agreeable to myself. It would have saved me much trouble, and your worthy friend, Mr. Fib Fake-screw, some pain, if you had left the door open, instead of shutting me up with your *club*, as you are pleased to call it!"

"Very true, sir," said Job, "and I am extremely sorry at the accident; it was Dawson who shut the door, through utter unconsciousness, though I told him especially not to do it — the poor dog did not know whether he was on his head or his heels."

"You have got him safe," said I, quickly.

"Ay, trust me for that, your honor. I have locked him up at home while I came here to look for you."

"We will lose no time in transferring him to safer custody," said I, leaping out of bed; "but be off to — Street directly."

"Slow, and sure, sir," answered Jonson. "It is for you to do whatever you please, but my part of the busi-

ness is over. I shall sleep at Dover to-night, and breakfast at Calais to-morrow. Perhaps it will not be very inconvenient to your honor to furnish me with my first quarter's annuity in advance, and to see that the rest is duly paid into Lafitte's, at Paris, for the use of Captain de Courcy. Where I shall live hereafter is at present uncertain; but, I daresay, there will be few corners, except old England and *new* England, in which I shall not make merry on your honor's bounty."

"Pooh! my good fellow," rejoined I, "never desert a country to which your talents do such credit; stay here, and reform on your annuity. If ever I can accomplish my own wishes, I will consult yours still farther; for I shall always think of your services with gratitude, — though you *did* shut the door in my face."

"No, sir," replied Job; "life is a blessing I would fain enjoy a few years longer; and, at present, my sojourn in England would put it woefully in danger of '*club law*.' Besides, I begin to think that a good character is a very agreeable thing, when not too troublesome; and, as I have none left in England, I may as well make the experiment abroad. If your honor will call at the magistrate's, and take a warrant and an officer, for the purpose of ridding me of my charge, at the very instant I see my responsibility at an end, I will have the honor of bidding you adieu."

"Well, as you please," said I. "Curse your scoundrel's cosmetics! How the deuce am I ever to regain my natural complexion? Look ye, sirrah! you have painted me with a long wrinkle on the left side of my mouth, big enough to engulf all the beauty I ever had. Why, water seems to have no effect upon it!"

"To be sure not, sir," said Job, calmly; "I should be but a poor dauber, if my paints washed off with a wet sponge."

"Grant me patience!" cried I, in a real panic; "how, in the name of Heaven, *are* they to wash off! Am I, before I have reached my twenty-third year, to look like a Methodist parson on the wrong side of forty, you rascal!"

"The latter question your honor can best answer," returned Job. "With regard to the former, I have an unguent here, if you will suffer me to apply it, which will remove all other colors than those which nature has bestowed upon you."

With that, Job produced a small box; and, after a brief submission to his skill, I had the ineffable joy of beholding myself restored to my original state. Nevertheless, my delight was somewhat checked by the loss of my curls: I thanked Heaven, however, that the damage had been sustained *after* Ellen's acceptance of my addresses. A lover confined to one, should not be too destructive, for fear of the consequences to the remainder of the female world; compassion is ever due to the fair sex.

My toilet being concluded, Jonson and I repaired to the magistrate's. He waited at the corner of the street, while I entered the house, —

"T were vain to tell what shook the holy man,
Who looked, not lovingly, at that divan."

Having summoned to my aid the redoubted Mr. —, of mulberry-cheeked recollection, we entered a hackney-coach, and drove to Jonson's lodgings, Job mounting guard on the box.

"I think, sir," said Mr. —, looking up at the man of two virtues, "that I have had the pleasure of seeing that gentleman before."

"Very likely," said I; "he is a young man greatly about town."

When we had safely lodged Dawson (who seemed more collected, and even courageous, than I had expected) in the coach, Job beckoned me into a little parlor. I signed him a draft on my bankers for one hundred pounds, — though at that time it was like letting the last drop from my veins, — and faithfully promised, should Dawson's evidence procure the desired end (of which, indeed, there was now no doubt), that the annuity should be regularly paid, as he desired. We then took an affectionate farewell of each other.

"Adieu, sir!" said Job, "I depart into a new world, — that of honest men!"

"If so," said I, "adieu indeed! — for on this earth we shall never meet again!"

We returned to — Street. As I was descending from the coach, a female, wrapped from head to foot in a cloak, came eagerly up to me, and seized me by the arm. "For God's sake," said she, in a low hurried voice, "come aside, and speak to me for a single moment." Consigning Dawson to the sole charge of the officer, I did as I was desired. When we had got some paces down the street, the female stopped. Though she held her veil closely drawn over her face, her voice and air were not to be mistaken: I knew her at once. "Glanville," said she, with great agitation, — "Sir Reginald Glanville; tell me, is he in real danger?" She stopped short, — she could say no more.

"I trust not!" said I, appearing not to recognize the speaker.

"I trust not!" she repeated: "is that all?" And then the passionate feelings of her sex overcoming every other consideration, she seized me by the hand, and said, "Oh, Mr. Pelham, for mercy's sake, tell me, is he in the power of that villain Thornton? You

need disguise nothing from me; I know all the fatal history."

"Compose yourself, dear, dear Lady Roseville," said I, soothingly; "for it is in vain any longer to affect not to know you. Glanville *is* safe; I have brought with me a witness whose testimony *must* release him."

"God bless you, God bless you!" said Lady Roseville, and she burst into tears; but she dried them directly, and recovering some portion of that dignity which never long forsakes a woman of virtuous and educated mind, she resumed, proudly, yet bitterly, "It is no ordinary motive, no motive which you might reasonably impute to me, that has brought me here. Sir Reginald Glanville can never be anything more to me than a friend, — but, of all friends, the most known and valued. I learned from his servant of his disappearance; and my acquaintance with his secret history enabled me to account for it in the most fearful manner. In short, I — I — but explanations are idle now; you will never say that you have seen me here, Mr. Pelham: you will endeavor even to forget it, — farewell."

Lady Roseville, then drawing her cloak closely round her, left me with a fleet and light step, and, turning the corner of the street, disappeared.

I returned to my charge; I demanded an immediate interview with the magistrate. "I have come," said I, "to redeem my pledge, and procure the acquittal of the innocent." I then briefly related my adventures, only concealing (according to my promise) all description of my helpmate, Job, and prepared the worthy magistrate for the confession and testimony of Dawson. That unhappy man had just concluded his narration, when an officer entered, and whispered the magistrate that Thornton was in waiting.

"Admit him," said Mr —, aloud. Thornton entered with his usual easy and swaggering air of effrontery ; but no sooner did he set his eyes upon Dawson, than a deadly and withering change passed over his countenance. Dawson could not bridle the cowardly petulance of his spite. "They know all, Thornton!" said he, with a look of triumph. The villain turned slowly from him to us, muttering something we could not hear. He saw upon my face, upon the magistrate's, that his doom was sealed ; his desperation gave him presence of mind, and he made a sudden rush to the door, — the officers in waiting seized him. Why should I detail the rest of the scene ? He was that day fully committed for trial, and Sir Reginald Glanville honorably released and unhesitatingly acquitted.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Un hymen qu'on souhaite
Entre les gens comme nous est chose bientôt faite,
Je te veux; me veux-tu de même? — MOLIÈRE.
So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him. — SHAKESPEARE.

THE main interest of my adventures — if, indeed, I may flatter myself that they ever contained any — is now over; the mystery is explained, the innocent acquitted, and the guilty condemned. Moreover, all obstacles between the marriage of the unworthy hero with the peerless heroine being removed, it would be but an idle prolixity to linger over the preliminary details of an orthodox and customary courtship. Nor is it for me to dilate upon the exaggerated expressions of gratitude, in which the affectionate heart of Glanville found vent for my fortunate exertions on his behalf. He was not willing that any praise to which I might be entitled for them, should be lost. He narrated to Lady Glanville and Ellen my adventures with the comrades of the worthy Job; from the lips of the mother, and the eyes of the dear sister, came my sweetest addition to the good fortune which had made me the instrument of Glanville's safety and acquittal. I was not condemned to a long protraction of that time, which, if it be justly termed the happiest of our lives, *we*, — namely, all true lovers, — through that perversity common to human nature, most ardently wish to terminate.

On that day month which saw Glanville's release, my bridals were appointed. Reginald was even more eager

than myself in pressing for an early day; firmly persuaded that his end was rapidly approaching, his most prevailing desire was to witness our union. This wish, and the interest he took in our happiness, gave him an energy and animation which impressed us with the deepest hopes for his ultimate recovery; and the fatal disease to which he was a prey, nursed the fondness of our hearts by the bloom of cheek and brightness of eye, with which it veiled its desolating and gathering progress.

From the eventful day on which I had seen Lady Roseville, in — Street, we had not met. She had shut herself up in her splendid home, and the newspapers teemed with regret at the reported illness and certain seclusion of one whose *fêtes* and gayeties had furnished them with their brightest pages. The only one admitted to her was Ellen. To her she had for some time made no secret of her attachment; and from her the daily news of Sir Reginald's health was ascertained. Several times, when at a late hour I left Glanville's apartments, I passed the figure of a woman, closely muffled, and apparently watching before his windows, — which, owing to the advance of summer, were never closed, — to catch, perhaps, a view of his room, or a passing glimpse of his emaciated and fading figure. If that sad and lonely vigil was kept by her whom I suspected, deep, indeed, and mighty was the love which could so humble the heart and possess the spirit of the haughty and high-born Countess of Roseville!

I turn to a very different personage in this *véritable histoire*. My father and mother were absent at Lady H—'s when my marriage was fixed; to both of them I wrote for their approbation of my choice. From Lady Frances I received the answer which I subjoin: —

MY DEAREST SON.—Your father desires me to add his congratulations to mine, upon the election you have made. I shall hasten to London, to be present at the ceremony. Although you must not be offended with me, if I say, that with your person, accomplishments, birth, and (above all) high *ton*, you might have chosen among the loftiest and wealthiest families in the country, yet I am by no means displeased or disappointed with your future wife. To say nothing of the antiquity of her name (the Glanvilles intermarried with the Pelhams in the reign of Henry II.), it is a great step to future distinction to marry a beauty; especially one so celebrated as Miss Glanville,—perhaps it is among the surest ways to the cabinet. The forty thousand pounds which you say Miss Glanville is to receive, make, to be sure, but a slender income; though, when added to your own fortune, that sum in ready money would have been a great addition to the Glenmorris property, if your uncle—I have no patience with him—had not married again.

However you will lose no time in getting into the House,—at all events the capital will insure your return for a borough, and maintain you comfortably till you are in the administration; when, of course, it matters very little what your fortune may be,—tradesmen will be too happy to have your name in their books; be sure, therefore, that the money is not tied up. Miss Glanville must see that her own interest, as well as yours, is concerned in your having the unfettered disposal of a fortune, which, if restricted, you would find it impossible to live upon. Pray, how is Sir Reginald Glanville? Is his cough as bad as ever? By the by, how is his property entailed?

Will you order Stoner to have the house ready for us on Friday, when I shall return home in time for dinner? Let me again congratulate you, most sincerely, on your choice. I always thought you had more common sense, as well as genius, than any young man I ever knew; you have shown it in this important step. Domestic happiness, my dearest Henry, ought to be peculiarly sought for by every Englishman, however elevated his station; and when I reflect upon Miss Glanville's qualifications, and her celebrity as a beauty, I have no doubt

of your possessing the felicity you deserve. But be sure that the fortune is not settled away from you ; poor Sir Reginald is not (I believe) at all covetous or worldly, and will not, therefore, insist upon the point. God bless you, and grant you every happiness. Ever, my dear Henry, your very affectionate mother,

F. PELHAM.

P. S. — I think it will be better to give out that Miss Glanville has *eighty* thousand pounds. Be sure, therefore, that you do not contradict me.

The days, the weeks flew away. Ah, happy days! yet I do not regret while I recall you! He that loves much, fears even, in his best-founded hopes. What were the anxious longings for a treasure — in my view only, not in my possession — to the deep joy of finding it forever my own.

The day arrived, — I was yet at my toilet, and Bedos, in the greatest confusion (poor fellow, he was as happy as myself!), when a letter was brought me stamped with the foreign post-mark. It was from the exemplary Job Jonson, and though I did not even open it on that day, yet it shall be more favored by the reader, — namely, if he will not pass over, without reading, the following effusion: —

RUE DES MOULINS, No. —, PARIS.

HONORED SIR, — I arrived in Paris safely, and reading in the English papers the full success of our enterprise, as well as in the "Morning Post" of the —th, your approaching marriage with Miss Glanville, I cannot refrain from the liberty of congratulating you upon both, as well as of reminding you of the exact day on which the first quarter of my annuity will be due: it is the — of —; for, I presume, your honor kindly made me a present of the draft for one hundred pounds, in order to pay my travelling expenses.

I find that the boys are greatly incensed against me; but as

Dawson was too much bound by his oath to betray a tittle against them, I trust I shall ultimately pacify the club, and return to England. A true patriot, sir, never loves to leave his native country. Even were I compelled to visit Van Diemen's Land, the ties of birthplace would be so strong as to induce me to seize the first opportunity of returning! I am not, your honor, very fond of the French, — they are an idle, frivolous, penurious, *poor* nation. Only think, sir, the other day I saw a gentleman of the most noble air secrete something at a *café*, which I could not clearly discern. As he wrapped it carefully in paper, before he placed it in his pocket, I judged that it was a silver cream-ewer at least; accordingly, I followed him out, and from pure curiosity, — I do assure your honor, it was from no other motive, — I transferred this purloined treasure to my own pocket. You will imagine, sir, the interest with which I hastened to a lonely spot in the Tuileries, and, carefully taking out the little packet, unfolded paper by paper, till I came to — yes, sir; till I came to — *five lumps of sugar!* Oh, the French are a mean people, — a very mean people; I hope I shall soon be able to return to England. Meanwhile, I am going into Holland, to see how those rich burghers spend their time and their money. I suppose poor Dawson, as well as the rascal Thornton, will be hung before you receive this; they deserve it richly, — it is such fellows who disgrace the profession. He is but a very poor bungler who is forced to cut throats as well as pockets. And now, your honor, wishing you all happiness with your lady, I beg to remain, your very obedient humble servant,

FERDINAND DE COURCY, etc., etc.

Struck with the joyous countenance of my honest valet, as I took my gloves and hat from his hand, I could not help wishing to bestow upon him a blessing similar to that I was about to possess. "Bedos," said I, — "Bedos, my good fellow, you left your wife to come to me; you shall not suffer by your fidelity; send for her, — we will find room for her in our future establishment."

The smiling face of the Frenchman underwent a rapid change, "*Ma foi*," said he, in his own tongue; "Monsieur is too good. An excess of happiness hardens the heart; and so, for fear of forgetting my gratitude to Providence, I will, with Monsieur's permission, suffer my adored wife to remain where she is."

After so pious a reply, I should have been worse than wicked had I pressed the matter any further.

I found all ready at Berkeley Square. Lady Glanville is one of those good persons who think a marriage out of church is no marriage at all; to church, therefore, we went. Although Reginald was now so reduced that he could scarcely support the least fatigue, he insisted on giving Ellen away. He was that morning, and had been, for the last two or three days, considerably better, and our happiness seemed to grow less selfish in our increasing hope of his recovery.

When we returned from church, our intention was to set off immediately to — Hall, a seat which I had hired for our reception. On re-entering the house Glanville called me aside,— I followed his infirm and tremulous steps into a private apartment.

"Pelham," said he, "we shall never meet again! No matter,— *you* are now happy, and I shall shortly be so. But there is one office I have yet to request from your friendship; when I am dead, let me be buried by *her* side, and let one tombstone cover both."

I pressed his hand, and, with tears in my eyes, made him the promise he required.

"It is enough," said he; "I have no farther business with life. God bless you, my friend,— my brother; do not let a thought of me cloud your happiness."

He rose, and we turned to quit the room. Glanville was leaning on my arm; when he had moved a few paces

towards the door, he stopped abruptly. Imagining that the cause proceeded from pain or debility, I turned my eyes upon his countenance,—a fearful and convulsive change was rapidly passing over it; his eyes stared wildly upon vacancy.

“Merciful God—is it—can it be!” he said in a low, inward tone.

Before I could speak, I felt his hand relax its grasp upon my arm; he fell upon the floor. I raised him, a smile of ineffable serenity and peace was upon his lips; his face was the face of an angel, but the spirit had passed away!

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Now hath good day, good men all,
Haveth good day, yong and old ;
Haveth good day, both great and small,
And graunt merci a thousand fold !
Gif ever I might full fain I wold,
Don ought that were unto your leve,
Christ keep you out of earés cold,
For now 't is time to take my leave.— *Old Song:*

SEVERAL months have now elapsed since my marriage. I am living quietly in the country, among my books, and looking forward with calmness, rather than impatience, to the time which shall again bring me before the world. Marriage with me is not that sepulchre of all human hope and energy which it often is with others. I am not more partial to my arm-chair, nor more averse to shaving, than of yore. I do not bound my prospects to the dinner-hour, nor my projects to “migrations from the blue bed to the brown.” Matrimony found me ambitious; it has not cured me of the passion: but it has concentrated what was scattered, and determined what was vague. If I am less anxious than formerly for the reputation to be acquired in society, I am more eager for honor in the world; and instead of amusing my enemies, and the saloon, I trust yet to be useful to my friends and to mankind.

Whether this is a hope, altogether vain and idle; whether I have, in the self-conceit common to all men (thou wilt perchance add, peculiarly prominent in myself!), overrated both the power and the integrity of my mind

(for the one is bootless without the other), — neither I nor the world can yet tell. "Time," says one of the fathers, "is the only touchstone which distinguishes the prophet from the boaster."

Meanwhile, gentle reader, during the two years which I purpose devoting to solitude and study, I shall not be so occupied with my fields and folios as to become uncourteous to thee. If ever thou hast known me in the city, I give thee a hearty invitation to come and visit me in the country. I promise thee that my wines and viands shall not disgrace the companion of Guloseton; nor my conversation be much duller than my book. I will compliment thee on thy horses,— thou shalt congratulate me upon my wife. Over old wine we will talk over new events; and, if we flag at the latter, why, we will make ourselves amends with the former. In short, if thou art neither very silly nor very wise, it shall be thine own fault if we are not excellent friends.

I feel that it would be but poor courtesy in me, after having kept company with Lord Vincent through the tedious journey of these pages, to dismiss him now without one word of valediction. May he, in the political course he has adopted, find all the admiration which his talents deserve; and if ever we meet as foes, let our heaviest weapon be a quotation, and our bitterest vengeance a jest.

Lord Guloseton regularly corresponds with me, and his last letter contained a promise to visit me in the course of the month, in order to recover his appetite (which has been much relaxed of late) by the country air.

My uncle wrote to me, three weeks since, announcing the death of the infant Lady Glenmorris had brought him. Sincerely do I wish that his loss may be supplied.

I have already sufficient fortune for my wants, and sufficient *hope* for my desires.

Thornton died as he had lived,— the reprobate and the ruffian. “Pooh,” said he, in his quaint brutality, to the worthy clergyman who attended his last moments with more zeal than success,— “pooh, what’s the difference between gospel and go—spell? we agree like a bell and its clapper; you’re prating while I’m *hanging*.”

Dawson died in prison, penitent and in peace. Cowardice, which spoils the honest man, often redeems the knave.

From Lord Dawton I have received a letter, requesting me to accept a borough (in his gift) just vacated. It is a pity that generosity — such a prodigal to those who do not want it — should often be such a niggard to those who do. I need not specify my answer. I hope yet to teach Lord Dawton, that to forgive the minister is not to forget the affront. Meanwhile, I am content to bury myself in my retreat, with my mute teachers of logic and legislature, in order, hereafter, to justify his lordship’s good opinion of my abilities. Farewell, Brutus, we shall meet at Philippi!

It is some months since Lady Roseville left England; the last news we received of her informed us that she was living at Sienna, in utter seclusion, and very infirm health.

“The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.”

Poor Lady Glanville! the mother of one so beautiful, so gifted, and so lost. What can I say of her which “you, and you, and you — ” all who are parents, cannot feel, a thousand times more acutely, in those recesses

of the heart too deep for words or tears. There are yet many hours in which I find the sister of the departed in grief that even her husband cannot console: and I—*I*—my friend, my brother, have I forgotten thee in death? I lay down the pen, I turn from my employment,—thy dog is at my feet, and looking at me, as if conscious of my thoughts, with an eye almost as tearful as my own.

But it is not thus that I will part from my reader; our greeting was not in sorrow, neither shall be our adieu. For thee, who hast gone with me through the motley course of my confessions, I would fain trust that I have sometimes hinted at thy instruction, when only appearing to strive for thy amusement. But on this I will not dwell; for the moral *insisted upon* often loses its effect; and all that I will venture to hope is that I have opened to thee one true, and not utterly hackneyed page in the various and mighty volume of mankind. In this busy and restless world I have not been a vague speculator, nor an idle actor. While all around me were vigilant, I have not laid me down to sleep,—even for the luxury of a poet's dream. Like the schoolboy, I have considered study as study, but action as delight.

Nevertheless whatever I have seen, or heard, or felt, has been treasured in my memory, and brooded over by my thoughts. I now place the result before you—

“Sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum;—

but not, perhaps,

“totus in illis.”¹

¹ According to my custom, meditating, I scarcely know what of trifles; but not, perhaps, wholly wrapped in them.

Whatever society — whether in a higher or lower grade — I have portrayed, my sketches have been taken rather as a witness than a copyist; for I have never shunned that circle, nor that individual, which presented life in a fresh view, or man in a new relation. It is right, however, that I should add, that as I have not wished to be an individual satirist, rather than a general observer, I have occasionally, in the subordinate characters (such as Russelton and Gordon), taken only the outline from truth, and filled up the colors at my leisure and my will.¹

With regard to myself I have been more candid. I have not only shown — *non parcâ manu* — my faults, but (grant that this is a much rarer exposure) my *foibles*; and, in my anxiety for your entertainment, I have not grudged you the pleasure of a laugh, — even at my own[®] expense. Forgive me, then, if I am not a fashionable hero; forgive me if I have not wept over a “blighted

¹ May the author, as well as the hero, be permitted, upon this point, to solicit attention and belief. In all the lesser characters, of which the first idea was taken from life, especially those referred to in the text, he has, for reasons perhaps obvious enough without the tedium of recital, purposely introduced sufficient variation and addition to remove, in his own opinion, the odium either of a copy or of a caricature. The author thinks it the more necessary, in the present edition, to insist upon this, with all honest and sincere earnestness, because, in the first, it was too much the custom of criticism to judge of his sketches from a resemblance to some supposed originals, and not from adherence to that sole source of all legitimate imitation, — nature; nature as exhibited in the general mass, not in the isolated instance. It is the duty of the novelist rather to abstract than to copy. All humors, all individual peculiarities are his appropriate and fair materials; not so are the humorist and the individual! Observation should resemble the Eastern bird and, while it nourishes itself upon the suction of a thousand flowers, never be seen to settle upon one!

spirit," nor boasted of a "British heart;" and allow that a man who, in these days of alternate Werters and Worthies, is neither the one nor the other, is, at least, a novelty in print, though, I fear, common enough in life.

And now, my kind reader, having remembered the proverb, and in saying one word to thee having said two for myself, I will no longer detain thee. Whatever thou mayest think of me, and my thousand faults, both as an author and a man, believe me it is with a sincere and affectionate wish for the accomplishment of my parting words, that I bid thee, — farewell!

END OF PELHAM.

FALKLAND.

FALKLAND.

BOOK I.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

L—, May—, 1822.

You are mistaken, my dear Monkton! Your description of the gayety of "the season" gives me no emotion. You speak of pleasure; I remember no labor so wearisome: you enlarge upon its changes; no sameness appears to me so monotonous. Keep, then, your pity for those who require it. From the height of my philosophy I compassionate *you*. No one is so vain as a recluse; and your jests at my hermitship and hermitage cannot penetrate the folds of a self-conceit which does not envy you in your suppers at D— House, nor even in your waltzes with Eleanor —.

It is a ruin rather than a house which I inhabit. I have not been at L— since my return from abroad, and during those years the place has gone rapidly to decay; perhaps, for that reason, it suits me better, *tel maître telle maison*.

Of all my possessions this is the least valuable in itself, and derives the least interest from the associations of

childhood, for it was not at L—— that any part of that period was spent. I have, however, chosen it for my present retreat, because here only I am personally unknown, and therefore little likely to be disturbed. I do not, indeed, wish for the interruptions designed as civilities. I rather gather around myself, link after link, the chains that connected me with the world; I find among my own thoughts that variety and occupation which you only experience in your intercourse with others; and I make, like the Chinese, my map of the universe consist of a circle in a square, — the circle is my own empire of thought *and self*; and it is to the scanty corners which it leaves without, that I banish whatever belongs to the remainder of mankind.

About a mile from L—— is Mr. Mandeville's beautiful villa of E——, in the midst of grounds which form a delightful contrast to the savage and wild scenery by which they are surrounded. As the house is at present quite deserted, I have obtained, through the gardener, a free admittance into his domains, and I pass there whole hours, indulging, like the hero of the "Lutrin," "*une sainteoisiveté*," listening to a little noisy brook, and letting my thoughts be almost as vague and idle as the birds which wander among the trees that surround me. I could wish, indeed, that this simile were in all things correct, — that those thoughts, if as free, were also as happy as the objects of my comparison, and could, like them, after the rovings of the day, turn at evening to a resting-place, and be still. We are the dupes and the victims of our senses: while we use them to gather from external things the hoards that we store within, we cannot foresee the punishments we prepare for ourselves; the remembrance which stings, and the hope which deceives, the passions which promise us rapture, which

reward us with despair, and the thoughts which, if they constitute the healthful action, make also the feverish excitement of our minds. What sick man has not dreamed in his delirium everything that our philosophers have said?¹ But I am growing into my old habit of gloomy reflection, and it is time that I should conclude. I meant to have written you a letter as light as your own; if I have failed, it is no wonder.—“Notre cœur est un instrument incomplet — une lyre où il manque des cordes, et où nous sommes forcés de rendre les accens de la joie, sur le ton consacré aux soupirs.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

You ask me to give you some sketch of my life, and of that *bel mondo* which wearied me so soon. Men seldom reject an opportunity to talk of themselves; and I am not unwilling to re-examine the past, to re-connect it with the present, and to gather from a consideration of each what hopes and expectations are still left to me for the future.

But my detail must be rather of thought than of action; most of those whose fate has been connected with mine are now living, and I would not, even to you, break that tacit confidence which much of my history would require. After all, you will have no loss. The actions of another may interest,— but, for the most part, it is only his reflections which come home to us; for few have acted, nearly all of us have thought.

My own vanity too would be unwilling to enter upon incidents which had their origin either in folly or in

¹ Quid aegrotus unquam somniavit quod philosophorum aliquis non dixerit? — LACTANTIUS.

error. It is true that those follies and errors have ceased, but their effects remain. With years our *faults* diminish, but our *vices* increase.

You know that my mother was Spanish, and that my father was one of that old race of which so few scions remain, who, living in a distant country, have been little influenced by the changes of fashion; and, priding themselves on the antiquity of their names, have looked with contempt upon the modern distinctions and the mushroom nobles which have sprung up to disownance and eclipse the plainness of more venerable and solid respectability. In his youth, my father had served in the army. He had known much of men and more of books; but his knowledge, instead of rooting out, had rather been engrrafted on his prejudices. He was one of that class (and I say it with a private reverence, though a public regret), who, with the best intentions, have made the worst citizens, and who think it a duty to perpetuate whatever is pernicious by having learned to consider it as sacred. He was a great country gentleman, a great sportsman, and a great Tory; perhaps the three worst enemies which a country can have. Though beneficent to the poor, he gave but a cold reception to the rich; for he was too refined to associate with his inferiors, and too proud to like the competition of his equals. One ball and two dinners a year constituted all the aristocratic portion of our hospitality; and at the age of twelve, the noblest and youngest companions that I possessed, were a large Danish dog and a wild mountain pony, as unbroken and as lawless as myself. It is only in later years that we can perceive the immeasurable importance of the early scenes and circumstances which surrounded us. It was in the loneliness of my unchecked wanderings that my early affection for my

own thoughts was conceived. In the seclusion of nature, — in whatever court she presided, — the education of my mind was begun; and, even at that early age, I rejoiced (like the wild hart the Grecian poet¹ has described) in the stillness of the great woods, and the solitudes unbroken by human footstep.

The first change in my life was under melancholy auspices: my father fell suddenly ill, and died; and my mother, whose very existence seemed only held in his presence, followed him in three months. I remember that, a few hours before her death, she called me to her: she reminded me that, through her, I was of Spanish extraction; that in her country I received my birth; and that, not the less, for its degradation and distress, I might hereafter find in the relations which I held to it a remembrance to value, or even a duty to fulfil. On her tenderness to me at that hour, on the impression it made upon my mind, and on the keen and enduring sorrow which I felt for months after her death, it would be useless to dwell.

My uncle became my guardian. He is, you know, a member of Parliament of some reputation, very sensible and very dull, very much respected by men, very much disliked by women, and inspiring all children, of either sex, with the same unmitigated aversion which he feels for them himself.

I did not remain long under his immediate care. I was soon sent to school,— that preparatory world, where the great primal principles of human nature, in the aggression of the strong and the meanness of the weak, constitute the earliest lesson of importance that we are taught; and where the forced *primitiae* of that less uni-

¹ Eurip. Bacchae, 1. 874.

versal knowledge which is useless to the many who, in after life, neglect, and bitter to the few who improve it, are the first motives for which our minds are to be broken to terror, and our hearts initiated into tears.

Bold and resolute by temper, I soon carved myself a sort of career among my associates. A hatred to all oppression, and a haughty and unyielding character, made me at once the fear and aversion of the greater powers and principalities of the school; while my agility at all boyish games, and my ready assistance or protection to every one who required it, made me proportionally popular with, and courted by the humbler multitude of the subordinate classes. I was constantly surrounded by the most lawless and mischievous followers whom the school could afford; all eager for my commands, and all pledged to their execution.

In good truth, I was a worthy Rowland of such a gang; though I excelled in, I cared little for, the ordinary amusements of the school: I was fonder of engaging in marauding expeditions, contrary to our legislative restrictions, and I valued myself equally upon my boldness in planning our exploits, and my dexterity in eluding their discovery. But exactly in proportion as our school terms connected me with those of my own years, did our vacations unfit me for any intimate companionship but that which I already began to discover in myself.

Twice in the year, when I went home, it was to that wild and romantic part of the country where my former childhood had been spent. There, alone and unchecked, I was thrown utterly upon my own resources. I wandered by day over the rude scenes which surrounded us; and at evening I pored, with an unwearied delight, over the ancient legends which made those scenes sacred to

my imagination. I grew by degrees of a more thoughtful and visionary nature. My temper imbibed the romance of my studies; and whether, in winter, basking by the large hearth of our old hall, or stretched, in the indolent voluptuousness of summer, by the rushing streams which formed the chief characteristic of the country around us, my hours were equally wasted in those dim and luxurious dreams which constituted, perhaps, the essence of that poetry I had not the genius to embody. It was then, by that alternate restlessness of action and idleness of reflection, into which my young years were divided, that the impress of my character was stamped: that fitfulness of temper, that affection for extremes, has accompanied me through life. Hence, not only all intermediums of emotion appear to me as tame, but even the most overwrought excitation can bring neither novelty nor zest. I have, as it were, feasted upon the passions; I have made that my daily food, which, in its strength and excess, would have been poison to others; I have rendered my mind unable to enjoy the ordinary aliments of nature; and I have wasted, by a premature indulgence, my resources and my powers, till I have left my heart, without a remedy or a hope, to whatever disorders its own intemperance has engendered.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

When I left Dr. —'s I was sent to a private tutor in D—e. Here I continued for about two years. It was during that time that — but what *then* befell me is for no living ear! The characters of that history are engraven on my heart in letters of fire; but it is a language that none but myself have the authority to read. It is enough for the purpose of my confessions that the

events of that period were connected with the first awakening of the most powerful of human passions, and that, whatever their commencement, their end was despair! and *she*, — the object of that love, — the only being in the world who ever possessed the secret and the spell of my nature: *her* life was the bitterness and the fever of a troubled heart, — her rest is the grave, —

Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l'ebbe
Con ibill 'io, ch 'a pianger qui rimasi.

That attachment was not so much a single event, as the first link in a long chain which was coiled around my heart. It were a tedious and bitter history, even were it permitted, to tell you of all the sins and misfortunes to which in after-life that passion was connected. I will only speak of the more hidden but general effect it had upon my mind; though, indeed, naturally inclined to a morbid and melancholy philosophy, it is more than probable, but for that occurrence, that it would never have found matter for excitement. Thrown early among mankind, I should early have imbibed their feelings, and grown like them by the influence of custom. I should not have carried within me one unceasing remembrance, which was to teach me, like Faustus, to find nothing in knowledge but its inutility, or in hope but its deceit; and to bear like him, through the blessings of youth and the allurements of pleasure, the curse and the presence of a fiend.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

It was after the first violent grief produced by that train of circumstances to which I must necessarily so darkly allude, that I began to apply with earnestness to

books. Night and day I devoted myself unceasingly to study, and from this fit I was only recovered by the long and dangerous illness it produced. Alas! there is no fool like him who wishes for knowledge! It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom, not from flowers, but thorns.

“Une grande passion malheureuse est un grand moyen de sagesse.” From the moment in which the buoyancy of my spirit was first broken by real anguish, the losses of the *heart* were repaired by the experience of the *mind*. I passed at once, like Melmoth, from youth to age. What were any longer to me the ordinary avocations of my contemporaries? I had exhausted years in moments,—I had wasted, like the Eastern Queen, my richest jewel in a draught. I ceased to hope, to feel, to act, to burn: such are the impulses of the young! I learned to doubt, to reason, to analyze: such are the habits of the old! From that time, if I have not avoided the pleasures of life, I have not enjoyed them. Women, wine, the society of the gay, the commune of the wise, the lonely pursuit of knowledge, the daring visions of ambition, all have occupied me in turn, and all alike have deceived me; but, like the Widow in the story of Voltaire, I have built at last a temple to “Time, the Comforter.” I have grown calm and unrepining with years; and, if I am now shrinking from men, I have derived at least this advantage from the loneliness first made habitual by regret: that while I feel increased benevolence to others, I have learned to look for happiness only in myself.

They alone are independent of fortune who have made themselves a separate existence from the world.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I went to the University with a great fund of general reading, and habits of constant application. My uncle, who, having no children of his own, began to be ambitious for me, formed great expectations of my career at Oxford. I stayed there three years, and did nothing. I did not gain a single prize, nor did I attempt anything above the ordinary degree. The fact is, that nothing seemed to me worth the labor of success. I conversed with those who had obtained the highest academical reputation, and I smiled with a consciousness of superiority at the boundlessness of their vanity, and the narrowness of their views. The limits of the distinction they had gained seemed to them as wide as the most extended renown; and the little knowledge their youth had acquired only appeared to them an excuse for the ignorance and the indolence of maturer years. Was it to equal these that I was to labor? I felt that I already surpassed them! Was it to gain *their* good opinion, or, still worse, that of their admirers? Alas! I had too long learned to live for myself to find any happiness in the respect of the idlers I despised.

I left Oxford at the age of twenty-one. I succeeded to the large estates of my inheritance; and for the first time I felt the vanity so natural to youth when I went up to London to enjoy the resources of the Capital, and to display the powers I possessed to revel in whatever those resources could yield. I found society like the Jewish temple: any one is admitted into its threshold; none but the chiefs of the institution into its recesses.

Young, rich, of an ancient and honorable name, pursuing pleasure rather as a necessary excitement than an occasional occupation, and agreeable to the associates I

drew around me because my profusion contributed to their enjoyment, and my temper to their amusement,— I found myself courted by many and avoided by none. I soon discovered that all civility is but the mask of design. I smiled at the kindness of the fathers who, hearing that I was talented, and knowing that I was rich, looked to my support in whatever political side they had espoused. I saw in the notes of the mothers their anxiety for the establishment of their daughters, and their respect for my acres; and in the cordiality of the sons who had horses to sell and *rouge-et-noir* debts to pay, I detected all that veneration for my money which implied such contempt for its possessor. By nature observant, and by misfortune sarcastic, I looked upon the various colorings of society with a searching and philosophic eye; I unravelled the intricacies which knit servility with arrogance, and meanness with ostentation; and I traced to its sources that universal vulgarity of inward sentiment and external manner, which, in all classes, appears to me to constitute the only unvarying characteristic of our countrymen. In proportion as I increased my knowledge of others, I shrunk with a deeper disappointment and dejection into my own resources. The first moment of real happiness which I experienced for a whole year was when I found myself about to seek, beneath the influence of other skies, that more extended acquaintance with my species which might either draw me to them with a closer connection, or at least reconcile me to the ties which already existed.

I will not dwell upon my adventures abroad; there is little to interest others in a recital which awakens no interest in one's self. I sought for wisdom, and I acquired but knowledge. I thirsted for the truth, the tenderness of love, and I found but its fever and its

falsehood. Like the two Florimels of Spenser, I mistook, in my delirium, the delusive fabrication of the senses for the divine reality of the heart; and I only awoke from my deceit when the phantom I had worshipped melted into snow. Whatever I pursued partook of the energy, yet fitfulness of my nature; mingling to-day in the tumults of the city, and to-morrow alone with my own heart in the solitude of unpeopled nature; now reveling in the wildest excesses, and now tracing, with a painful and unwearyed search, the intricacies of science; alternately governing others, and subdued by the tyranny which my own passions imposed, — I passed through the ordeal unshrinking yet unscathed. “The education of life,” says De Staël, “perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.” I do not inquire, Monkton, to which of these classes I belong; but I feel too well, that though my mind has not been depraved, it has found no perfection but in misfortune; and that whatever be the acquirements of later years, they have nothing which can compensate for the losses of our youth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I returned to England. I entered again upon the theatre of its world; but I mixed now more in its greater than its lesser pursuits. I looked rather at the mass than the leaven of mankind; and while I felt aversion for the few whom I knew, I glowed with philanthropy for the crowd which I knew not.

It is in contemplating men at a distance that we become benevolent. When we mix with them, we suffer by the contact, and grow, if not malicious from the injury, at least selfish from the circumspection which our

safety imposes: but when, while we feel our relationship, we are not galled by the tie; when neither jealousy, nor envy, nor resentment are excited, we have nothing to interfere with those more complacent and kindliest sentiments which our earliest impressions have rendered natural to our hearts. We may fly men in hatred because they have galled us, but the feeling ceases with the cause: none will willingly feed long upon bitter thoughts. It is thus that while in the narrow circle in which we move we suffer daily from those who approach us, we can, in spite of our resentment to *them*, glow with a general benevolence to the wider relations from which we are remote; that, while smarting beneath the treachery of friendship, the sting of ingratitude, the faithlessness of love, we would almost sacrifice our lives to realize some idolized theory of legislation; and that, distrustful, calculating, selfish in private, there are thousands who would, with a credulous fanaticism, fling themselves as victims before that unrecompensing Moloch which they term the Public.

Living, then, much by myself, but reflecting much upon the world, I learned to love mankind. Philanthropy brought ambition; for I was ambitious, not for my own aggrandizement, but for the service of others,—for the poor, the toiling, the degraded; these constituted that part of my fellow-beings which I the most loved, for these were bound to me by the most engaging of all human ties,—misfortune! I began to enter into the intrigues of the state; I extended my observation and inquiry from individuals to nations; I examined into the mysteries of the science which has arisen in these later days to give the lie to the wisdom of the past, to reduce into the simplicity of problems the intricacies of political knowledge, to teach us the fallacy of the system

Alcohol and their effects

which had governed by restriction, and imagined that the happiness of nations depended upon the perpetual interference of its rulers, and to prove to us that the only unerring policy of art is to leave a free and unobstructed progress to the hidden energies and providence of nature. But it was not only the *theoretical* investigation of the state which employed me. I mixed, though in secret, with the agents of its springs. While I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I locked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power. In the levity of the lip I disguised the workings and the knowledge of the brain; and I looked, as with a gifted eye, upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to float an idler, with the herd, only on the surface of the stream.

Why was I disgusted, when I had but to put forth my hand and grasp whatever object my ambition might desire? Alas! there was in my heart always something too soft for the aims and cravings of my mind. I felt that I was wasting the young years of my life in a barren and wearisome pursuit. What to me, who had outlived vanity, would have been the admiration of the crowd! I sighed for the "sympathy of *the one!*" and I shrunk in sadness from the prospect of renown to ask my heart for the reality of love! For what purpose, too, had I devoted myself to the service of men? As I grew more sensible of the labor of pursuing, I saw more of the inutility of accomplishing, individual measures. There is one great and moving order of events which we may retard, but we cannot arrest, and to which, if we endeavor to hasten them, we only give a dangerous and unnatural impetus. Often, when in the fever of the midnight, I have paused from my unshared and unsoftened studies, to listen to the deadly pulsation of my

heart;¹ when I have felt in its painful and tumultuous beating the very life waning and wasting within me, I have sickened to my inmost soul to remember that, amongst all those whom I was exhausting the health and enjoyment of youth to benefit, there was not one for whom my life had an interest, or by whom my death would be honored by a tear. There is a beautiful passage in Chalmers on the want of sympathy we experience in the world. From my earliest childhood I had one deep, engrossing, yearning desire,—and that was to love and to be loved. I found, too young, the realization of that dream,—it passed! and I have never known it again. The experience of long and bitter years teaches me to look with suspicion on that far recollection of the past, and to doubt if this earth could indeed produce a living form to satisfy the visions of one who has dwelt among the boyish creations of fancy,—who has shaped out in his heart an imaginary idol, arrayed it in whatever is most beautiful in nature, and breathed into the image the pure but burning spirit of that innate love from which it sprung! It is true that my manhood has been the undeceicer of my youth, and that the meditation upon facts has disenthralled me from the visionary broodings over fiction; but what remuneration have I found in reality? If the line of the satirist be not true,

“ Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire,”²

at least, like the madman of whom he speaks, I owe but little gratitude to the act which, “ in drawing me from my error, has robbed me also of a paradise.”

¹ Falkland suffered much, from very early youth, from a complaint in his heart.

² Boileau.

I am approaching the conclusion of my confessions. Men who have no ties in the world, and who have been accustomed to solitude, find, with every disappointment in the former, a greater yearning for the enjoyments which the latter can afford. Day by day I relapsed more into myself; "man delighted me not, nor woman either." In my ambition, it was not in the means, but the end, that I was disappointed. In my friends, I complained not of treachery, but insipidity; and it was not because I was deserted, but wearied by more tender connections, that I ceased to find either excitement in seeking, or triumph in obtaining, their love. It was not, then, in a momentary disgust, but rather in the calm of satiety, that I formed that resolution of retirement which I have adopted now.

Shrinking from my kind, but too young to live wholly for myself, I have made a new tie with nature; I have come to cement it here. I am like a bird which has wandered afar, but has returned home to its nest at last. But there is one feeling which had its origin in the world, and which accompanies me still; which consecrates my recollections of the past; which contributes to take its gloom from the solitude of the present. — Do you ask me its nature, Monkton? It is my friendship for you.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I wish that I could convey to you, dear Monkton, the faintest idea of the pleasures of indolence. You belong to that class which is of all the most busy, though the least active. Men of pleasure never have time for anything. No lawyer, no statesman, no bustling, hurrying, restless underling of the counter or the Exchange, is so

eternally occupied as a lounger "about town." He is linked to labor by a series of undefinable nothings. His independence and idleness only serve to fetter and engross him, and his leisure seems held upon the condition of never having a moment to himself. Would that you could see me at this instant in the luxury of my summer retreat, surrounded by the trees, the waters, the wild birds, and the hum, the glow, the exultation which teem visibly and audibly through creation in the noon of a summer's day! I am undisturbed by a single intruder. I am unoccupied by a single pursuit. I suffer one moment to glide into another, without the remembrance that the next must be filled up by some laborious pleasure, or some wearisome enjoyment. It is here that I feel all the powers, and gather together all the resources of my mind. I recall my recollections of men; and, unbiassed by the passions and prejudices which we do not experience *alone*, because their very existence depends upon others, I endeavor to perfect my knowledge of the human heart. He who would acquire that better science, must arrange and analyze in private the experience he has collected in the crowd. Alas, Monkton, when you have expressed surprise at the gloom which is so habitual to my temper, did it never occur to you that my acquaintance with the world would alone be sufficient to account for it? — that knowledge is neither for the good nor the happy. Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled? Who can look upon the workings of grief and rejoice, or associate with guilt and be pure?

It has been by mingling with men, not only in their *haunts* but their *emotions*, that I have learned to know them. I have descended into the receptacles of vice; I have taken lessons from the brothel and the hell; I have watched feeling in its unguarded sallies, and drawn from

the impulse of the moment conclusions which gave the lie to the previous conduct of years. But all knowledge brings us disappointment, and *this* knowledge the most, — the satiety of good, the suspicion of evil, the decay of our young dreams, the premature iciness of age, the reckless, aimless, joyless indifference which follows an overwrought and feverish excitation, — *these* constitute the lot of men who have renounced *hope* in the acquisition of *thought*, and who, in learning the motives of human actions, learn only to despise the persons and the things which enchanted them like divinities before.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I told you, dear Monkton, in my first letter, of my favorite retreat in Mr. Mandeville's grounds. I have grown so attached to it, that I spend the greater part of the day there. I am not one of those persons who always perambulate with a book in their hands, as if neither nature nor their own reflections could afford them any rational amusement. I go there more frequently *en paresseux* than *en savant*: a small brooklet which runs through the grounds broadens at last into a deep, clear, transparent lake. Here, fir and elm and oak fling their branches over the margin; and beneath their shade I pass all the hours of noon-day in the luxuries of a dreamer's reverie. It is true, however, that I am never less idle than when I appear the most so. I am like Prospero in his desert island, and surround myself with spirits. A spell trembles upon the leaves; every wave comes fraught to me with its peculiar music, and an Ariel seems to whisper the secrets of every breeze, which comes to my forehead laden with the perfumes of the West. But do not think, Monkton, that

it is only good spirits which haunt the recesses of my solitude. To push the metaphor to exaggeration, memory is my Sycorax, and gloom is the Caliban she conceives. But let me digress from myself to my less idle occupations: I have of late diverted my thoughts in some measure by a recurrence to a study to which I once was particularly devoted, — history. Have you ever remarked, that people who live the most by themselves, reflect the most upon others; and that he who lives surrounded by the million never thinks of any but the one individual, — himself? Philosophers, moralists, historians, whose thoughts, labors, lives, have been devoted to the consideration of mankind, or the analysis of public events, have usually been remarkably attached to solitude and seclusion. We are, indeed, so linked to our fellow-beings, that, where we are not chained to them by action, we are carried to and connected with them by thought.

I have just quitted the observations of my favorite Bolingbroke upon history. I cannot agree with him as to its utility. The more I consider, the more I am convinced that its study has been upon the whole pernicious to mankind. It is by those details, which are always as unfair in their inference as they must evidently be doubtful in their facts, that party animosity and general prejudice are supported and sustained. There is not one abuse, one intolerance, one remnant of ancient barbarity and ignorance existing at the present day, which is not advocated, and actually confirmed by some vague deduction from the bigotry of an illiterate chronicler, or the obscurity of an uncertain legend. It is through the constant appeal to our ancestors that we transmit wretchedness and wrong to our posterity: we should require, to corroborate an evil originating in the present day, the

clearest and most satisfactory proof; but the minutest defence is sufficient for an evil handed down to us by the barbarism of antiquity. We reason from what even in old times was dubious, as if we were adducing what was certain in those in which we live. And thus we have made no sanction to abuses so powerful as history, and no enemy to the present like the past.

FROM THE LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO MRS. ST.
JOHN.

At last, my dear Julia, I am settled in my beautiful retreat. Mrs. Dalton and Lady Margaret Leslie are all whom I could prevail upon to accompany me. Mr. Mandeville is full of the corn-laws. He is chosen chairman to a select committee in the House. He is murmuring agricultural distresses in his sleep; and, when I asked him occasionally to come down here to see me, he started from a reverie, and exclaimed, "Never, Mr. Speaker, as a landed proprietor, never will I consent to my own ruin."

My boy, my own, my beautiful companion, is with me. I wish you could see how fast he can run, and how sensibly he can talk. "What a fine figure he has for his age!" said I to Mr. Mandeville the other day. "Figure! age!" said his father; "in the House of Commons he shall make a figure to every age." I know that in writing to you, you will not be contented if I do not say a great deal about myself. I shall therefore proceed to tell you, that I feel already much better from the air and exercise of the journey, from the conversation of my two guests, and, above all, from the constant society of my dear boy. He was three last birthday. I think that at the age of twenty-one, I am the least childish of the

two. Pray remember me to all in town who have not quite forgotten me. Beg Lady — to send Elizabeth a subscription ticket for Almack's, and — oh, talking of Almack's, I think my boy's eyes are even more blue and beautiful than Lady C——'s.

Adieu, my dear Julia,

Ever, etc.

E. M.

Lady Emily Mandeville was the daughter of the Duke of Lindvale. She married, at the age of sixteen, a man of large fortune, and some parliamentary reputation. Neither in person nor in character was he much beneath or above the ordinary standard of men. He was one of nature's macadamized achievements. His great fault was his equality; and you longed for a hill though it were to climb, or a stone though it were in your way. Love attaches itself to something prominent, even if that something be what others would hate. One can scarcely feel extremes for mediocrity. The few years Lady Emily had been married had but little altered her character. Quick in feeling, though regulated in temper; gay less from levity, than from that first spring-tide of a heart which has never yet known occasion to be sad; beautiful and pure, as an enthusiast's dream of heaven, yet bearing within the latent and powerful passion and tenderness of earth, — she mixed with all a simplicity and innocence which the extreme earliness of her marriage, and the ascetic temper of her husband, had tended less to diminish than increase. She had much of what is termed genius: its warmth of emotion, its vividness of conception, its admiration for the grand, its affection for the good, and that dangerous contempt for whatever is mean and worthless, the very indulgence of which is an offence against the habits of the world. Her tastes were, how-

ever, too feminine and chaste ever to render her eccentric: they were rather calculated to conceal than to publish the deeper recesses of her nature; and it was beneath that polished surface of manner common to those with whom she mixed, that she hid the treasures of a mine which no human eye had beheld.

Her health, naturally delicate, had lately suffered much from the dissipation of London, and it was by the advice of her physicians that she had now come to spend the summer at E——. Lady Margaret Leslie, who was old enough to be tired with the caprices of society, and Mrs. Dalton, who, having just lost her husband, was forbidden at present to partake of its amusements, had agreed to accompany her to her retreat. Neither of them was perhaps much suited to Emily's temper, but youth and spirits make almost any one congenial to us; it is from the years which confirm our habits, and the reflections which refine our taste, that it becomes easy to revolt us, and difficult to please.

On the third day after Emily's arrival at E——, she was sitting after breakfast with Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton. "Pray," said the former, "did you ever meet my relation, Mr. Falkland? He is in your immediate neighborhood." "Never; though I have a great curiosity. That fine old ruin beyond the village belongs to him, I believe." "It does. You ought to know him; you would like him so!" "Like him!" repeated Mrs. Dalton, who was one of those persons of *ton* who, though everything collectively, are nothing individually,— "like him? impossible!" "Why?" said Lady Margaret, indignantly; "he has every requisite to please,— youth, talent, fascination of manner, and great knowledge of the world." "Well," said Mrs. Dalton, "I cannot say I discovered his perfections. He seemed to me conceited and satiri-

cal, and — and — in short, very disagreeable; *but then, to be sure, I have only seen him once.*" "I have heard many accounts of him," said Emily, "all differing from each other. I think, however, that the generality of people rather incline to Mrs. Dalton's opinion than to yours, Lady Margaret." "I can easily believe it. It is very seldom that he takes the trouble to please; but when he does, he is irresistible. Very little, however, is generally known respecting him. Since he came of age, he has been much abroad; and, when in England, he never entered with eagerness into society. He is supposed to possess very extraordinary powers which, added to his large fortune and ancient name, have procured him a consideration and rank rarely enjoyed by one so young. He had refused repeated offers to enter into public life; but he is very intimate with one of the ministers, who, it is said, has had the address to profit much by his abilities. All other particulars concerning him are extremely uncertain. Of his person and manners you had better judge yourself; for I am sure, Emily, that my petition for inviting him here is already granted." "By all means," said Emily; "you cannot be more anxious to see him than I am." And so the conversation dropped. Lady Margaret went to the library; Mrs. Dalton seated herself on the ottoman, dividing her attention between the last novel and her Italian greyhound; and Emily left the room in order to revisit her former and favorite haunts. Her young son was her companion, and she was not sorry that he was her only one. To be the instructress of an infant, a mother should be its playmate; and Emily was, perhaps, wiser than she imagined, when she ran with a laughing eye and a light foot over the grass, occupying herself almost with the same earnestness as her child in the same infantine amusements. As they

passed the wood which led to the lake at the bottom of the grounds, the boy, who was before Emily, suddenly stopped. She came hastily up to him; and scarcely two paces before, though half hid by the steep bank of the lake beneath which he reclined, she saw a man apparently asleep. A volume of Shakespeare lay beside him; the child had seized it. As she took it from him in order to replace it, her eye rested upon the passage the boy had accidentally opened. How often in after days was that passage recalled as an omen! It was the following:—

“Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,—
The course of true love never did run smooth!”¹

As she laid the book gently down she caught a glimpse of the countenance of the sleeper; never did she forget the expression which it wore,— stern, proud, mournful even in repose!

She did not wait for him to wake. She hurried home through the trees. All that day she was silent and abstracted; the face haunted her like a dream. Strange as it may seem, she spoke neither to Lady Margaret nor to Mrs. Dalton of her adventure. *Why?* Is there in our hearts any prescience of their misfortunes?

On the next day, Falkland, who had received and accepted Lady Margaret's invitation, was expected to dinner. Emily felt a strong yet excusable curiosity to see one, of whom she had heard so many and such contradictory reports. She was alone in the saloon when he entered. At the first glance she recognized the person she had met by the lake on the day before, and she

¹ *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

blushed deeply as she replied to his salutation. To her great relief Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton entered in a few minutes, and the conversation grew general.

Falkland had but little of what is called animation in manner; but his wit, though it rarely led to mirth, was sarcastic, yet refined, and the vividness of his imagination threw a brilliancy and originality over remarks which in others might have been commonplace and tame.

The conversation turned chiefly upon society; and, though Lady Margaret had told her he had entered but little into its ordinary routine, Emily was struck alike by his accurate acquaintance with men, and the justice of his reflections upon manners. There also mingled with his satire an occasional melancholy of feeling, which appeared to Emily the more touching, because it was always unexpected and unassumed. It was after one of these remarks, that for the first time she ventured to examine into the charm and peculiarity of the countenance of the speaker. There was spread over it that expression of mingled energy and languor, which betokens that much, whether of thought, sorrow, passion, or action, has been undergone, but resisted; has wearied, but not subdued. In the broad and noble brow, in the chiselled lip, and the melancholy depths of the calm and thoughtful eye, there sat a resolution and a power, which, though mournful, were not without their pride; which, if they had borne the worst, had also defied it. Notwithstanding his mother's country, his complexion was fair and pale; and his hair, of a light chestnut, fell in large, *antique* curls over his forehead. That forehead, indeed, constituted the principal feature of his countenance. It was neither in its height nor expansion alone that its remarkable beauty consisted; but if ever thought

to conceive and courage to execute high designs were embodied and visible, they were imprinted there.

Falkland did not stay long after dinner; but to Lady Margaret he promised all that she required of future length and frequency in his visits. When he left the room, Lady Emily went instinctively to the window to watch him depart; and all that night his low, soft voice rung in her ear, like the music of an indistinct and half-remembered dream.

FROM MR. MANDEVILLE TO LADY EMILY.

DEAR EMILY,—Business of great importance to the country has prevented my writing to you before. I hope you have continued well since I heard from you last, and that you do all you can to preserve that retrenchment of unnecessary expenses, and observe that attention to a prudent economy, which is no less incumbent upon individuals than nations.

Thinking that you must be dull at E——, and ever anxious both to entertain and to improve you, I send you an excellent publication by Mr. Tooke,¹ together with my own two last speeches, corrected by myself.

Trusting to hear from you soon, I am, with best love to Henry,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN MANDEVILLE.

¹ The Political Economist.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.¹

Well, Monkton, I have been to E——; that important event in my monastic life has been concluded. Lady Margaret was as talkative as usual; and a Mrs. Dalton, who, I find, is an acquaintance of yours, asked very tenderly after your poodle and yourself. But Lady Emily! Ay, Monkton, I know not well how to describe her to you. Her beauty interests not less than it dazzles. There is that deep and eloquent softness in her every word and action, which, of all charms, is the most dangerous. Yet she is rather of a playful than of the melancholy and pensive nature which generally accompanies such gentleness of manner; but there is no levity in her character; nor is that playfulness of spirit ever carried into the exhilaration of what we call "mirth." She seems, if I may use the antithesis, at once too feeling to be gay, and too innocent to be sad. I remember having frequently met her husband. Cold and pompous, without anything to interest the imagination, or engage the affections, I am not able to conceive a person less congenial to his beautiful and romantic wife. But she must have been exceedingly young when she married him; and she, probably, knows not yet that she is to be pitied, because she has not yet learned that she can love.

Le veggio in fronte amor come in suo seggio
Sul crin, negli occhi — su le labra amore
Sol d'intorno al suo cuore amor non veggio.

I have been twice to her house since my first admission there. I love to listen to that soft and enchanting voice,

¹ A letter from Falkland, mentioning Lady Margaret's invitation, has been omitted.

and to escape from the gloom of my own reflections to the brightness, yet simplicity of hers. In my earlier days this comfort would have been attended with danger; but we grow callous from the excess of feeling. We cannot re-illumine ashes! I can gaze upon her dream-like beauty, and not experience a single desire which can sully the purity of my worship. I listen to her voice when it melts in endearment over her birds, her flowers, or, in a deeper devotion, over her child; but my heart does not thrill at the tenderness of the sound. I touch her hand, and the pulses of my own are as calm as before. Satiety of the past is our best safeguard from the temptations of the future; and the perils of youth are over when it has acquired that dulness and apathy of affection which should belong only to the insensibility of age.

Such were Falkland's opinions at the time he wrote. Ah! what is so delusive as our affections? Our security is our danger, — our defiance our defeat! Day after day he went to E——. He passed the mornings in making excursions with Emily over that wild and romantic country by which they were surrounded; and in the dangerous but delicious stillness of the summer twilights, they listened to the first whispers of their hearts.

In his relationship to Lady Margaret, Falkland found his excuse for the frequency of his visits; and even Mrs. Dalton was so charmed with the fascination of his manner, that, in spite of her previous dislike, she forgot to inquire how far his intimacy at E—— was at variance with the proprieties of the world she worshipped, or in what proportion it was connected with herself.

It is needless for me to trace, through all its windings, the formation of that affection, the subsequent records of

which I am about to relate. What is so unearthly, so beautiful, as the first birth of a woman's love? The air of heaven is not purer in its wanderings, — its sunshine not more holy in its warmth. Oh! why should it deteriorate in its nature, even while it increases in its degree? Why should the step which *prints, sully* also the snow? How often, when Falkland met that guiltless yet thrilling eye, which revealed to him those internal secrets that Emily was yet awhile too happy to discover, when, like a fountain among flowers, the goodness of her heart flowed over the softness of her manner to those around her, and the benevolence of her actions to those beneath, — how often he turned away with a veneration too deep for the selfishness of human passion, and a tenderness too sacred for its desires! It was in this temper (the earliest and the most fruitless prognostic of real love) that the following letter was written: —

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

I have had two or three admonitory letters from my uncle. "The summer," he says, "is advancing, yet you remain stationary in your indolence. There is still a great part of Europe which you have not seen; and since you will neither enter society for a wife, nor the House of Commons for fame, spend your life, at least while it is yet free and unshackled, in those active pursuits which will render idleness hereafter more sweet; or in that observation and enjoyment among others, which will increase your resources in yourself." All this sounds well; but I have already acquired more knowledge than will be of use either to others or myself, and I am not willing to lose *tranquillity* here for the chance

of obtaining *pleasure* elsewhere. Pleasure is indeed a holiday sensation which does not occur in ordinary life. We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

I do not know if you ever felt that existence was ebbing away without being put to its full value; as for me, I am never conscious of life without being also conscious that it is not enjoyed to the utmost. This is a bitter feeling, and its worst bitterness is our ignorance how to remove it. My indolence I neither seek nor wish to defend, yet it is rather from necessity than choice; it seems to me that there is nothing in the world to arouse me. I only ask for action, but I can find no motive sufficient to excite it; let me then, in my indolence, not, like the world, be idle, yet dependent on others, but at least dignify the failing by some appearance of that freedom which retirement only can bestow.

My seclusion is no longer solitude; yet I do not value it the less. I spend a great portion of my time at E—. Loneliness is attractive to men of reflection, not so much because they like their own thoughts, as because they dislike the thoughts of others. Solitude ceases to charm, the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own. I have not, I think, yet described to you the person of Lady Emily. She is tall, and slightly, yet beautifully formed. The ill health which obliged her to leave London for E—, in the height of the season, has given her cheek a more delicate hue than I should think it naturally wore. Her eyes are light, but their lashes are long and dark; her hair is black and luxuriant, and worn in a fashion peculiar to herself; but her manners, Monkton! how can I convey to you their fascination? So simple, and therefore so faultless; so

modest and yet so tender, — she seems, in acquiring the intelligence of the woman, to have only perfected the purity of the child; and now, after all that I have said, I am only more deeply sensible of the truth of Bacon's observation, that "the best part of beauty is that which no picture can express." I am loth to finish this description, because it seems to me scarcely begun; I am unwilling to continue it, because every word seems to show me more clearly those recesses of my heart which I would have hidden even from myself. I do not *yet* love, it is true, for the time is past when I was lightly moved to passion; but I will not incur that danger, the probability of which I am seer enough to foresee. Never shall that pure and innocent heart be sullied by one who would die to shield it from the lightest misfortune. I find in myself a powerful seconder to my uncle's wishes. I shall be in London next week; till then, farewell.

E. F.

When the proverb said, that "Jove laughs at lovers' vows," it meant not (as in the ordinary construction) a sarcasm on their insincerity, but *inconsistency*. We deceive others far less than we deceive ourselves. What to Falkland were resolutions which a word, a glance, could overthrow? In the world, he might have dissipated his thoughts: in loneliness he concentrated them; for the passions are like the sounds of nature, only heard in her solitude! He lulled his soul to the reproaches of his conscience; he surrendered himself to the intoxication of so golden a dream; and amidst those beautiful scenes there arose, as an offering to the summer heaven, the incense of two hearts which had, through those very fires so guilty in themselves, purified and ennobled every other emotion they had conceived.

God made the country, and man made the town,
says the hackneyed quotation; and the feelings awakened
in each, differ with the genius of the place. Who can
compare the frittered and divided affections formed in
cities with that which crowds cannot distract by opposing
temptations, or dissipation infect with its frivolities?

I have often thought that had the execution of Atala
equalled its design, no human work could have surpassed
it in its grandeur. What picture is more simple, though
more sublime, than the vast solitude of an unpeopled
wilderness, the woods, the mountains, the face of nature,
cast in the fresh yet giant mould of a new and unpolluted
world; and, amidst those most silent and mighty tem-
ples of THE GREAT GOD, the lone spirit of love reigning
and brightening over all?

BOOK II.

IT is dangerous for women, however wise it be for men, "to commune with their own hearts, and to be still!" Continuing to pursue the follies of the world had been to Emily more prudent than to fly them: to pause, to separate herself from the herd, was to discover, to feel, to murmur at the vacuum of her being; and to occupy it with the feelings which it craved, could in her be but the hoarding a provision for despair.

Married, before she had begun the bitter knowledge of *herself*, to a man whom it was impossible to love, yet deriving from nature a tenderness of soul which shed itself over everything around, her only escape from misery had been in the dormancy of feeling. The birth of her son had opened to her a new field of sensations, and she drew the best charm of her own existence from the life she had given to another. Had she not met Falkland, all the deeper sources of affection would have flowed into one only and legitimate channel; but those whom *he* wished to fascinate had never resisted his power, and the attachment he inspired was in proportion to the strength and ardor of his own nature.

It was not for Emily Mandeville to love such as Falkland without feeling that from that moment a separate and selfish existence had ceased *to be*. Our senses may captivate us with beauty; but in absence we forget, or by reason we can conquer, so superficial an impression.

Our vanity may enamour us with rank; but the affections of vanity are traced in sand, — but who can love GENIUS, and not feel that the sentiments it excites partake of its own intenseness and its own immortality? It arouses, concentrates, engrosses all our emotions, even to the most subtle and concealed. Love what is common, and ordinary objects can replace or destroy a sentiment which an ordinary object has awakened. Love what we shall not meet again amidst the littleness and insipidity which surround us, and where can we turn for a new object to replace that which has no parallel upon earth? The recovery from such a delirium is like return from a fairy land; and still fresh in the recollections of a bright and immortal clime, how can we endure the dulness of that human existence to which for the future we are condemned?

It was some weeks since Emily had written to Mrs. St. John; and her last letter, in mentioning Falkland, had spoken of him with a reserve which rather alarmed than deceived her friend. Mrs. St. John had indeed a strong and secret reason for fear. Falkland had been the object of her own and her earliest attachment, and she knew well the singular and mysterious power which he exercised at will over the mind. He had, it is true, never returned, nor even known of her feelings towards him; and during the years which had elapsed since she last saw him, and in the new scenes which her marriage with Mr. St. John had opened, she had almost forgotten her early attachment, when Lady Emily's letter renewed its remembrance. She wrote in answer an impassioned and affectionate caution to her friend. She spoke much (after complaining of Emily's late silence) in condemnation of the character of Falkland, and in warning of its fascinations; and she attempted to arouse alike the

virtue and the pride which so often triumph in alliance, when separately they would so easily fail. In this Mrs. St. John probably imagined she was actuated solely by friendship; but in the best actions there is always some latent evil in the motive; and the selfishness of a jealousy, though hopeless not conquered, perhaps predominated over the less interested feelings which were all that she acknowledged to herself.

In this work it has been my object to portray the progress of the passions; to chronicle a history rather by thoughts and feelings than by incidents and events; and to lay open those minuter and more subtle mazes and secrets of the human heart, which in modern writings have been so sparingly exposed. It is with this view that I have from time to time broken the thread of narration, in order to bring forward more vividly the characters it contains; and in laying no claim to the ordinary ambition of tale-writers, I have deemed myself at liberty to deviate from the ordinary courses they pursue. Hence the motive and the excuse for the insertion of the following extracts, and of occasional letters. They portray the interior struggle when narration would look only to the external event, and trace the lightning "home to its cloud," when history would only mark the spot where it scorched or destroyed.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Tuesday. — More than seven years have passed since I began this journal! I have just been looking over it from the commencement. Many and various are the feelings which it attempts to describe, — anger, pique, joy, sorrow, hope, pleasure, weariness, *ennui*; but never,

never once, humiliation or remorse! — these were not doomed to be my portion in the bright years of my earliest youth. How shall I describe them now? I have received — I have read, as well as my tears would let me, a long letter from Julia. It is true that I have not dared to write to her; when shall I answer this? She has shown me the state of my heart; I more than suspected it before. Could I have dreamed two months — six weeks — since that I should have a single feeling of which I could be ashamed? *He* has just been here, — *he*, the only one in the world, for all the world seems concentrated in him. He observed my distress; for I looked on him, and my lips quivered and my eyes were full of tears. He came to me, he sat next to me, he whispered his interest, his anxiety, — and was this all? Have I loved before I even knew that I was beloved? No, no; the tongue was silent, but the eye, the cheek, the manner, — alas! *these* have been but too eloquent!

Wednesday. — It was so sweet to listen to his low and tender voice; to watch the expression of his countenance, — even to breathe the air that he inhaled. But now that I know its cause, I feel that this pleasure is a crime, and I am miserable even when he is with me. He has not been here to-day. It is past three. Will he come? I rise from my seat; I go to the window for breath; I am restless, agitated, disturbed. Lady Margaret speaks to me, — I scarcely answer her. My boy, — yes, my dear, dear Henry comes, and I feel that I am again a mother. Never will I betray that duty, though I have forgotten one as sacred though less dear! Never shall my son have cause to blush for his parent! I will fly hence, — I will see *him* no more!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

Write to me, Monkton, — exhort me, admonish me, or forsake me forever. I am happy, yet wretched: I wander in the delirium of a fatal fever, in which I see dreams of a brighter life, but every one of them only brings me nearer to death. Day after day I have lingered here, until weeks have flown, — and for what? Emily is not like the women of the world, — virtue, honor, faith, are not to her the mere *convenances* of society. "There is no crime," said Lady A——, "where there is concealment." Such can never be the creed of Emily Mandeville. She will not disguise guilt either in the levity of the world, or in the affectations of sentiment. She will be wretched, and forever. *I* hold the destinies of her future life, and yet I am base enough to hesitate whether to save or destroy her. Oh, how fearful, how selfish, how degrading, is unlawful love!

You know my theoretical benevolence for everything that lives; you have often smiled at its vanity. I see now that you were right; for it seems to me almost superhuman virtue not to destroy the person who is dearest to me on earth.

I remember writing to you some weeks since that I would come to London. Little did I know of the weakness of my own mind. I told her that I intended to depart. She turned pale; she trembled, — but she did not speak. Those signs which should have hastened my departure have taken away the strength even to think of it.

I am here still! I go to E—— every day. Sometimes we sit in silence; I dare not trust myself to speak. How dangerous are such moments! *Ammutiscon lingue parlen l'alme.*

Yesterday they left us alone. We had been conversing with Lady Margaret on indifferent subjects. There was a pause for some minutes. I looked up; Lady Margaret had left the room. The blood rushed into my cheek, — my eyes met Emily's; I would have given worlds to have repeated with my lips what those eyes expressed. I could not even speak, — I felt choked with contending emotions. There was not a breath stirring; I heard my very heart beat. A thunderbolt would have been a relief. O God! if there be a curse, it is to burn, swell, madden with feelings which you are doomed to conceal! This is, indeed, to be "a cannibal of one's own heart."¹

It was sunset. Emily was alone upon the lawn which sloped towards the lake, and the blue, still waters beneath broke, at bright intervals, through the scattered and illuminated trees. She stood watching the sun sink with wistful and tearful eyes. Her soul was sad within her. The ivy which love first wreathes around his work had already faded away, and she now only saw the desolation of the ruin it concealed. Never more for her was that freshness of unwakened feeling which invests all things with a perpetual daybreak of sunshine, and incense, and dew. The heart may survive the decay or rupture of an innocent and lawful affection, — "la marque reste, mais la blessure guérit," — but the love of darkness and guilt is branded in a character ineffaceable, eternal! The one is, like lightning, more likely to dazzle than to destroy, and, divine even in its danger, it *makes holy what it sears*,² but the other is like that sure and deadly fire which fell upon the cities of old, graving in the barrenness of the desert it had wrought the record

¹ Bacon.

² According to the ancient superstition.

and perpetuation of a curse. A low and thrilling voice stole upon Emily's ear. She turned,—Falkland stood beside her. "I felt restless and unhappy," he said, "and I came to seek you. If (writes one of the fathers) a guilty and wretched man could behold, though only for a few minutes, the countenance of an angel, the calm and glory which it wears would so sink into his heart, that he would pass at once over the gulf of gone years into his first unsullied state of purity and hope; perhaps I thought of that sentence when I came to you." "I know not," said Emily, with a deep blush at this address, which formed her only answer to the compliment it conveyed,—"I know not why it is, but to me there is always something melancholy in this hour,—something mournful in seeing the beautiful day die with all its pomp and music, its sunshine, and songs of birds."

"And yet," replied Falkland, "if I remember the time when my feelings were more in unison with yours (for at present external objects have lost for me much of their influence and attraction), the melancholy you perceive has in it a vague and ineffable sweetness not to be exchanged for more exhilarated spirits. The melancholy which arises from no cause within ourselves is like music,—it enchanteth us in proportion to its effect upon our feelings. Perhaps its chief charm (though this it requires the contamination of after years before we can fathom and define) is in the purity of the sources it springs from. Our feelings can be but little sullied and worn while they can yet respond to the passionless and primal sympathies of nature; and the sadness you speak of is so void of bitterness, so allied to the best and most delicious sensations we enjoy, that I should im-

agine the very happiness of Heaven partook rather of melancholy than mirth."

There was a pause of some moments. It was rarely that Falkland alluded even so slightly to the futurity of another world; and, when he did, it was never in a careless and commonplace manner, but in a tone which sank deep into Emily's heart. "Look," she said, at length, "at that beautiful star! the first and brightest! I have often thought it was like the promise of life beyond the tomb,—a pledge to us, that, even in the depths of midnight, the earth shall have a light, unquenched and unquenchable, from Heaven!"

Emily turned to Falkland as she said this, and her countenance sparkled with the enthusiasm she felt. But *his* face was deadly pale. There went over it, like a cloud, an expression of changeful and unutterable thought; and then, passing suddenly away, it left his features calm and bright in all their noble and intellectual beauty. Her soul yearned to him, as she looked, with the tenderness of a sister.

They walked slowly towards the house. "I have frequently," said Emily, with some hesitation, "been surprised at the little enthusiasm you appear to possess even upon subjects where your conviction must be strong." "*I have thought enthusiasm away!*" replied Falkland; "it was the loss of hope which brought me reflection, and in reflection I forgot to feel. Would that I had not found it so easy to recall what I thought I had lost forever!"

Falkland's cheek changed as he said this, and Emily sighed faintly, for she felt his meaning. In him that allusion to his love had aroused a whole train of dangerous recollections; for passion is the avalanche of the human heart,—*a single breath can dissolve it from its repose.*

They remained silent; for Falkland would not trust himself to speak, till, when they reached the house, he faltered out his excuses for not entering, and departed. He turned towards his solitary home. The grounds at E—— had been laid out in a classical and costly manner, which contrasted forcibly with the wild and simple nature of the surrounding scenery. Even the short distance between Mr. Mandeville's house and L—— wrought as distinct a change in the character of the country as any length of space could have effected. Falkland's ancient and ruinous abode, with its shattered arches and moss-grown parapets, was situated on a gentle declivity, and surrounded by dark elm and larch trees. It still retained some traces both of its former consequence, and of the perils to which that consequence had exposed it. A broad ditch, overgrown with weeds, indicated the remains of what once had been a moat; and huge, rough stones, scattered around it, spoke of the outworks the fortification had anciently possessed, and the stout resistance they had made in the "Parliament Wars" to the sturdy followers of Ireton and Fairfax. The moon, that flatterer of decay, shed its rich and softening beauty over a spot which else had, indeed, been desolate and cheerless, and kissed into light the long and unwavering herbage which rose at intervals from the ruins, like the false parasites of fallen greatness. But for Falkland the scene had no interest or charm, and he turned with a careless and unheeding eye to his customary apartment. It was the only one in the house furnished with luxury, or even comfort. Large book-cases, inlaid with curious carvings in ivory; busts of the few public characters the world had ever produced worthy, in Falkland's estimation, of the homage of posterity; elaborately-wrought hangings from Flemish looms;

and French fauteuils and sofas of rich damask, and massy gilding (relics of the magnificent days of Louis Quatorze), — bespoke a costliness of design suited rather to Falkland's wealth than to the ordinary simplicity of his tastes.

A large writing-table was overspread with books in various languages, and upon the most opposite subjects. Letters and papers were scattered amongst them; Falkland turned carelessly over the latter. One of the epistolary communications was from Lord —, the —. He smiled bitterly, as he read the exaggerated compliments it contained, and saw to the bottom of the shallow artifice they were meant to conceal. He tossed the letter from him, and opened the scattered volumes, one after another, with that languid and sated feeling common to all men who have read deeply enough to feel how much they have learned, and how little they know. “We pass our lives,” thought he, “in sowing what we are never to reap! We endeavor to erect a tower, which shall reach the heavens, in order to escape one curse, and lo! we are smitten by another! We would soar from a common evil, and from that moment *we are divided by a separate language from our race!* Learning, science, philosophy, the world of men and of imagination, I ransacked,—and for what? I centred my happiness in wisdom. I looked upon the aims of others with a scornful and loathing eye. I held commune with those who have gone before me; I dwelt among the monuments of their minds, and made their records familiar to me as friends; I penetrated the womb of nature, and went with the secret elements to their home; I arraigned the stars before me, and learned the method and the mystery of their courses; I asked the tempest its bourn, and questioned the winds of their path. This was not sufficient

to satisfy my thirst for knowledge, and I searched in this lower world for new sources to content it. Unseen and unsuspected, I saw and agitated the springs of the automaton that we call 'the mind.' I found a clew for the labyrinth of human motives, and I surveyed the hearts of those around me as through a glass. Vanity of vanities! What have I acquired? I have separated myself from my kind; but not from those worst enemies, my passions! I have made a solitude of my soul, but I have not mocked it with the appellation of peace.¹ In flying the herd, I have not escaped from myself: like the wounded deer, the barb was within me, and *that I could not fly!*" With these thoughts he turned from his reverie, and once more endeavored to charm his own reflections by those which ought to speak to us of quiet, for they are graven on the pages of the dead; but his attempts were as idle as before. His thoughts were still wandering and confused, and could neither be quieted nor collected: he read, but he scarcely distinguished one page from another; he wrote,—the ideas refused to flow at his call; and the only effort at connecting his feelings which even partially succeeded, was in the verses which I am about to place before the reader. It is a common property of poetry, however imperfectly the gift be possessed, to speak to the hearts of others in proportion as the sentiments it would express are felt in our own; and I subjoin the lines which bear the date of that evening, in the hope that, more than many pages, they will show the morbid yet original character of the writer, and the particular sources of feeling from which they took the bitterness that pervades them:—

¹ "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant." — TACITUS.

"They make a solitude, and call it peace." — BYRON.

KNOWLEDGE.

Ergo hominum genus incassum frustraque laborat
Semper, et in curis consumit inanibus aevum. — *LUCRET.*

'T is midnight ! Round the lamp which o'er
My chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is wisely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream, —

The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Delirious yet divine, — to *know* ;
Around to roam, — above aspire,
And drink the breath of Heaven below !

From Ocean, Earth, the Stars, the Sky
To lift mysterious Nature's pall ;
And bare before the kindling eye
In MAN, the darkest mist of all !

Alas ! what boots the midnight oil ?
The madness of the struggling mind ?
Oh, vague the hope, and vain the toil,
Which only leave us doubly blind !

What learn we from the Past ? — the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom :
I asked the Future, and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb.

The Sun was silent, and the wave ;
The air but answered with its breath ;
But Earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer — *Death* !

And *this* was all ! We need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth !
O fools ! o'er Wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth !

In Science wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring :
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirits drooping on their wing !

To think is but to learn to groan ;
To scorn what all beside adore ;
To feel amid the world alone,
An alien on a desert shore ; —

To lose the only ties which seem
To idler gaze in mercy given, —
To find love, faith, and hope, a dream,
And turn to dark despair from heaven.

I pass on to a wilder period of my history. The passion, as yet only revealed by the eye, was now to be recorded by the lip; and the scene which witnessed the first confession of the lovers was worthy of the last conclusion of their loves!

E—— was about twelve miles from a celebrated cliff on the seashore, and Lady Margaret had long proposed an excursion to a spot, curious alike for its natural scenery and the legends attached to it. A day was at length fixed for accomplishing this plan. Falkland was of the party. In searching for something in the pockets of the carriage, his hand met Emily's, and involuntarily pressed it. She withdrew it hastily, but he felt it tremble. He did not dare to look up: that single contact had given him a new life; intoxicated with the most delicious sensations, he leaned back in silence. A fever had entered his veins,—the thrill of the touch had gone like fire into his system; all his frame seemed one nerve.

Lady Margaret talked of the weather and the prospect,

wondered how far they had got, and animadverted on the roads, till at last, like a child, she talked herself to rest. Mrs. Dalton read "Guy Mannering;" but neither Emily nor her lover had any occupation or thought in common with their companions: silent and absorbed, they were only alive to the vivid existence of the present. Constantly engaged, as we are, in looking behind us or before, if there be one hour in which we feel only the time being,—in which we feel sensibly that we live, and that those moments of the present are full of the enjoyment, the rapture of existence,—it is when we are with the *one* person whose life and spirits have become the great part and principle of our own. They reached their destination,—a small inn close by the shore. They rested there a short time, and then strolled along the sands towards the cliff. Since Falkland had known Emily, her character was much altered. Six weeks before the time I write of, and in playfulness and lightness of spirits she was almost a child: now those indications of an unawakened heart had mellowed into a tenderness full of that melancholy so touching and holy, even amid the voluptuous softness which it breathes and inspires. But this day, whether from that coquetry so common to all women, or from some cause more natural to *her*, she seemed gayer than Falkland ever remembered to have seen her. She ran over the sands, picking up shells, and tempting the waves with her small and fairy feet, not daring to look at him, and yet speaking to him at times with a quick tone of levity which hurt and offended him, even though he knew the depth of those feelings she could not disguise either from him or from herself. By degrees his answers and remarks grew cold and sarcastic. Emily affected pique; and when it was discovered that the cliff was still nearly two miles off,

she refused to proceed any farther. Lady Margaret talked her at last into consent, and they walked on as sullenly as an English party of pleasure possibly could do, till they were within three-quarters of a mile of the place, when Emily declared she was so tired that she really could not go on. Falkland looked at her, perhaps, with no very amiable expression of countenance, when he perceived that she seemed really pale and fatigued; and, when she caught his eyes, tears rushed into her own.

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Falkland," said she, eagerly, "this is *not* affectation. I am very tired; but rather than prevent your amusement, I will endeavor to go on." "Nonsense, child," said Lady Margaret, "you *do* seem tired. Mrs. Dalton and Falkland shall go to the rock, and I will stay here with you." This proposition, however, Lady Emily (who knew Lady Margaret's wish to see the rock) would not hear of; she insisted upon staying by herself. "Nobody will run away with me; and I can very easily amuse myself with picking up shells till you come back." After a long remonstrance, which produced no effect, this plan was at last acceded to. With great reluctance Falkland set off with his two companions; but after the first step, he turned to look back. He caught her eye, and felt from that moment that their reconciliation was sealed. They arrived, at last, at the cliff. Its height, its excavations, the romantic interest which the traditions respecting it had inspired, fully repaid the two women for the fatigue of their walk. As for Falkland, he was unconscious of everything around him; he was full of "sweet and bitter thoughts." In vain the man whom they found loitering there, in order to serve as a guide, kept dinging in his ear stories of the marvellous, and exclamations of the

sublime. The first words which aroused him were these: "It's lucky, please your honor, that you have just saved the tide. It is but last week that three poor people were drowned in attempting to come here; as it is, you will have to go home round the cliff." Falkland started; he felt his heart stand still. "Good God!" cried Lady Margaret, "what will become of Emily?"

They were at that instant in one of the caverns, where they had already been loitering too long. Falkland rushed out to the sands. The tide was hurrying in with a deep sound, which came on his soul like a knell. He looked back towards the way they had come: not one hundred yards distant, and the waters had already covered the path! An eternity would scarcely atone for the horror of that moment! One great characteristic of Falkland was his presence of mind. He turned to the man who stood beside him; he gave him a cool and exact description of the spot where he had left Emily. He told him to repair with all possible speed to his home, to launch his boat, to row it to the place he had described. "Be quick," he added, "and you *must* be in time: if you are, you shall never know poverty again." The next moment he was already several yards from the spot. He ran, or rather flew, till he was stopped by the waters. He rushed in; they were over a hollow between two rocks—they were already up to his chest. "There is yet hope," thought he, when he had passed the spot, and saw the smooth sand before him. For some minutes he was scarcely sensible of existence; and then he found himself breathless at *her* feet. Beyond, towards T—— (the small inn I spoke of), the waves had already reached the foot of the rocks, and precluded all hope of return. Their only chance was the possibility that the waters had not yet rendered

impassable the hollow through which Falkland had just waded. He scarcely spoke; at least he was totally unconscious of what he said. He hurried her on breathless and trembling, with the sound of the booming waters ringing in his ear, and their billows advancing to his very feet. They arrived at the hollow; a single glance sufficed to show him that their solitary hope was past! The waters, before up to his chest, had swelled considerably; he could not swim. He saw in that instant that they were girt with a hastening and terrible death. Can it be believed that with that certainty ceased his fear? He looked in the pale but calm countenance of her who clung to him, and a strange tranquillity, even mingled with joy, possessed him. Her breath was on his cheek, her form was reclining on his own, his hand clasped hers: if they were to die, it was thus. What could life afford to him more dear? "It is in this moment," said he, and he knelt as he spoke, "that I dare tell you what otherwise my lips never should have revealed. I love—I adore you! Turn not away from me thus. In life our persons were severed; if our hearts are united in death, then death will be sweet." She turned,—*her cheek was no longer pale!* He rose; he clasped her to his bosom, his lips pressed hers. Oh! that long, deep, burning pressure!—youth, love, life, soul, all concentrated in that one kiss! Yet the same cause which occasioned the avowal hallowed also the madness of his heart. What had the passion, declared only at the approach of death, with the more earthly desires of life? They looked to heaven,—it was calm and unclouded; the evening lay there in its balm and perfume, and the air was less agitated than their sighs. They turned towards the beautiful sea which was to be their grave; the wild birds flew over

it exultingly; the far vessels seemed "rejoicing to run their course." All was full of the breath, the glory, the life of nature; and in how many minutes was all to be as *nothing*! Their existence would resemble the ships that have gone down at sea in the very smile of the element that destroyed them. They looked into each other's eyes, and they drew still nearer together. Their hearts, in safety apart, mingled in peril and became one. Minutes rolled on, and the great waves came dashing round them. They stood on the loftiest eminence they could reach. The spray broke over their feet; the billows rose—rose; they were speechless. He thought he heard her heart beat, but her lip trembled not. A speck,—a boat! "Look up, Emily! look up! See how it cuts the waters. Nearer—nearer! but a little longer, and we are safe. It is but a few yards off, it approaches, it touches the rock!" Ah! what to them henceforth was the value of life, when the moment of discovering its charm became also the date of its misfortunes, and when the death they had escaped was the only method of cementing their union without consummating their guilt?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

I will write to you at length to-morrow. Events have occurred to alter, perhaps, the whole complexion of the future. I am now going to Emily to propose to her to fly. We are not *les gens du monde*, who are ruined by the loss of public opinion. She has felt that I can be to her far more than the world; and as for me, what would I not forfeit for one touch of her hand?

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Friday. — Since I wrote yesterday in these pages the narrative of our escape, I have done nothing but think over those moments, too dangerous because too dear; but at last I have steeled my heart, — I have yielded to my own weakness too long; I shudder at the abyss from which I have escaped. I can yet fly. He will come here to-day; he shall receive my farewell.

Saturday morning, four o'clock. — I have sat in this room alone since eleven o'clock. I cannot give vent to my feelings; they seem as if crushed by some load from which it is impossible to rise. “*He is gone, and forever!*” I sit repeating those words to myself, scarcely conscious of their meaning. Alas! when to-morrow comes, and the next day, and the next, and yet I see him not, I shall awaken, indeed, to all the agony of my loss! He came here, he saw me alone, he implored me to fly. I did not dare to meet his eyes; I hardened my heart against his voice. I knew the part I was to take, — I have adopted it; but what struggles, what misery, has it not occasioned me! Who could have thought it had been so hard to be virtuous! His eloquence drove me from one defence to another, and then I had none but *his* mercy. I opened my heart: I showed him its weakness; I implored his forbearance. My tears, my anguish, convinced him of my sincerity. We have parted in bitterness, but, thank Heaven, not in guilt! He has entreated permission to write to me. How could I refuse him? Yet I may not — cannot — write to him again! How *could* I, indeed, suffer my heart to pour forth one of its feelings in reply? — for would there be one word of regret, or one term of endearment, which my inmost soul would not echo?

Sunday. — Yes, *that day* — but I must not think of this; my very religion I dare not indulge. O God! how wretched I am! His visit was always the great era in the day; it employed all my hopes till he came, and all my memory when he was gone. I sit now and look at the place he used to fill, till I feel the tears rolling silently down my cheek; they come without an effort, — they depart without relief.

Monday. — Henry asked me where Mr. Falkland was gone; I stooped down to hide my confusion. When shall I hear from him? To-morrow? Oh, that it were come! I have placed the clock before me, and I actually count the minutes. He left a book here; it is a volume of "Melmoth." I have read over every word of it, and whenever I have come to a pencil-mark by him, I have paused to dream over that varying and eloquent countenance, the low, soft tone of that tender voice, till the book has fallen from my hands, and I have started to find the utterness of my desolation!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

— HOTEL, LONDON.

For the first time in my life I write to you! How my hand trembles, — how my cheek flushes! a thousand, thousand thoughts rush upon me, and almost suffocate me with the variety and confusion of the emotions they awaken! I am agitated alike with the rapture of writing to you, and with the impossibility of expressing the feelings which I cannot distinctly unravel even to myself. You love me, Emily, and yet I have fled from you, and at your command; but the thought that, though absent, I am not forgotten, supports me through all.

It was with a feverish sense of weariness and pain that I found myself entering this vast reservoir of human vices. I became at once sensible of the sterility of that polluted soil so incapable of nurturing affection, and I clasped your image the closer to my heart. It is you, who, when I was most weary of existence, gifted me with a new life. You breathed into me a part of your own spirit; my soul feels that influence, and becomes more sacred. I have shut myself from the idlers who would molest me; I have built a temple in my heart; I have set within it a divinity; and the vanities of the world shall not profane the spot which has been consecrated to *you*. Our parting, Emily, — do you recall it? Your hand clasped in mine; your cheek resting, though but for an instant, on my bosom; and the tears which love called forth, but which virtue purified even at their source. Never were hearts so near, yet so divided; never was there an hour so tender, yet so unaccompanied with danger. Passion, grief, madness, all sank beneath your voice, and lay hushed like a deep sea within my soul! “*Tu abbia veduto il leone ammansarsi alla sola tua voce.*”¹

I tore myself from you; I hurried through the wood; I stood by the lake, on whose banks I had so often wandered with you; I bared my breast to the winds; I bathed my temples with the waters. Fool that I was! the fever, the fever was within! But it is not thus, my adored and beautiful friend, that I should console and support you. Even as I write, passion melts into tenderness, and pours itself in softness over your remembrance. The virtue so gentle, yet so strong; the feelings so kind, yet so holy; the tears which wept over the decision your lips proclaimed, — these are the recollec-

¹ *Ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis.*

tions which come over me like dew. Let your own heart, my Emily, be your reward; and know that your lover only forgets that he *adores*, to remember that he *respects* you.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

— PARK.

I could not bear the tumult and noise of London. I sighed for solitude, that I might muse over your remembrance undisturbed. I came here yesterday. It is the home of my childhood. I am surrounded on all sides by the scenes and images consecrated by the fresh recollections of my unsullied years. *They* are not changed. The seasons which come and depart renew in them the havoc which they make. If the December destroys, the April revives; but man has but one spring, and the desolation of the heart but one winter. In this very room have I sat and brooded over dreams and hopes which—but no matter: those dreams could never show me a vision to equal *you*, or those hopes hold out to me a blessing so precious as your love.

Do you remember, or rather can you ever forget, that moment in which the great depths of our souls were revealed? Ah! not in the scene in which such vows should have been whispered to your ear, and your tenderness have blushed its reply. The passion concealed in darkness was revealed in danger; and the love, which in life was forbidden, was our comfort amidst the terrors of death! And that long and holy kiss, the first, the only moment in which our lips shared the union of our souls! — do not tell me that it is wrong to recall it! — do not tell me that I sin, when I own to you the hours I sit alone, and nurse the delirium of that voluptuous

remembrance. The feelings you have excited may render me wretched, but not guilty; for the love of *you* can only *hallow* the heart, — it is a fire which consecrates the altar on which it burns. I feel, even from the hour that I loved, that my soul has become more pure. I could not believe that I was capable of so unearthly an affection, or that the love of woman could possess that divinity of virtue which I worship in yours. The world is no fosterer of our young visions of purity and passion: embarked in its pursuits, and acquainted with its pleasures, while the latter sated me with what is evil, the former made me incredulous to what is pure. I considered your sex as a problem which my experience had already solved. Like the French philosophers, who lose truth by endeavoring to condense it, and who forfeit the *moral* from their regard to the *maxim*, I concentrated my knowledge of women into aphorisms and antitheses; and I did not dream of the exceptions, if I did not find myself deceived in the general conclusion. I confess that I erred; I renounce from this moment the colder reflections of my manhood, the fruits of a bitter experience, the wisdom of an inquiring yet agitated life. I return with transport to my earliest visions of beauty and love; and I dedicate them upon the altar of my soul to you, who have embodied, and concentrated, and breathed them into life!

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Monday. — This is the most joyless day in the whole week; for it can bring me no letter from him. I rise listlessly, and read over again and again the last letter I received from him: useless task! it is graven on my

heart! I long only for the day to be over, because to-morrow I may, perhaps, hear from him again. When I wake at night from my disturbed and broken sleep, I look if the morning is near; not because it gives light and life, but because it may bring tidings of him. When his letter is brought to me, I keep it for minutes unopened, I feed my eyes on the handwriting, I examine the seal, I press it with my kisses, before I indulge myself in the luxury of reading it. I then place it in my bosom, and take it thence only to read it again and again,—to moisten it with my tears of gratitude and love, and, alas! of penitence and remorse! What can be the end of this affection? I dare neither to hope that it may continue or that it may cease; in either case I am wretched forever!

Monday night, twelve o'clock. — They observe my paleness, the tears which tremble in my eyes, the listlessness and dejection of my manner. I think Mrs. Dalton guesses the cause. Humbled and debased in my own mind, I fly, Falkland, for refuge to you! Your affection cannot raise me to my former state, but it can reconcile — no, not reconcile, but support me in my present. This dear letter, I kiss it again, — oh! that to-morrow were come!

Tuesday. — Another letter, so kind, so tender, so encouraging; would that I deserved his praises! Alas! I sin even in reading them. I know that I ought to struggle more against my feelings, — *once* I attempted it; I prayed to Heaven to support me; I put away from me everything that could recall him to my mind, — for three days I would not open his letters. I could then resist no longer; and my weakness became the more confirmed from the feebleness of the struggle. I remember one day that he told us of a beautiful passage

in one of the ancients, in which the bitterest curse against the wicked is, that they may see virtue, but not be able to obtain it:¹ *that punishment is mine!*

Wednesday. — My boy has been with me; I see him now from the windows gathering the field-flowers, and running after every butterfly which comes across him. Formerly he made all my delight and occupation; now he is even dearer to me than ever; but he no longer engrosses all my thoughts. I turn over the leaves of this journal: once it noted down the little occurrences of the day; it marks nothing now but the monotony of sadness. *He* is not here, — *he* cannot come. What event then *could* I notice?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.²

— PARK.

If you knew how I long, how I thirst, for one word from you, — one word to say you are well, and have not forgotten me! — but I will not distress you. You will guess my feelings, and do justice to the restraint I impose on them, when I make no effort to alter your resolution not to write. I know that it is just, and I bow to my sentence; but can you blame me if I am restless and if I repine? It is past twelve; I always write to you at night. It is then, my own love, that my imagination can the more readily transport me to you; it is then that my spirit holds with you a more tender and undivided commune. In the day the world can force itself upon my thoughts, and its trifles usurp the place

¹ Persius.

² Most of the letters from Falkland to Lady E. Mandeville I have thought it expedient to suppress.

which "I love to keep for only thee and Heaven;" but in the night all things recall you the more vividly: the stillness of the gentle skies; the blandness of the unbroken air; the stars, so holy in their loveliness, — all speak and breathe to me of you. I think your hand is clasped in mine; and I again drink the low music of your voice, and imbibe again in the air the breath which has been perfumed by your lips. You seem to stand in my lonely chamber in the light and stillness of a spirit who has wandered on earth to teach us the love which is felt in Heaven.

I cannot, believe me, I cannot endure this separation long; it must be more or less. You must be mine forever, or our parting must be without a mitigation, which is rather a cruelty than a relief. If you will not accompany me, I will leave this country alone. I must not wean myself from your image by degrees, but break from the enchantment at once. And when, Emily, I am once more upon the world; when no tidings of my fate shall reach your ear, and all its power of alienation be left to the progress of time; when you will at last have forgotten me; when your peace of mind will be restored, and having no struggles of conscience to undergo you will have no remorse to endure, — then, Emily, when we are indeed divided, let the scene which has witnessed our passion, the letters which have recorded my vow, the evil we have suffered, and the temptation we have overcome, let these in our old age be remembered, and in declaring to Heaven that we were innocent, add also *that we loved.*

FROM DON ALPHONSO D'AGUILAR TO DON —.

LONDON.

Our cause gains ground daily. The great, indeed the only ostensible object of my mission is nearly fulfilled; but I have another charge and attraction which I am now about to explain to you. You know that my acquaintance with the English language and country arose from my sister's marriage with Mr. Falkland. After the birth of their only child I accompanied them to England; I remained with them for three years, and I still consider those days among the whitest in my restless and agitated career. I returned to Spain; I became engaged in the troubles and dissensions which distracted my unhappy country. Years rolled on, *how* I need not mention to *you*. One night they put a letter into my hands; it was from my sister; it was written on her death-bed. Her husband had died suddenly. She loved him as a Spanish woman loves, and she could not survive his loss. Her letter to me spoke of her country and her son. Amid the new ties she had formed in England, she had never forgotten the land of her fathers. "I have already," she said, "taught my boy to remember that he has two countries: that the one, prosperous and free, may afford him his pleasures; that the other, struggling and debased, demands from him his duties. If, when he has attained the age in which you can judge of his character, he is respectable only from his rank, and valuable only from his wealth; if neither his head nor his heart will make him useful to *our* cause, suffer him to remain undisturbed in his prosperity *here*: but if, as I presage, he becomes worthy of the blood which he bears in his veins, then I conjure you, my brother, to remind him that he has been sworn

by me on my death-bed to the most sacred of earthly altars."

Some months since, when I arrived in England, before I ventured to find him out in person, I resolved to inquire into his character. Had he been as the young and the rich generally are, — had dissipation become habitual to him, and frivolity grown around him as a second nature, then I should have acquiesced in the former injunction of my sister much more willingly than I shall now obey the latter. I find that he is perfectly acquainted with our language, that he has placed a large sum in our funds, and that from the general liberality of his sentiments he is as likely to espouse, as (in that case) he would be certain, from his high reputation for talent, to serve our cause. I am, therefore, upon the eve of seeking him out. I understand that he is living in perfect retirement in the county of —, in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Mandeville, an Englishman of considerable fortune, and warmly attached to our cause.

Mr. Mandeville has invited me to accompany him down to his estate for some days, and I am too anxious to see my nephew not to accept eagerly of the invitation. If I can persuade Falkland to aid us, it will be by the influence of his name, his talents, and his wealth. It is not of him that we can ask the stern and laborious devotion to which we have consecrated ourselves. The perfidy of friends, the vigilance of foes, the rashness of the bold, the cowardice of the wavering, strife in the closet, treachery in the senate, death in the field: *these* constitute the fate we have pledged ourselves to bear. Little can any, who do not endure it, imagine of the life to which those who share the contests of an agitated and distracted country are doomed; but if they know not our

griefs, neither can they dream of our consolation. We move like the delineation of Faith, over a barren and desert soil: the rock, and the thorn, and the stings of the adder, are round our feet; but we clasp a crucifix to our hearts for our comfort, and we fix our eyes upon the heavens for our hope!

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Wednesday. — His letters have taken a different tone: instead of soothing, they add to my distress; but I deserve all — all that can be inflicted upon me. I have had a letter from Mr. Mandeville. He is coming down here for a few days, and intends bringing some friends with him; he mentions particularly a Spaniard, — *the uncle of Mr. Falkland, whom he asks if I have seen.* The Spaniard is particularly anxious to meet his nephew, — he does not then know that Falkland is gone. It will be some relief to see Mr. Mandeville alone; but even then how shall I meet him? What shall I say when he observes my paleness and alteration? I feel bowed to the very dust.

Thursday evening. — Mr. Mandeville has arrived; fortunately, it was late in the evening before he came, and the darkness prevented his observing my confusion and alteration. He was kinder than usual. Oh! how bitterly my heart avenged him! He brought with him the Spaniard, Don Alphonso d'Aguilar; I think there is a faint family likeness between him and Falkland. Mr. Mandeville brought also a letter from Julia. She will be here the day after to-morrow. The letter is short, but kind: she does not allude to *him*; it is some days since I heard from him.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

I have resolved, Monkton, to go to her again! I am sure that it will be better for both of us to meet once more; perhaps, to unite forever! None who have once loved me can easily forget me. I do not say this from vanity, because I owe it not to my being *superior* to, but *different* from others. I am sure that the remorse and affliction she feels now are far greater than she would experience, even were she more guilty, and with me. *Then*, at least, she would have some one to soothe and sympathize in whatever she might endure. To one so pure as Emily, the full crime is already incurred. It is not the innocent who insist upon that nice line of morality between the thought and the action: such distinctions require reflection, experience, deliberation, prudence of head, or coldness of heart; these are the traits, not of the guileless, but of the worldly. It is the *affections*, not the *person* of a virtuous woman which it is difficult to obtain: that difficulty is the safeguard to her chastity; that difficulty I have, in this instance, overcome. I have endeavored to live without Emily, but in vain. Every moment of absence only taught me the impossibility. In twenty-four hours I shall see her again. I feel my pulse rise into fever at the very thought.

Farewell, Monkton. My next letter, I hope, will record my triumph.

BOOK III.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Friday. — Julia is here, and so kind! She has not mentioned *his* name, but she sighed so deeply when she saw my pale and sunken countenance, that I threw myself into her arms and cried like a child. We had no need of other explanation: those tears spoke at once my confession and my repentance. No letter from him for several days! Surely he is not ill! how miserable that thought makes me!

Saturday. — A note has just been brought me from him. He is come back,—*here!* Good Heavens! how very imprudent! I am so agitated that I can write no more.

Sunday. — I have seen him! Let me repeat that sentence,—*I have seen him.* Oh, that moment! did it not atone for all that I have suffered? I dare not write everything he said, but he wished me to fly with him—*him*: what happiness, yet what guilt in the very thought! Oh! this foolish heart,—would that it might break! I feel too well the sophistry of his arguments, and yet I cannot resist them. He seems to have thrown a spell over me which precludes even the effort to escape.

Monday. — Mr. Mandeville has asked several people in the country to dine here to-morrow, and there is to be a ball in the evening. Falkland is of course invited. We shall meet then, and *how?* I have been so little accustomed to disguise my feelings, that I quite tremble to meet him with so many witnesses around. Mr. Mandeville has been so harsh to me to-day; if Falkland ever looked at me so, or ever said one such word, my heart would indeed break. What is it Alfieri says about the two demons to whom he is forever a prey? "*La mente e il cor in perpetua lite.*" Alas! at times I start from my reveries with such a keen sense of agony and shame! How, how am I fallen!

Tuesday. — He is to come here to-day, and I shall see him!

Wednesday morning. — The night is over, thank Heaven! Falkland came late to dinner: every one else was assembled. How gracefully he entered! how superior he seemed to all the crowd that stood around him! He appeared as if he were resolved to exert powers which he had disdained before. He entered into the conversation, not only with such brilliancy, but with such a blandness and courtesy of manner! There was no scorn on his lip, no haughtiness on his forehead, — nothing which showed him for a moment conscious of his immeasurable superiority over every one present. After dinner, as we retired, I caught his eyes. What volumes they told! — and then I had to listen to his praises, *and say nothing.* I felt angry even in my pleasure. Who but I had a right to speak of him so well!

The ball came on; I felt languid and dispirited. Falkland did not dance. He sat himself by me; he urged me to — O God! O God! would that I were dead!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

How are you this morning, my adored friend? You seemed pale and ill when we parted last night, and I shall be *so* unhappy till I hear something of you. Oh, Emily, when you listened to me with those tearful and downcast looks; when I saw your bosom heave at every word which I whispered in your ear; when, as I accidentally touched your hand, I felt it tremble beneath my own, — oh! was there nothing in those moments at your heart which pleaded for me more eloquently than words? Pure and holy as you are, you know not, it is true, the feelings which burn and madden in me. When you are beside me, your hand, if it trembles, is not on fire; your voice, if it is more subdued, does not falter with the emotions it dares not express; your heart is not, like mine, devoured by a parching and wasting flame; your sleep is not turned by restless and turbulent dreams from the healthful renewal, into the very consumer of life. No, Emily! God forbid that you *should* feel the guilt, the agony which preys upon me; but, at least, in the fond and gentle tenderness of your heart, there must be a voice you find it difficult to silence. Amidst all the fictitious ties and fascinations of art, you cannot dismiss from your bosom the unconquerable impulses of nature. What is it you fear? — you will answer, *disgrace!* But *can* you feel it, Emily, when you share it with me? Believe me that the love which is nursed through shame and sorrow is of a deeper and holier nature than that which is reared in pride, and fostered in joy. But, if not shame, it is guilt, perhaps, which you dread? Are you then so innocent *now?* The adultery of the heart is no less a crime than that of the deed; and — yet I will

not deceive you — it *is* guilt to which I tempt you! — it *is* a fall from the proud eminence you hold now. I grant this, and I offer you nothing in recompense but my love. If you loved like me, you would feel that it was something of pride — of triumph — to dare all things, even crime, for the one to whom all things are as nought! As for me, I know that if a voice from Heaven told me to desert you, I would only clasp you the closer to my heart?

I tell you, my own love, that when your hand is in mine, when your head rests upon my bosom, when those soft and thrilling eyes shall be fixed upon my own, when every sigh shall be mingled with my breath, and every tear be kissed away at the very instant it rises from its source, — I tell you that then you shall only feel that every pang of the past, and every fear for the future, shall be but a new link to bind us the firmer to each other. Emily, my life, my love, you cannot, if you would, desert me. Who can separate the waters which are once united, or divide the hearts which have met and mingled into one?

Since they had once more met, it will be perceived that Falkland had adopted a new tone in expressing his passion to Emily. In the book of guilt another page, branded in a deeper and more burning character, had been turned. He lost no opportunity of summoning the earthlier emotions to the support of his cause. He wooed her fancy with the golden language of poetry, and strove to arouse the latent feelings of her sex by the soft magic of his voice, and the passionate meaning it conveyed. But at times there came over him a deep and keen sentiment of remorse; and even, as his experienced and practised eye saw the moment of his triumph

approach, he felt that the success he was hazarding his own soul and hers to obtain, might bring him a momentary transport, but not a permanent happiness. There is always this difference in the love of women and of men, that in the former, when once admitted, it engrosses all the sources of thought, and excludes every object but itself; but in the latter, it is shared with all the former reflections and feelings which the past yet bequeaths us, and can neither (however powerful be its nature) constitute *the whole* of our happiness or woe. The love of man in his maturer years is not indeed so much a new emotion, as a revival and concentration of all his departed affections to others; and the deep and intense nature of Falkland's passion for Emily was linked with the recollections of whatever he had formerly cherished as tender or dear; it touched,—it awoke a long chain of young and enthusiastic feelings, which arose, perhaps, the fresher from their slumber. Who, when he turns to recall his first and fondest associations; when he throws off, one by one, the layers of earth and stone which have grown and hardened over the records of the past: who has not been surprised to discover how fresh and unimpaired those buried treasures rise again upon his heart? They have been laid up in the storehouse of time; they have not perished; their very concealment has preserved them! *We remove the lava, and the world of a gone day is before us!*

The evening of the day on which Falkland had written the above letter was rude and stormy. The various streams with which the country abounded were swelled by late rains into an unwonted rapidity and breadth; and their voices blended with the rushing sound of the winds, and the distant roll of the thunder, which began at last sullenly to subside. The whole of the scene

around L—— was of that savage yet sublime character, which suited well with the wrath of the aroused elements. Dark woods, large tracts of unenclosed heath, abrupt variations of hill and vale, and a dim and broken outline beyond of uninterrupted mountains, formed the great features of that romantic country.

It was filled with the recollections of his youth, and of the wild delight which he took then in the convulsions and varieties of nature, that Falkland roamed abroad that evening. The dim shadows of years, crowded with concealed events and corroding reflections, all gathered around his mind, and the gloom and tempest of the night came over him like the sympathy of a friend.

He passed a group of terrified peasants; they were cowering under a tree. The oldest hid his head and shuddered; but the youngest looked steadily at the lightning which played at fitful intervals over the mountain stream that rushed rapidly by their feet. Falkland stood beside them unnoticed and silent, with folded arms and a scornful lip. To him, nature, heaven, earth, had nothing for fear, and everything for reflection. In youth, thought he (as he contrasted the fear felt at one period of life with the indifference at another), there are so many objects to divide and distract life, that we are scarcely sensible of the collected conviction that we live. We lose the sense of what *is* by thinking rather of what is *to be*. But the old, who have no future to expect, are more vividly alive to the present, and they feel death more, because they have a more settled and perfect impression of existence.

He left the group, and went on alone by the margin of the winding and swelling stream. "It is," said a certain philosopher, "in the conflicts of nature that man most feels his littleness." Like all general maxims, this is

only partially true. The mind, which takes its first ideas from perception, must take also its tone from the character of the objects perceived. In mingling our spirits with the great elements, we partake of their sublimity; we awaken thought from the secret depths where it had lain concealed; our feelings are too excited to remain riveted to ourselves: they blend with the mighty powers which are abroad; and as, in the agitations of men, the individual arouses from himself to become a part of the crowd, so in the convulsions of nature we are equally awakened from the littleness of self, to be lost in the grandeur of the conflict by which we are surrounded.

Falkland still continued to track the stream; it wound its way through Mandeville's grounds, and broadened at last into the lake which was so consecrated to his recollections. He paused at that spot for some moments, looking carelessly over the wide expanse of waters, now dark as night, and now flashing into one mighty plain of fire beneath the coruscations of the lightning. The clouds swept on in massy columns, dark and aspiring,—veiling, while they rolled up to, the great heavens, like the shadows of human doubt. Oh! weak, weak was that dogma of the philosopher! There is a *pride* in the storm which, according to his doctrine, would debase us; a stirring music in its roar; even a savage joy in its destruction: for we can exult in a defiance of its power, even while we share in its triumphs, in a consciousness of a superior spirit within us to that which is around. We can mock at the fury of the elements, for they are less terrible than the passions of the heart; at the devastations of the awful skies, for they are less desolating than the wrath of man; at the convulsions of that surrounding nature which has no peril, no terror to the soul,

which is more indestructible and eternal than itself. Falkland turned towards the house which contained *his* world; and, as the lightning revealed at intervals the white columns of the porch, and wrapped in sheets of fire, like a spectral throng, the tall and waving trees by which it was encircled, and then as suddenly ceased, and "the jaws of darkness" devoured up the scene, he compared, with that bitter alchemy of feeling which resolves all into one crucible of thought, those alternations of sight and shadow to the history of his own guilty love, — that passion whose birth was the womb of Night, shrouded in darkness, surrounded by storms, and receiving only from the angry heavens a momentary brilliance, more terrible than its customary gloom.

As he entered the saloon, Lady Margaret advanced towards him. "My dear Falkland," said she, "how good it is in you to come in such a night. We have been watching the skies till Emily grew terrified at the lightning; *formerly* it did not alarm her." And Lady Margaret turned, utterly unconscious of the reproach she had conveyed, towards Emily.

Did not Falkland's look turn also to that spot? Lady Emily was sitting by the harp which Mrs. St. John appeared to be most seriously employed in tuning; her countenance was bent downwards, and burning beneath the blushes called forth by the gaze which she *felt* was upon her.

There was in Falkland's character a peculiar dislike to all outward display of less worldly emotions. He had none of the vanity most men have in conquest; he would not have had any human being know that he was loved. He was right! No altar should be so unseen and inviolable as the human heart! He saw at once and relieved the embarrassment he had caused. With

the remarkable fascination and grace of manner so peculiarly his own, he made his excuses to Lady Margaret for his disordered dress; he charmed his uncle, Don Alphonso, with a quotation from Lopez de Vega; he inquired tenderly of Mrs. Dalton touching the health of her Italian grayhound; and then — nor till then — he ventured to approach Emily, and speak to her in that soft tone which, like a fairy language, is understood only by the person it addresses. Mrs. St. John rose and left the harp; Falkland took her seat. He bent down to whisper Emily. His long hair touched her cheek! it was still wet with the night dew. She looked up as she felt it, and met his gaze: better had it been to have lost earth than to have drunk the soul's poison from that eye when it tempted to sin.

Mrs. St. John stood at some distance; Don Alphonso was speaking to her of his nephew, and of his hopes of ultimately gaining him to the cause of his mother's country. "See you not," said Mrs. St. John, and her color went and came, "that while he has such attractions to detain him, your hopes are in vain?" "What mean you?" replied the Spaniard; but his eye had followed the direction she had given it, and the question came only from his lips. Mrs. St. John drew him to a still remoter corner of the room, and it was in the conversation that then ensued between them that they agreed to unite for the purpose of separating Emily from her lover. "I to save my friend," said Mrs. St. John, "and you your kinsman." Thus is it with human virtue: the fair show and the good deed without; the one eternal motive of selfishness within. During the Spaniard's visit at E——, he had seen enough of Falkland to perceive the great consequence he might, from his perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, from his singular

powers, and, above all, from his command of wealth, be to the cause of that party he himself had adopted. His aim, therefore, was now no longer confined to procuring Falkland's good-will and aim at home: he hoped to secure his personal assistance in Spain; and he willingly coincided with Mrs. St. John in detaching his nephew from a tie so likely to detain him from that service to which Alphonso wished he should be pledged.

Mandeville had left E—— that morning; he suspected nothing of Emily's attachment. This, on his part, was less confidence than indifference. He was one of those persons who have no existence separate from their own: his senses all turned inwards; they reproduced selfishness. Even the House of Commons was only an object of interest, because he imagined it a part of him, not he of it. He said, with the insect on the wheel, “Admire *our* rapidity.” But did the defects of his character remove Lady Emily's guilt? No! and this, at times, was her bitterest conviction. Whoever turns to these pages for an apology for sin will be mistaken. They contain the burning records of its sufferings, its repentance, and its doom. If there be one crime in the history of woman worse than another, it is adultery. It is, in fact, the only crime to which, in ordinary life, she is exposed. Man has a thousand temptations to sin,—woman has but one; if she cannot resist it, she has no claim upon our mercy. The heavens are just! her own guilt is her punishment! Should these pages, at this moment, meet the eyes of one who has become the centre of a circle of disgrace, the contaminator of her house, the dishonor of her children,—no matter what the excuse for her crime, no matter what the exchange of her station: in the very arms of her lover, in the very cincture of the new ties which she has chosen,—I call upon her to answer me if

the fondest moments of rapture are free from humiliation, though they have forgotten remorse; and if the passion itself of her lover has not become no less the penalty than the recompense of her guilt? But at that hour of which I now write, there was neither in Emily's heart, nor in that of her seducer, any recollection of their sin. Those hearts were too full for thought,—they had forgotten everything but each other. Their love was their creation; beyond, all was night, chaos,—nothing!

Lady Margaret approached them. "You will sing to us, Emily, to-night? It is *so* long since we have heard you!" It was in vain that Emily tried,—her voice failed. She looked at Falkland, and could scarcely restrain her tears. She had not yet learned the latest art which sin teaches us,—*its concealment!* "I will supply Lady Emily's place," said Falkland. *His* voice was calm, and *his* brow serene; the world had left nothing for him to learn. "Will you play the air," he said to Mrs. St. John, "that you gave us some nights ago? I will furnish the words." Mrs. St. John's hand trembled as she obeyed.

SONG.

Ah, let us love while yet we may,
Our summer is decaying;
And woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a-maying.

Ah, let us love, while of the fire
Time hath not yet bereft us:
With years our warmer thoughts expire,
Till only ice is left us!

We'll fly the bleak world's bitter air.—
A brighter home shall win us;
And if our hearts grow weary there,
We'll find a world within us.



They preach that passion fades each hour,
That nought will pall like pleasure;
My bee, if Love's so frail a flower,
Oh, haste to hive its treasure.

Wait not the hour, when all the mind
Shall to the crowd be given ;
For links, which to the *million* bind,
Shall from the *one* be riven.

But let us love while yet we may :
Our summer is decaying ;
And woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a-maying.

The next day Emily rose ill and feverish. In the absence of Falkland, her mind always awoke to the full sense of the guilt she had incurred. She had been brought up in the strictest, even the most fastidious principles; and her nature was so pure, that merely to err appeared like a change in existence,—like an entrance into some new and unknown world, from which she shrank back, in terror, to herself.

Judge, then, if she easily habituated her mind to its present degradation. She sat, that morning, pale and listless; her book lay unopened before her; her eyes were fixed upon the ground, heavy with suppressed tears. Mrs. St. John entered; no one else was in the room. She sat by her, and took her hand. Her countenance was scarcely less colorless than Emily's, but its expression was more calm and composed. "It is not too late, Emily," she said; "you have done much that you should repent,—nothing to render repentance unavailing. Forgive me, if I speak to you on this subject. It is time,—in a few days your fate will be decided. I have looked on, though hitherto I have been silent; I

have witnessed that eye when it dwelt upon you; I have heard that voice when it spoke to your heart. None ever resisted their influence long; do you imagine that you are the first who have found the power? Pardon me, pardon me, I beseech you, my dearest friend, if I pain you. I have known you from your childhood, and I only wish to preserve you spotless to your old age."

Emily wept, without replying. Mrs. St. John continued to argue and expostulate. What is so wavering as passion? When, at last, Mrs. St. John ceased, and Emily shed upon her bosom the hot tears of her anguish and repentance, she imagined that her resolution was taken, and that she could almost have vowed an eternal separation from her lover; Falkland came that evening, and she loved him more madly than before.

Mrs. St. John was not in the saloon when Falkland entered. Lady Margaret was reading the well-known story of Lady T—— and the Duchess of M——, in which an agreement had been made and *kept*, that the one who died first should return once more to the survivor. As Lady Margaret spoke laughingly of the anecdote, Emily, who was watching Falkland's countenance, was struck with the dark and sudden shade which fell over it. He moved in silence towards the window where Emily was sitting. "Do you believe," she said, with a faint smile, "in the possibility of such an event?" "I believe — though I reject — nothing!" replied Falkland; "but I would give worlds for such a proof that death does not destroy." "Surely," said Emily, "you do not deny that evidence of our immortality which we gather from the Scriptures? — are *they* not all that a voice from the dead could be?" Falkland was silent for a few moments: he did not seem to hear the question; his eyes dwelt upon vacancy; and when

he at last spoke, it was rather in commune with himself than in answer to her. "I have watched," said he, in a low, internal tone, "over the tomb; I have called, in the agony of my heart, unto her who slept beneath; I would have *dissolved my very soul* into a spell, could it have summoned before me for one, one moment, the being who had once been the spirit of my life! I have been, as it were, *entranced* with the intensity of my own adjuration; I have gazed upon the empty air, and worked upon my mind to fill it with imaginings; I have called aloud unto the winds, and tasked my soul to awaken their silence to reply. All was a waste, a stillness, an infinity, without a wanderer or a voice! The dead answered me not, when I invoked them; and in the vigils of the still night I looked from the rank grass and the mouldering stones to the eternal heavens, as man looks from decay to immortality! Oh! that awful magnificence of repose, that living sleep, that breathing yet unrevealing divinity, spread over those still worlds! To them also I poured my thoughts, — *but in a whisper*. I did not dare to breathe *aloud* the unhallowed anguish of my mind to the majesty of the unsympathizing stars! In the vast order of creation, in the midst of the stupendous system of universal life, my doubt and inquiry were murmured forth, — *a voice crying in the wilderness, and returning without an echo, unanswered unto myself!*"

The deep light of the summer moon shone over Falkland's countenance, which Emily gazed on, as she listened, almost tremblingly, to his words. His brow was knit and hueless, and the large drops gathered slowly over it, as if wrung from the strained yet impotent tension of the thoughts within. Emily drew nearer to him, — she laid her hand upon his own. "Listen to

me," she said: "if a herald from the grave could satisfy your doubt, *I would gladly die that I might return to you!*" "Beware," said Falkland, with an agitated but solemn voice; "the words, now so lightly spoken, may be registered on high." "Be it so!" replied Emily, firmly, and she felt what she said. *Her* love penetrated beyond the tomb, and she would have forfeited all here for their union hereafter.

"In my earliest youth," said Falkland, more calmly than he had yet spoken, "I found in the present and the past of this world enough to direct my attention to the futurity of another; if I did not credit all with the enthusiast, I had no sympathies with the scorner. I sat myself down to examine and reflect; I pored alike over the pages of the philosopher and the theologian; I was neither baffled by the subtleties nor deterred by the contradictions of either. As men first ascertained the geography of the earth by observing the signs of the heavens, I did homage to the unknown God, and sought from that worship to inquire into the reasonings of mankind. I did not confine myself to books,—all things breathing or inanimate constituted my study. From death itself I endeavored to extract its secret; and whole nights I have sat in the crowded asylums of the dying, watching the last spark flutter and decay. Men die away as in sleep, without effort, or struggle, or emotion. I have looked on their countenances a moment before death, and the serenity of repose was upon them, waxing only more deep as it approached that slumber *which is never broken*: the breath grew gentler and gentler, till the lips it came from fell from each other, and all was hushed; the light had departed from the cloud, but the cloud itself, gray, cold, altered as it seemed, was as before. *They died and made no sign.* They had left

the labyrinth without bequeathing us its clew. It is in vain that I have sent my spirit into the land of shadows, — it has borne back no witnesses of its inquiry. As Newton said of himself, 'I picked up a few shells by the sea-shore, but the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me.' "

There was a long pause. Lady Margaret had sat down to chess with the Spaniard. No look was upon the lovers; their eyes met, and with that one glance the whole current of their thoughts was changed. The blood, which a moment before had left Falkland's cheek so colorless, rushed back to it again. The love which had so penetrated and pervaded his whole system, and which abstruser and colder reflection had just calmed, thrilled through his frame with redoubled power. As if by an involuntary and mutual impulse, their lips met; he threw his arm round her; he strained her to his bosom. "Dark as my thoughts are," he whispered, "evil as has been my life, will you not yet soothe the one, and guide the other? My Emily! my love! the *Heaven to the tumultuous ocean of my heart* — will you not be mine; mine only — wholly — and forever?" She did not answer, — she did not turn from his embrace. Her cheek flushed as his breath stole over it, and her bosom heaved beneath the arm which encircled that empire so devoted to him. "Speak one word, only one word," he continued to whisper: "will you not be mine? Are you not mine at heart even at this moment?" Her head sank upon his bosom. Those deep and eloquent eyes looked up to his through their dark lashes. "I *will* be yours," she murmured: "I am at your mercy; I have no longer any existence but in you. My only fear is, that I shall cease to be worthy of your love!"

Falkland pressed his lips once more to her own; it

was his only answer, and the last seal to their compact. As they stood before the open lattice, the still and unconscious moon looked down upon that record of guilt. There was not a cloud in the heavens to dim *her* purity; the very winds of night had hushed themselves to do her homage; all was silent but *their* hearts. They stood beneath the calm and holy skies, a guilty and devoted pair,—a fearful contrast of the sin and turbulence of this unquiet earth to the passionless serenity of the eternal heaven. The same stars that for thousands of unfathomed years had looked upon the changes of this nether world, gleamed pale, and pure, and steadfast upon their burning but transitory vow. In a few years what of the condemnation or the recorders of that vow would remain? From other lips, on that spot, other oaths might be plighted; new pledges of unchangeable fidelity exchanged,—and, year after year, in each succession of scene and time, the same stars will look from the mystery of their untracked and impenetrable home, to mock, as now, with their immutability, the variations and shadows of mankind.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

At length, then, you are to be mine,—you have consented to fly with me. In three days we shall leave this country, and have no home,—no world but in each other. We will go, my Emily, to those golden lands where nature, the only companion we will suffer, woos us, like a mother, to find our asylum in her breast; where the breezes are languid beneath the passion of the voluptuous skies; and where the purple light that invests all things with its glory is only less tender and

consecrating than the spirit which we bring. Is there not, my Emily, in the external nature which reigns over creation, and that human nature centred in ourselves, some secret and undefinable intelligence and attraction? Are not the impressions of the former as spells over the passions of the latter; and in gazing upon the loveliness around us, do we not gather, as it were, and store within our hearts, an increase of the yearning and desire of love? What can we demand from earth but its solitudes; what from heaven but its unpolluted air? All that others would ask from either, we can find in ourselves. Wealth, honor, happiness,—every object of ambition or desire, exist not for us without the circle of our arms! But the bower that surrounds us shall not be unworthy of your beauty or our love. Amidst the myrtle and the vine, and the valleys where the summer sleeps, and the rivers that murmur the memories and the legends of old; amidst the hills and the glossy glades, and the silver fountains, still as beautiful as if the nymph and spirit yet held and decorated an earthly home,—amidst these we will make the couch of our bridals, and the moon of Italian skies shall keep watch on our repose.

Emily! — Emily! — how I love to repeat and to linger over that beautiful name! If to see, to address, and, more than all, to touch you, has been a rapture, what word can I find in the vocabulary of happiness to express the realization of that hope which now burns within me,—to mingle our youth together into one stream, wheresoever it flows; to respire the same breath; to be almost blent in the same existence; to grow, as it were, on one stem, and knit into a *single* life the feelings, the wishes, the *being* of both!

To-night I shall see you again: let one day more in-

tervene, and — I cannot conclude the sentence! As I have written, the tumultuous happiness of hope has come over me to confuse and overwhelm everything else. At this moment my pulse riots with fever; the room swims before my eyes; everything is indistinct and jarring, — a chaos of emotions. Oh! that happiness should ever have such excess!

When Emily received and laid this letter to her heart, she felt nothing in common with the spirit which it breathed. With that quick transition and inconstancy of feeling common in women, and which is as frequently their safety as their peril, her mind had already repented of the weakness of the last evening, and relapsed into the irresolution and bitterness of her former remorse. Never had there been in the human breast a stronger contest between conscience and passion, — if, indeed, the extreme softness (notwithstanding its power) of Emily's attachment could be called passion: it was rather a love that had refined by the increase of its own strength; it contained nothing but the primary guilt of conceiving it which that order of angels, *whose nature is love*, would have sought to purify away. To see him, to live with him, to count the variations of his countenance and voice, to touch his hand at moments when waking, and watch over his slumbers when he slept, — this was the essence of her wishes, and constituted the limit to her desires. Against the temptations of the present was opposed the whole history of the past. Her mind wandered from each to each, wavering and wretched, as the impulse of the moment impelled it. Hers was not, indeed, a strong character; her education and habits had weakened, while they rendered more feminine and delicate, a nature originally too soft.

Every recollection of former purity called to her with the loud voice of duty, as a warning from the great guilt she was about to incur; and whenever she thought of her child,—that centre of fond and sinless sensations, where once she had so wholly garnered up her heart,—her feelings melted at once from the object which had so wildly held them riveted as by a spell, to dissolve and lose themselves in the great and sacred fountain of a mother's love.

When Falkland came that evening, she was sitting at a corner of the saloon, apparently occupied in reading, but her eyes were fixed upon her boy, whom Mrs. St. John was endeavoring, at the opposite end of the room, to amuse. The child, who was fond of Falkland, came up to him as he entered; Falkland stooped to kiss him; and Mrs. St. John said, in a low voice which just reached his ear, "Judas, too, kissed before he betrayed." Falkland's color changed; he felt the sting the words were intended to convey. On that child, now so innocently caressing him, he was indeed about to inflict a disgrace and injury the most sensible and irremediable in his power. But who ever indulges reflection in passion? He banished the remorse from his mind as instantaneously as it arose, and, seating himself by Emily, endeavored to inspire her with a portion of the joy and hope which animated himself. Mrs. St. John watched them with a jealous and anxious eye: she had already seen how useless had been her former attempt to arm Emily's conscience effectually against her lover; but she resolved at least to renew the impression she had then made. The danger was imminent, and any remedy must be prompt; and it was something to protract, even if she could not finally break off a union against which were arrayed all the angry feelings of jealousy, as well

as the better affections of the friend. Emily's eye was already brightening beneath the words that Falkland whispered in her ear, when Mrs. St. John approached her. She placed herself on a chair beside them, and unmindful of Falkland's bent and angry brow, attempted to create a general and commonplace conversation. Lady Margaret had invited two or three people in the neighborhood; and, when these came in, music and cards were resorted to immediately, with that English *politesse* which takes the earliest opportunity to show that the conversation of our friends is the last thing for which we have invited them. But Mrs. St. John never left the lovers; and at last, when Falkland, in despair at her obstinacy, arose to join the card-table, she said, "Pray, Mr. Falkland, were you not intimate at one time with —, who eloped with Lady —?" "I knew him but slightly," said Falkland; and then added, with a sneer, "The only times I ever met him were at your house." Mrs. St. John, without noticing the sarcasm, continued: "What an unfortunate affair that proved! They were very much attached to one another in early life, — the *only* excuse, perhaps, for a woman's breaking her subsequent vows. They eloped. The remainder of their history is briefly told: it is that of all who forfeit everything for passion, and forget that of everything it is the briefest in duration. He who had sacrificed his honor for her, sacrificed her also as lightly for another. She could not bear his infidelity; and how could she reproach him? In the very act of yielding to, she had become unworthy of his love. She *did not* reproach him, — she died of a broken heart! I saw her just before her death; for I was distantly related to her, and I could not forsake her utterly even in her sin. She then spoke to me only of the child by her former marriage,

whom she had left in the years when it most needed her care; she questioned me of its health, its education, its very growth, — the minutest thing was not beneath her inquiry. His tidings were all that brought back to her mind 'the redolence of joy and spring.' I brought that child to her one day; *he* at least had never forgotten her. How bitterly both wept when they were separated! and she, — poor, poor Ellen, — an hour after their separation, was no more!" There was a pause for a few minutes. Emily was deeply affected. Mrs. St. John had anticipated the effect she had produced, and concerted the method to increase it. "It is singular," she resumed, "that, the evening before her elopement, some verses were sent to her anonymously, — I do not think, Emily, that you have ever seen them. Shall I sing them to you now?" and, without waiting for a reply, she placed herself at the piano; and with a low but sweet voice, greatly aided in effect by the extreme feeling of her manner, she sang the following verses: —

TO —.

And wilt thou leave that happy home,
Where once it was so sweet to live ?
Ah ! think, before thou seekst to roam,
What safer shelter Guilt can give !

The Bird may rove, and still regain
With spotless wings, her wonted rest,
But home, once lost, is ne'er again
Restored to Woman's erring breast !

If wandering o'er a world of flowers,
The heart at times would ask repose ;
But *thou* wouldst lose the only bowers
Of rest amid a world of woes.

Recall thy youth's unsullied vow, —
The past which on thee smiled so fair;
Then turn from thence to picture now
The frowns thy future fate must wear !

No hour, no hope, can bring relief
To her who hides a blighted name ;
For hearts unbowed by stormiest *grief*
Will break beneath one breeze of *shame* !

And when thy child's deserted years
Amid life's early woes are thrown,
Shall menial bosoms soothe the tears
That should be shed on thine alone ?

When on thy name his lips shall call,
(That tender name, the earliest taught !)
Thou wouldest not Shame and Sin were all
The memories linked around its thought !

If Sickness haunt his infant bed,
Ah ! what could then replace thy care ?
Could hireling steps as gently tread
As if a Mother's soul was there ?

Enough ! 't is not too late to shun
The bitter draught thyself wouldest fill ;
The latest link is not undone, —
Thy bark is in the haven still.

If doomed to grief through life thou art,
'T is thine at least unstained to die !
Oh ! better break at once thy heart
Than rend it from its holiest tie !

It were vain to attempt describing Emily's feelings when the song ceased. The scene floated before her eyes indistinct and dark. The violence of the emotions

she attempted to conceal pressed upon her almost to choking. She rose, looked at Falkland with one look of such anguish and despair that it froze his very heart, and left the room without uttering a word. A moment more they heard a noise, a fall. They rushed out,—Emily was stretched on the ground, apparently lifeless. She had broken a blood-vessel!

BOOK IV.

FROM MRS. ST. JOHN TO ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ.

AT last I can give a more favorable answer to your letters. Emily is now *quite* out of danger. Since the day you forced yourself, with such a disinterested regard for her health and reputation, into her room, she grew (no thanks to your forbearance) gradually better. I trust that she will be able to see you in a few days. I hope this the more, because she now feels and decides that it will be for the last time. You have, it is true, injured her happiness for life: her virtue, thank Heaven, is yet spared; and though you have made her wretched, you will never, I trust, succeed in making her despised.

You ask me, with some menacing and more complaint, why I am so bitter against you. I will tell you. I not only know Emily, and feel confident, from that knowledge, that nothing can recompense her for the reproaches of conscience; but I know *you*, and am convinced that you are the last man to render her happy. I set aside, for the moment, all rules of religion and morality in general, and speak to you (to use the cant and abused phrase) "without prejudice" as to the particular instance. Emily's nature is soft and susceptible, yours fickle and wayward in the extreme. The smallest change or caprice in you, which would not be noticed

by a mind less delicate, would wound *her* to the heart. You know that the very softness of her character arises from its want of strength. Consider, for a moment, if she could bear the humiliation and disgrace which visit so heavily the offences of an English wife? She has been brought up in the strictest notions of morality; and, in a mind not naturally strong, nothing can efface the first impressions of education. She is not—indeed, she is not—fit for a life of sorrow or degradation. In another character, another line of conduct might be desirable; but, with regard to *her*, pause, Falkland, I beseech you, before you attempt again to destroy her forever. I have said all. Farewell.

Your; and above all, Emily's friend.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

You will see me, Emily, now that you are recovered sufficiently to do so without danger. I do not ask this as a favor. If my love has deserved anything from yours, if past recollections give me any claim over you, if my nature has not forfeited the spell which it formerly possessed upon your own, I demand it as a right.

The bearer waits for your answer.

FROM LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO ERASMUS
FALKLAND, ESQ.

See you, Falkland! Can you doubt it? Can you think for a moment that your commands can ever cease to become a law to me? Come here whenever you please. If, during my illness, they have prevented it,

it was without my knowledge. I await you; but I own that this interview will be the last, if I can claim anything from your mercy.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ., TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

I have seen you, Emily, and for the last time! My eyes are dry,—my hand does not tremble. I live, move, breathe, as before,—and yet I have seen you for the last time! You told me,—even while you leaned on my bosom, even while your lip pressed mine,—you told me (and I saw your sincerity) to spare you, and to see you no more. You told me you had no longer any will, any fate of your own; that you would, if I still continued to desire it, leave friends, home, honor, for me; but you did not disguise from me that you would, in so doing, leave happiness also. You did not conceal from me that I was not sufficient to constitute all your world; you threw yourself, as you had done once before, upon what you called my generosity. You did not deceive yourself then; you have not deceived yourself now. In two weeks I shall leave England, probably forever. I have another country still more dear to me, from its afflictions and humiliation. Public ties differ but little in their nature from private; and this confession of preference of what is debased to what is exalted, will be an answer to Mrs. St. John's assertion, that we cannot love in disgrace as we can in honor. Enough of this. In the choice, my poor Emily, that you have made, I cannot reproach you. You have done wisely, rightly, virtuously. You said that this separation must rest rather with me than with yourself; that you would be mine the moment I demanded it. I

will not now or ever accept this promise. No one, much less one whom I love so intensely, so truly as I do you, shall ever receive disgrace at my hands, unless she can feel that that disgrace would be dearer to her than glory elsewhere; that the simple fate of being mine was not so much a recompense as a reward; and that, in spite of worldly depreciation and shame, it would constitute and concentrate all her visions of happiness and pride. I am now going to bid you farewell. May you,—I say this disinterestedly, and from my very heart,—may you soon forget how much you have loved and yet love me! For this purpose, you cannot have a better companion than Mrs. St. John. Her opinion of me is loudly expressed, and probably true; at all events, you will do wisely to believe it. You will hear me attacked and reproached by many. I do not deny the charges; you know best what I have deserved from *you*. God bless you, Emily. Wherever I go, I shall never cease to love you as I do now. May you be happy in your child and in your conscience! Once more, God bless you, and farewell!

FROM LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO ERASMUS
FALKLAND, ESQ.

O Falkland! you have conquered! I am yours, *yours only, wholly, and forever*. When your letter came, my hand trembled so that I could not open it for several minutes; and, when I did, I felt as if the very earth had passed from my feet. You were going from your country; you were about to be lost to me forever. I could restrain myself no longer; all my virtue, my pride, forsook me at once. Yes, yes; you are indeed my world. I will fly with you anywhere,—everywhere. Nothing can be dreadful, but not seeing you; I would

be a servant, a slave, a dog, as long as I could be with you, hear one tone of your voice, catch one glance of your eye. I scarcely see the paper before me, my thoughts are so straggling and confused. Write to me one word, Falkland; one word, and I will lay it to my heart, and be happy.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

— HOTEL, LONDON.

I hasten to you, Emily, — my own and only love. Your letter has restored me to life. To-morrow we shall meet.

It was with mingled feelings, alloyed and embittered, in spite of the burning hope which predominated over all, that Falkland returned to E——. He knew that he was near the completion of his most ardent wishes; that he was within the grasp of a prize which included all the thousand objects of ambition, into which, among other men, the desires are divided; the only dreams he had ventured to form for years were about to kindle into life. He had every reason to be happy: such is the inconsistency of human nature, that he was almost wretched. The morbid melancholy, habitual to him, threw its colorings over every emotion and idea. He knew the character of the woman whose affections he had seduced; and he trembled to think of the doom to which he was about to condemn her. With this, there came over his mind a long train of dark and remorseful recollections. Emily was not the only one whose destruction he had prepared. All who had loved him, he had repaid with ruin; and *one*, — the first, the fairest, and the most loved, — with death.

That last remembrance, more bitterly than all, possessed him. It will be recollected that Falkland, in the letters which begin this work, speaking of the ties he had formed after the loss of his first love, says, that it was the senses, not the affections, that were engaged. Never, indeed, since her death, till he met Emily, had his heart been unfaithful to her memory. Alas! none but those who have cherished in their souls an image of the dead; who have watched over it for long and bitter years in secrecy and gloom; who have felt that it was to them as a holy and fairy spot which no eye but theirs could profane; who have filled all things with recollections as with a spell, and made the universe one wide mausoleum of the lost,—none but those can understand the mysteries of that regret which is shed over every after passion, though it be more burning and intense; that sense of sacrilege with which we fill up the haunted recesses of the spirit with a new and a living idol, and perpetrate the last act of infidelity to that buried love, which the heavens that now receive her, the earth where we beheld her, tell us, with the unnumbered voices of nature, to worship with the incense of our faith.

His carriage stopped at the lodge. The woman who opened the gates gave him the following note:—

Mr. Mandeville is returned; I almost fear that he suspects our attachment. Julia says, that if you come again to E——, she will inform him. I dare not, dearest Falkland, see you here. What is to be done? I am very ill and feverish; my brain burns so, that I can think, feel, remember nothing, but the one thought, feeling, and remembrance,—that through shame, and despite of guilt, in life, and till death, I am yours.

E. M.

As Falkland read this note, his extreme and engrossing love for Emily doubled with each word: an instant before, and the certainty of seeing her had suffered his mind to be divided into a thousand objects; now, doubt united them once more into one.

He altered his route to L——, and despatched from thence a short note to Emily, imploring her to meet him that evening by the lake, in order to arrange their ultimate flight. Her answer was brief, and blotted with her tears; but it was assent.

During the whole of that day, at least from the moment she received Falkland's letter, Emily was scarcely sensible of a single idea; she sat still and motionless, gazing on vacancy, and seeing nothing within her mind, or in the objects which surrounded her, but one dreary blank. Sense, thought, feeling, even remorse, were concealed and frozen; and the tides of emotion were still, *but they were ice!*

As Falkland's servant had waited without to deliver the note to Emily, Mrs. St. John had observed him; her alarm and surprise only served to quicken her presence of mind. She intercepted Emily's answer under pretence of giving it herself to Falkland's servant. She read it, and her resolution was formed. After carefully resealing and delivering it to the servant, she went at once to Mr. Mandeville, and revealed Lady Emily's attachment to Falkland. In this act of treachery, she was solely instigated by her passions; and, when Mandeville, roused from his wonted apathy to a paroxysm of indignation, thanked her again and again for the generosity of friendship which he imagined was all that actuated her communication, he dreamed not of the fierce and ungovernable jealousy which envied the very disgrace which her confession was intended to award.

Well said the French enthusiast, "that the heart, the most serene to appearance, resembles that calm and glassy fountain which cherishes the monster of the Nile in the bosom of its waters." Whatever reward Mrs. St. John proposed to herself in this action, verily she has had the recompense that was her due. Those consequences of her treachery, which I hasten to relate, have ceased to others, — to her they remain. Amidst the pleasures of dissipation, one reflection has rankled at her mind; one dark cloud has rested between the sunshine and her soul; like the murderer in Shakspeare, the revel where she fled for forgetfulness has teemed to her with the spectres of remembrance. O thou untamable conscience! thou that never flatterest; thou that watchest over the human heart never to slumber or to sleep, — it is thou that takest from us the present, barrest to us the future, and knittest the eternal chain that binds us to the rock and the vulture of the past!

The evening came on still and dark: a breathless and heavy apprehension seemed gathered over the air; the full large clouds lay without motion in the dull sky, from between which, at long and scattered intervals, the wan stars looked out; a double shadow seemed to invest the grouped and gloomy trees that stood unwaving in the melancholy horizon. The waters of the lake lay heavy and unagitated as the sleep of death; and the broken reflections of the abrupt and winding banks rested upon their bosoms, like the dream-like remembrance of a former existence.

The hour of the appointment was arrived: Falkland stood by the spot, gazing upon the lake before him; his cheek was flushed, his hand was parched and dry with the consuming fire within him. His pulse beat thick and rapidly; the demon of evil passions was upon his

soul. He stood so lost in his own reflections, that he did not for some moments perceive the fond and tearful eye which was fixed upon him: on that brow and lip, thought seemed always so beautiful, so divine, that to disturb its repose was like a profanation of something holy; and, though Emily came towards him with a light and hurried step, she paused involuntarily to gaze upon that noble countenance which realized her earliest visions of the beauty and majesty of love. He turned slowly, and perceived her; he came to her with his own peculiar smile; he drew her to his bosom in silence; he pressed his lips to her forehead; she leaned upon his bosom, and forgot all but him. Oh! if there be one feeling which makes love, even guilty love, a god, it is the knowledge that in the midst of this breathing world he reigns aloof and alone; and that those who are occupied with his worship know nothing of the pettiness, the strife, the bustle, which pollute and agitate the ordinary inhabitants of earth! What was now to them, as they stood alone in the deep stillness of nature, everything that had engrossed them before they had met and loved? Even in her, the recollections of guilt and grief subsided; she was only sensible of one thought,—the presence of the being who stood beside her,

That ocean to the rivers of her soul.

They sat down beneath an oak; Falkland stooped to kiss the cold and pale cheek that still rested upon his breast. His kisses were like lava; the turbulent and stormy elements of sin and desire were aroused even to madness within him. He clasped her still nearer to his bosom; her lips answered to his own; they caught perhaps something of the spirit which they received; her eyes were half-closed; the bosom heaved wildly that was pressed to his beating and burning heart. The skies

grew darker and darker, as the night stole over them; one low roll of thunder broke upon the curtained and heavy air, — *they* did not hear it; and yet it was the knell of peace, virtue, hope, — lost, lost forever to their souls!

They separated as they had never done before. In Emily's bosom there was a dreary void — a vast blank — over which there went a low, deep voice like a spirit's: a sound indistinct and strange, that spoke a language she knew not, but felt that it told of woe, guilt, doom. Her senses were stunned; the vitality of her feelings was numbed and torpid; the first herald of despair is insensibility. "To-morrow, then," said Falkland, — and his voice for the first time seemed strange and harsh to her, — "we will fly hence forever: meet me at daybreak, — the carriage shall be in attendance; we cannot now unite too soon, — would that at this very moment we were prepared!" — "To-morrow!" repeated Emily, "at daybreak!" and as she clung to him, he felt her shudder: "to-morrow, — ay, to-morrow!" One kiss, one embrace, one word, — *farewell*, and they parted.

Falkland returned to L——; a gloomy foreboding rested upon his mind: that dim and indescribable fear, which no earthly or human cause can explain; that shrinking within self; that vague terror of the future; that grappling, as it were, with some unknown shade; that wandering of the spirit, — whither? — that cold, cold creeping dread — of what? As he entered the house, he met his confidential servant. He gave him orders respecting the flight of the morrow, and then retired into the chamber where he slept. It was an antique and large room: the wainscot was of oak; and

one broad and high window looked over the expanse of country which stretched beneath. He sat himself by the casement in silence, — he opened it; the dull air came over his forehead, not with a sense of freshness, but, like the parching atmosphere of the east, charged with a weight and fever that sank heavy into his soul. He turned; he threw himself upon the bed, and placed his hands over his face. His thoughts were scattered into a thousand indistinct forms, but over all, there was one rapturous remembrance: and that was, that the morrow was to unite him forever to her whose possession had only rendered her more dear. Meanwhile, the hours rolled on; and, as he lay thus silent and still, the clock of the distant church struck with a distinct and solemn sound upon his ear. It was the half-hour after midnight. At that moment an icy thrill ran, slow and curdling, through his veins. His heart, as if with a presentiment of what was to follow, beat violently, and then stopped; life itself seemed ebbing away; cold drops stood upon his forehead; his eyelids trembled, and the balls reeled and glazed, like those of a dying man; a deadly fear gathered over him, so that his flesh quivered, and every hair in his head seemed instinct with a separate life: the very marrow of his bones crept, and his blood waxed thick and thick, as if stagnating into an ebbless and frozen substance. He started in a wild and unutterable terror. There stood, at the far end of the room, a dim and thin shape like moonlight, without outline or form, still, and indistinct, and shadowy. He gazed on, speechless and motionless; his faculties and senses seemed locked in an unnatural trance. By degrees the shape became clearer and clearer to his fixed and dilating eye. He saw, as through a floating and mist-like veil, the features of Emily; but how changed! — sunken and hueless,

and set in death. The dropping lip, from which there seemed to trickle a deep, red stain, like blood; the lead-like and lifeless eye; the calm, awful, mysterious repose which broods over the aspect of the dead,—all grew, as it were, from the hazy cloud that encircled them for one, one brief, agonizing moment, and then as suddenly faded away. The spell passed from his senses. He sprang from the bed with a loud cry. All was quiet. There was not a trace of what he had witnessed. The feeble light of the skies rested upon the spot where the apparition had stood; upon that spot he stood also. He stamped upon the floor,—it was firm beneath his footing. He passed his hands over his body,—he was awake, he was unchanged: earth, air, heaven, were around him as before. What had thus gone over his soul to awe and overcome it to such weakness? To these questions his reason could return no answer. Bold by nature, and sceptical by philosophy, his mind gradually recovered its original tone. He did not give way to conjecture; he endeavored to discard it; he sought by natural causes to account for the apparition he had seen or imagined; and, as he felt the blood again circulating in its accustomed courses, and the night air coming chill over his feverish frame, he smiled with a stern and scornful bitterness at the terror which had so shaken, and the fancy which had so deluded his mind.

Are there not “more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy?” A spirit may hover in the air that we breathe; the depth of our most secret solitudes may be peopled by the invisible; our uprisings and our down-sittings may be marked by a witness from the grave. In our walks the dead may be behind us; in our banquets they may sit at the board; and the chill breath of the night wind that stirs the

curtains of our bed may bear a message our senses receive not, from lips that once have pressed kisses on our own! Why is it that at moments there creeps over us an awe, a terror, overpowering, but undefined? Why is it that we shudder without a cause, and feel the warm life-blood stand still in its courses? *Are the dead too near?* Do unearthly wings touch us as they fit around? Has our soul any intercourse which the body shares not, though it feels, with the supernatural world, — mysterious revealings, unimaginable communion, a language of dread and power, shaking to its centre the fleshly barrier that divides the spirit from its race?

How fearful is the very life which we hold! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies! Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which brings us certainty, *is death.*

Falkland sat the remainder of that night by the window, watching the clouds become gray as the dawn rose, and its earliest breeze awoke. He heard the trampling of the horses beneath; he drew his cloak round him, and descended. It was on a turning of the road beyond the lodge that he directed the carriage to wait, and he then proceeded to the place appointed. Emily was not yet there. He walked to and fro with an agitated and hurried step. The impression of the night had in a great measure been effaced from his mind, and he gave himself up without reserve to the warm and sanguine hopes which he had so much reason to conceive. He

thought too, at moments, of those bright climates beneath which he designed their asylum, where the very air is music, and the light is like the colorings of love; and he associated the sighs of a mutual rapture with the fragrance of myrtles, and the breath of a Tuscan heaven. Time glided on. The hour was long past, yet Emily came not! The sun rose, and Falkland turned in dark and angry discontent from its beams. With every moment his impatience increased, and at last he could restrain himself no longer. He proceeded towards the house. He stood for some time at a distance; but as all seemed still hushed in repose, he drew nearer and nearer till he reached the door, — to his astonishment it was open. He saw forms passing rapidly through the hall. He heard a confused and indistinct murmur. At length he caught a glimpse of Mrs. St. John. He could command himself no more. He sprang forwards; entered the door, — the hall, and caught her by a part of her dress. He could not speak, but his countenance said all which his lips refused. Mrs. St. John burst into tears when she saw him. "Good God!" she said, "why are you here? Is it possible you have yet learned —" Her voice failed her. Falkland had by this time recovered himself. He turned to the servants who gathered around him. "Speak," he said calmly. "What has occurred?" "My lady — my lady!" burst at once from several tongues. "What of her?" said Falkland, with a blanched cheek, but unchanging voice. There was a pause. At that instant a man, whom Falkland recognized as the physician of the neighborhood, passed at the opposite end of the hall. A light, a scorching and intolerable light, broke upon him. "She is dying, — she is dead, perhaps," he said, in a low, sepulchral tone, turning his eye around till it had rested upon every one

present. *Not one answered.* He paused a moment, as if stunned by a sudden shock, and then sprang up the stairs. He passed the boudoir, and entered the room where Emily slept. The shutters were only partially closed: a faint light broke through, and rested on the bed; beside it bent two women. Them he neither heeded nor saw. He drew aside the curtains. He beheld, — the same as he had seen it in his vision of the night before, — the changed and lifeless countenance of Emily Mandeville! That face, still so tenderly beautiful, was partially turned towards him. Some dark stains upon the lip and neck told how she had died, — the blood-vessel she had broken before had burst again. The bland and soft eyes, which for him never had but *one* expression, were closed; and the long and dishevelled tresses half hid, while they contrasted that bosom, which had but the night before first learned to thrill beneath his own. Happier in her fate than she deserved, she passed from this bitter life ere the punishment of her guilt had begun. She was not doomed to wither beneath the blight of shame, nor the coldness of estranged affection. From him whom she had so worshipped, she was not condemned to bear wrong nor change. She died while his passion was yet in its spring, — before a blossom, a leaf, had faded; and she sank to repose while his kiss was yet warm upon her lip, and her last breath almost mingled with his sigh. For the woman who has erred, life has no exchange for such a death. Falkland stood mute and motionless: not one word of grief or horror escaped his lips. At length he bent down. He took the hand which lay outside the bed; he pressed it; it replied not to the pressure, but fell cold and heavy from his own. He put his cheek to her lips; not the faintest breath came from them; and then for the first

time a change passed over his countenance ; he pressed upon those lips one long and last kiss, and, without word, or sign, or tear, he turned from the chamber. Two hours afterwards he was found senseless upon the ground ; it was upon the spot where he had met Emily the night before.

For weeks he knew nothing of this earth : he was encompassed with the spectres of a terrible dream. All was confusion, darkness, horror, — a series and a change of torture ! At one time he was hurried through the heavens in the womb of a fiery star, girt above and below and around with unextinguishable but unconsuming flames. Wherever he trod, as he wandered through his vast and blazing prison, the molten fire was his footing, and the breath of fire was his air. Flowers, and trees, and hills were in that world as in ours, but wrought from one lurid and intolerable light ; and, scattered around, rose gigantic palaces and domes of the living flame, like the mansions of the city of hell. With every moment there passed to and fro shadowy forms, on whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish ; but not a shriek, not a groan, rung through the red air ; *for the doomed, who fed and inhabited the flames, were forbidden the consolation of voice.* Above there sat, fixed and black, a solid and impenetrable cloud, — *night frozen into substance* ; and from the midst there hung a banner of a pale and sickly flame, on which was written “Forever.” A river rushed rapidly beside him. He stooped to slake the agony of his thirst, — the waves *were waves of fire* ; and, as he started from the burning draught, he longed to shriek aloud, and could not. Then he cast his despairing eyes above for mercy ; and saw on the livid and motionless banner, “Forever.”

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream :

he was suddenly borne up on the winds and storms to the oceans of an eternal winter. He fell stunned and unstruggling upon the ebbless and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sank; then came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death, — the impotent and convulsive contest with the closing waters; the gurgle, the choking, the bursting of the pent breath, the flutter of the heart, its agony, *and its stillness*. He recovered. He was a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, chained to a rock round which the heavy waters rose as a wall. He felt his own flesh rot and decay, perishing from his limbs piece by piece; and he saw the coral banks, which it requires a thousand ages to form, rise slowly from their slimy bed, and spread atom by atom, till they became a shelter for the leviathan, — *their growth was his only record of eternity*; and ever and ever, around and above him, came vast and misshapen things, — the wonders of the secret deeps; and the sea serpent, the huge chimera of the north, made its resting-place by his side, glaring upon him with a livid and death-like eye, wan, yet burning as an expiring sun. But over all, in every change, in every moment of that immortality, there was present one pale and motionless countenance, never turning from his own. The fiends of hell, the monsters of the hidden ocean, had no horror so awful as the human face of the dead whom he had loved.

The word of his sentence was gone forth. Alike through that delirium and its more fearful awakening, through the past, through the future, through the vigils of the joyless day, and the broken dreams of the night, there was a charm upon his soul, — a hell within himself; and the curse of his sentence was — *never to forget!*

When Lady Emily returned home on that guilty and
VOL. II. — 24

eventful night, she stole at once to her room; she dismissed her servant, and threw herself upon the ground in that deep despair which on this earth can never again know hope. She lay there without the power to weep, or the courage to pray, — how long, she knew not. Like the period before creation, her mind was a chaos of jarring elements, and knew neither the method of reflection nor the division of time.

As she rose, she heard a slight knock at the door, and her husband entered. Her heart misgave her; and when she saw him close the door carefully before he approached her, she felt as if she could have sunk into the earth, alike from her internal shame, and her fear of its detection.

Mr. Mandeville was a weak, commonplace character; indifferent in ordinary matters, but, like most imbecile minds, violent and furious when aroused. “Is this, Madam, addressed to you?” he cried, in a voice of thunder, as he placed a letter before her (it was one of Falkland’s); “and this, and this, Madam?” said he, in a still louder tone, as he flung them out one after another from her own *escrioire*, which he had broken open.

Emily sank back, and gasped for breath. Mandeville rose, and, laughing fiercely, seized her by the arm. He grasped it with all his force. She uttered a faint scream of terror; he did not heed it; he flung her from him, and, as she fell upon the ground, the blood gushed in torrents from her lips. In the sudden change of feeling which alarm created, he raised her in his arms. *She was a corpse!* At that instant the clock struck upon his ear with a startling and solemn sound: *it was the half-hour after midnight!*

The grave is now closed upon that soft and erring heart, with its guiltiest secret unrevealed. She went to

that last home with a blessed and unblighted name; for her guilt was unknown, and her virtues are yet recorded in the memories of the poor.

They laid her in the stately vaults of her ancient line, and her bier was honored with tears from hearts not less stricken, because their sorrow, if violent, was brief. For the dead there are many mourners, but only one monument, — the bosom which loved them best. The spot where the hearse rested, the green turf beneath, the surrounding trees, the gray tower of the village church, and the proud halls rising beyond, — all had witnessed the childhood, the youth, the bridal-day of the being whose last rites and solemnities they were to witness now. The very bell which rang for her birth, had rung also for the marriage peal; it *now* tolled for her death. But a little while, and she had gone forth from that home of her young and unclouded years, amidst the acclamations and blessings of all, a bride, with the insignia of bridal pomp: in the first bloom of her girlish beauty, in the first innocence of her unawakened heart; weeping, not for the future she was entering, but for the past she was about to leave, and smiling through her tears, as if innocence had no business with grief. On the same spot where he had then waved his farewell, stood the father now. On the grass which they had then covered, flocked the peasants whose wants her childhood had relieved; by the same priest who had blessed her bridals, bent the bridegroom who had plighted its vow. There was not a tree, not a blade of grass withered. The day itself was bright and glorious: such was it when it smiled upon her nuptials. *And she—she:* but four little years, and all youth's innocence darkened, and earth's beauty come to dust! Alas! not for her, but

the mourner whom she left! In death even love is forgotten; but in life there is no bitterness so utter as to feel everything is unchanged, except the One Being who was the soul of all,— to know the world is the same, but that its sunshine is departed.

The noon was still and sultry. Along the narrow street of the small village of Lodar poured the wearied but yet unconquered band which embodied in that district of Spain the last hope and energy of freedom. The countenances of the soldiers were haggard and dejected; they displayed even less of the vanity than their accoutrements exhibited of the pomp and circumstances of war,— yet their garments were such as even the peasants had disdained: covered with blood and dust, and tattered into a thousand rags, they betokened nothing of chivalry but its endurance of hardship. Even the rent and sullied banners drooped sullenly along their staves, as if the winds themselves had become the minions of fortune, and disdained to swell the insignia of those whom she had deserted. The glorious music of battle was still. An air of dispirited and defeated enterprise hung over the whole array. “Thank Heaven,” said the chief, who closed the last file as it marched on to its scanty refreshment and brief repose,— “thank Heaven, we are at least out of the reach of pursuit; and the mountains, those last retreats of liberty, are before us!” “True, Don Rafael,” replied the youngest of two officers who rode by the side of the commander; “and if we can cut our passage to Mina, we may yet plant the standard of the Constitution in Madrid.” “Ay,” added the elder officer, “and sing Riego’s hymn in the place of the Escorial!” “Our sons may!” said the chief, who was indeed Riego himself, “but for us,— all hope is over!

Were we united, we could scarcely make head against the armies of France; and, divided as we are, the wonder is that we have escaped so long. Hemmed in by invasion, our great enemy has been ourselves. Such has been the hostility faction has created between Spaniard and Spaniard, that we seem to have none left to waste upon Frenchmen. We cannot establish freedom if men are willing to be slaves. We have no hope, Don Alphonso,—no hope, but that of death!" As Riego concluded this desponding answer, so contrary to his general enthusiasm, the younger officer rode on among the soldiers, cheering them with words of congratulation and comfort; ordering their several divisions; cautioning them to be prepared at a moment's notice; and impressing on their remembrance those small but essential points of discipline which a Spanish troop might well be supposed to disregard. When Riego and his companion entered the small and miserable hovel which constituted the head-quarters of the place, this man still remained without; and it was not till he had slackened the girths of his Andalusian horse, and placed before it the undainty provender which the *écurie* afforded that he thought of rebinding more firmly the bandages wound around a deep and painful sabre cut in the left arm, which for several hours had been wholly neglected. The officer, whom Riego had addressed by the name of Alphonso, came out of the hut just as his comrade was vainly endeavoring, with his teeth and one hand, to replace the ligature. As he assisted him, he said, "You know not, my dear Falkland, how bitterly I reproach myself for having ever persuaded you to a cause where contest seems to have no hope, and danger no glory." Falkland smiled bitterly. "Do not deceive yourself, my dear uncle," said he; "your persuasions would have

been unavailing but for the suggestions of my own wishes. I am not one of those enthusiasts who entered on your cause with high hopes and chivalrous designs; I asked but forgetfulness and excitement, — I have found them! I would not exchange a single pain I have endured for what would have constituted the pleasures of other men, — but enough of this. What time, think you, have we for repose?" "Till the evening," answered Alphonso; "our route will then most probably be directed to the Sierra Morena. The General is extremely weak and exhausted, and needs a longer rest than we shall gain. It is singular that with such weak health he should endure so great an excess of hardship and fatigue." During this conversation they entered the hut. Riego was already asleep. As they seated themselves to the wretched provision of the place, a distant and indistinct noise was heard. It came first on their ears like the birth of the mountain wind, — low, and hoarse, and deep; gradually it grew loud and louder, and mingled with other sounds which they defined too well, — the hum, the murmur, the trampling of steeds, the ringing echoes of the rapid march of armed men! They heard and knew the foe was upon them! — a moment more, and the drum beat to arms. "By St. Pelagio," cried Riego, who had sprung from his light sleep at the first sound of the approaching danger, unwilling to believe his fears, "it cannot be: the French are far behind;" and then, as the drum beat, his voice suddenly changed, "The enemy! the enemy! D'Aguilar, to horse!" and with those words he rushed out of the hut. The soldiers, who had scarcely begun to disperse, were soon re-collected. In the meanwhile, the French commander, D'Argout, taking advantage of the surprise he had occasioned, poured on his troops, which consisted solely of

cavalry, undaunted and undelayed by the fire of the posts. On, on they drove like a swift cloud charged with thunder, and gathering wrath as it hurried by, before it burst in tempest on the beholders. They did not pause till they reached the farther extremity of the village: there the Spanish infantry were already formed into two squares. "Halt!" cried the French commander: the troop suddenly stopped, confronting the nearer square. There was one brief pause,—the moment before the storm. "Charge!" said D'Argout, and the word rang throughout the line up to the clear and placid sky. Up flashed the steel like lightning; on went the troop like the dash of a thousand waves when the sun is upon them; and before the breath of the riders was thrice drawn, came the crash, the shock, the slaughter of battle. The Spaniards made but a faint resistance to the impetuosity of the onset: they broke on every side beneath the force of the charge, like the weak barriers of a rapid and swollen stream; and the French troops, after a brief but bloody victory (joined by a second squadron from the rear), advanced immediately upon the Spanish cavalry. Falkland was by the side of Riego. As the troop advanced, it would have been curious to notice the contrast of expression in the face of each: the Spaniard's features lighted up with the daring enthusiasm of his nature; every trace of their usual languor and exhaustion vanished beneath the unconquerable soul that blazed out the brighter for the debility of the frame,—the brow knit, the eye flashing, the lip quivering; and close beside, the calm, stern, passionless repose that brooded over the severe yet noble beauty of Falkland's countenance. To him danger brought scorn, not enthusiasm: he rather despised than defied it. "The dastards! they waver," said Riego, in an accent of despair,

as his troop faltered beneath the charge of the French: and so saying, he spurred his steed on to the foremost line. The contest was longer, but not less decisive, than the one just concluded. The Spaniards, thrown into confusion by the first shock, never recovered themselves. Falkland, who, in his anxiety to rally and inspirit the soldiers, had advanced with two other officers beyond the ranks, was soon surrounded by a detachment of dragoons; the wound in his left arm scarcely suffered him to guide his horse; he was in the most imminent danger. At that moment D'Aguilar, at the head of his own immediate followers, cut his way into the circle, and covered Falkland's retreat; another detachment of the enemy came up, and they were a second time surrounded. In the meanwhile, the main body of the Spanish cavalry were flying in all directions, and Riego's deep voice was heard at intervals, through the columns of smoke and dust, calling and exhorting them in vain. D'Aguilar and his scanty troop, after a desperate skirmish, broke again through the enemy's line drawn up against their retreat. The rank closed after them, like waters when the object that pierced them has sunk; Falkland and his two companions were again environed,—he saw his comrades cut to the earth before him. He pulled up his horse for one moment, clove down with one desperate blow the dragoon with whom he was engaged, and then setting his spurs to the very rowels into his horse, dashed at once through the circle of his foes. His remarkable presence of mind, and the strength and sagacity of his horse, befriended him. Three sabres flashed before him, and glanced harmless from his raised sword, like lightning on the water. The circle was passed! As he galloped towards Riego, his horse started from a dead body that lay across his path.

He reined up for one instant, for the countenance, which looked upwards, struck him as familiar. What was his horror, when in that livid and distorted face he recognized his uncle! The thin, grizzled hairs were besprent with gore and brains, and the blood yet oozed from the spot where the ball had passed through his temple. Falkland had but a brief interval for grief; the pursuers were close behind: he heard the snort of the foremost horse before he again put spurs into his own. Riego was holding a hasty consultation with his principal officers. As Falkland rode breathless up to them, they had decided on the conduct expedient to adopt. They led the remaining square of infantry towards the chain of mountains against which the village, as it were, leaned; and there the men dispersed in all directions. "For us," said Riego to the followers on horseback who gathered around him,—"for us the mountains still promise a shelter. We must ride, gentlemen, for our lives, — Spain will want them yet."

Wearied and exhausted as they were, that small and devoted troop fled on into the recesses of the mountains for the remainder of that day, — twenty men out of the two thousand who had halted at Lodar. As the evening stole over them, they entered into a narrow defile: the tall hills rose on every side covered with the glory of the setting sun, as if nature rejoiced to grant her bulwarks as a protection to liberty. A small, clear stream ran through the valley, sparkling with the last smile of the departing day; and ever and anon, from the scattered shrubs and the fragrant herbage, came the vesper music of the birds, and the hum of the wild bee.

Parched with thirst, and drooping with fatigue, the wanderers sprung forward with one simultaneous cry of joy to the glassy and refreshing wave which burst so

unexpectedly upon them; and it was resolved that they should remain for some hours in a spot where all things invited them to the repose they so imperiously required. They flung themselves at once upon the grass; and such was their exhaustion, that rest was almost synonymous with sleep. Falkland alone could not immediately forget himself in repose; the face of his uncle, ghastly and disfigured, glared upon his eyes whenever he closed them. Just, however, as he was sinking into an unquiet and fitful doze, he heard steps approaching; he started up, and perceived two men, one a peasant, the other in the dress of a hermit. They were the first human beings the wanderers had met; and when Falkland gave the alarm to Riego, who slept beside him, it was immediately proposed to detain them as guides to the town of Carolina, where Riego had hopes of finding effectual assistance, or the means of ultimate escape. The hermit and his companion refused, with much vehemence, the office imposed upon them; but Riego ordered them to be forcibly detained. He had afterwards reason bitterly to regret this compulsion.

Midnight came on in all the gorgeous beauty of a southern heaven, and beneath its stars they renewed their march.

As Falkland rode by the side of Riego, the latter said to him in a low voice, "There is yet escape for you and my followers: none for me; they have set a price on my head, and the moment I leave these mountains, I enter upon my own destruction." "No, Rafael!" replied Falkland; "you can yet fly to England, that asylum of the free, though ally of the despotic; the abettor of tyranny, but the shelter of its victims!" Riego answered, with the same faint and dejected tone, "I care not now what becomes of me! I have lived solely for

Freedom; I have made her my mistress, my hope, my dream: I have no existence but in her. With the last effort of my country let me perish also! I have lived to view liberty not only defeated, but derided; I have seen its efforts not aided, but mocked. In my own country, those only, who wore it, have been respected who used it as a covering to ambition. In other nations, the free stood aloof when the charter of their own rights was violated in the invasion of ours. I cannot forget that the senate of that England, where you promise me a home, rang with insulting plaudits when her statesman breathed his ridicule on our weakness, not his sympathy for our cause; and I—I, — fanatic, dreamer, enthusiast, as I may be called, whose whole life has been one unremitting struggle for the opinion I have adopted, am at least not so blinded by my infatuation, but I can see the mockery it incurs. If I die on the scaffold to-morrow, I shall have nothing of martyrdom but its doom; not the triumph, the incense, the immortality of popular applause; I should have no hope to support me at such a moment, gleaned from the glories of the future,— nothing but one stern and prophetic conviction of the vanity of that tyranny by which my sentence will be pronounced.” Riego paused for a moment before he resumed, and his pale and death-like countenance received an awful and unnatural light from the intensity of the feeling that swelled and burned within him. His figure was drawn up to its full height, and his voice rang through the lonely hills with a deep and hollow sound, that had in it a tone of prophecy, as he resumed: “It is in vain that they oppose OPINION; anything else they may subdue. They may conquer wind, water, nature itself; but to the progress of that secret, subtle, pervading spirit, their imagination can

devise, their strength can accomplish no bar: its votaries they may seize, they may destroy; itself they cannot touch. If they check it in one place, it invades them in another. They cannot build a wall across the whole earth; and, even if they could, it would pass over its summit! Chains cannot bind it, for it is immaterial,—dungeons enclose it, for it is universal. Over the fagot and the scaffold,—over the bleeding bodies of its defenders which they pile against its path, it sweeps on with a noiseless but unceasing march. Do they levy armies against it, it presents to them no palpable object to oppose. *Its camp is the universe; its asylum is the bosoms of their own soldiers.* Let them depopulate, destroy as they please, to each extremity of the earth; but as long as they have a single supporter themselves,—as long as they leave a single individual into whom that spirit can enter: so long they will have the same labors to encounter, and the same enemy to subdue."

As Riego's voice ceased, Falkland gazed upon him with a mingled pity and admiration. Sour and ascetic as was the mind of that hopeless and disappointed man, he felt somewhat of a kindred glow at the pervading and holy enthusiasm of the patriot to whom he had listened; and though it was the character of his own philosophy to question the purity of human motives, and to smile at the more vivid emotions he had ceased to feel, he bowed his soul in homage to those principles whose sanctity he acknowledged, and to that devotion of zeal and fervor with which their defender cherished and enforced them. Falkland had joined the constitutionists with respect, but not ardor for their cause. He demanded excitation; he cared little where he found it. He stood in this world a being who mixed in all its changes, performed all its offices, took, as if by the force

of superior mechanical power, a leading share in its events; but whose thoughts and soul were as offsprings of another planet, imprisoned in a human form, and *longing for their home!*

As they rode on, Riego continued to converse with that imprudent unreserve which the openness and warmth of his nature made natural to him; not one word escaped the hermit and the peasant (whose name was Lopez Lara) as they rode on two mules behind Falkland and Riego. "Remember," whispered the hermit to his comrade, "the reward!" "I do," muttered the peasant.

Throughout the whole of that long and dreary night, the wanderers rode on incessantly, and found themselves at daybreak near a farm-house; this was Lara's own home. They made the peasant Lara knock; his own brother opened the door. Fearful as they were of the detection to which so numerous a party might conduce, only Riego, another officer (Don Luis de Sylva), and Falkland entered the house. The latter, whom nothing ever seemed to render weary or forgetful, fixed his cold, stern eye upon the two brothers, and, seeing some signs pass between them, locked the door, and so prevented their escape. For a few hours they reposed in the stables with their horses, their drawn swords by their sides. On waking, Riego found it absolutely necessary that his horse should be shod. Lopez started up, and offered to lead it to Arguillas for that purpose. "No," said Riego, who, though naturally imprudent, partook in this instance of Falkland's habitual caution, "your brother shall go and bring hither the farrier." Accordingly the brother went; he soon returned. "The farrier," he said, "was already on the road." Riego and his companions, who were absolutely fainting with hunger, sat down to breakfast; but Falkland, who had finished first, and

who had eyed the man since his return with the most scrutinizing attention, withdrew towards the window, looking out from time to time with a telescope which they had carried about them, and urging them impatiently to finish. "Why?" said Riego, "famished men are good for nothing, either to fight or fly, — and we *must* wait for the farrier." "True," said Falkland, "but—" he stopped abruptly. Sylva had his eyes on his face at that moment. Falkland's color suddenly changed; he turned round with a loud cry. "Up! up! Riego! Sylva! We are undone, — the soldiers are upon us!" "Arm!" cried Riego, starting up. At that moment Lopez and his brother seized their own carbines, and levelled them at the betrayed constitutionalists. "The first who moves," cried the former, "is a dead man!" "Fools!" said Falkland, with a calm bitterness, advancing deliberately towards them. He moved only three steps, — Lopez fired. Falkland staggered a few paces, recovered himself, sprang towards Lara, clove him at one blow from the skull to the jaw, and fell with his victim, lifeless upon the floor. "Enough!" said Riego to the remaining peasant; "we are your prisoners: bind us!" In two minutes more the soldiers entered, and they were conducted to Carolina. Fortunately Falkland was known, when at Paris, to a French officer of high rank then at Carolina. He was removed to the Frenchman's quarters. Medical aid was instantly procured. The first examination of his wound was decisive; recovery was hopeless!

Night came on again, with her pomp of light and shade, — the night that for Falkland had no morrow. One solitary lamp burned in the chamber where he lay alone with God and his own heart. He had desired his

couch to be placed by the window, and requested his attendants to withdraw. The gentle and balmy air stole over him, as free and bland as if it were to breathe for him forever; and the silver moonlight came gleaming through the lattice, and played upon his wan brow, like the tenderness of a bride that sought to kiss him to repose. "In a few hours," thought he, as he lay gazing on the high stars which seemed such silent witnesses of an eternal and unfathomed mystery,— "in a few hours either this feverish and wayward spirit will be at rest forever, or it will have commenced a new career in an untried and unimaginable existence! In a very few hours I may be amongst the very heavens that I survey,— a part of their own glory, a new link in a new order of beings, breathing amidst the elements of a more gorgeous world, arrayed myself in the attributes of a purer and diviner nature, a wanderer among the planets, an associate of angels, the beholder of the *arcana* of the great God,— redeemed, regenerate, immortal, or— *dust!*

"There is no *O*Edipus to solve the enigma of life. We are,— whence came we? We are *not*,— whither do we go? All things *in* our existence have their object: existence has none. We live, move, beget our species, perish,— and *for what?* We ask the past its moral; we question the gone years of the reason of our being, and from the clouds of a thousand ages there goes forth no answer. Is it merely to pant beneath this weary load; to sicken of the sun; to grow old; to drop like leaves into the grave; and to bequeath to our heirs the worn garments of toil and labor that we leave behind? Is it to sail forever on the same sea, ploughing the ocean of time with new furrows, and feeding its billows with new wrecks, or— " and his thoughts paused blinded and bewildered.

No man, in whom the mind has not been broken by the decay of the body, has approached death in full consciousness, as Falkland did that moment, and not thought intensely on the change he was about to undergo; and yet what new discoveries upon that subject has any one bequeathed us? There the wildest imaginations are driven from originality into triteness; there all minds, the frivolous and the strong, the busy and the idle, are compelled into the same path and limit of reflection. Upon that unknown and voiceless gulf of inquiry broods an eternal and impenetrable gloom; no wind breathes over it, no wave agitates its stillness: over the dead and solemn calm there is no change propitious to adventure,—there goes forth no vessel of research, which is not driven, baffled and broken, again upon the shore.

The moon waxed high in her career. Midnight was gathering slowly over the earth; the beautiful, the mystic hour, blent with a thousand memories, hallowed by a thousand dreams, made tender to remembrance by the vows our youth breathed beneath its star, and solemn by the olden legends which are linked to its majesty and peace,—*the hour in which men should die*; the isthmus between two worlds; the climax of the past day; the verge of that which is to come,—wrapping us in sleep after a weary travail, and promising us a morrow *which since the first birth of Creation has never failed*. As the minutes glided on, Falkland felt himself grow gradually weaker and weaker. The pain of his wound had ceased, but a deadly sickness gathered over his heart; the room reeled before his eyes, and the damp chill mounted from his feet up—up to the breast in which the life-blood waxed dull and thick.

As the hand of the clock pointed to the half-hour

after midnight, the attendants who waited in the adjoining room heard a faint cry. They rushed hastily into Falkland's chamber; they found him stretched half out of the bed. His hand was raised towards the opposite wall; it dropped gradually as they approached him; and his brow, which was at first stern and bent, softened, shade by shade, into his usual serenity. But the dim film gathered fast over his eye, and the last coldness upon his limbs. He strove to raise himself as if to speak; the effort failed, and he fell motionless on his face. They stood by the bed for some moments in silence; at length they raised him. Placed against his heart was an open locket of dark hair, which one hand still pressed convulsively. They looked upon his countenance (a single glance was sufficient), — it was hushed, proud, passionless; the seal of death was upon it.

VOL. II.—25

THE END.

Handy Library Sets of Standard Novelists

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER VOLUME

Handsomely printed in clear and beautiful type upon superior paper, illustrated, handy in size, and published at a moderate price, and in every way adapted to library use.

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE complete set of the standard edition of the Romances of Alexandre Dumas has hitherto comprised sixty volumes, and the price has been Ninety Dollars. By a partial rearrangement of the volumes, without omitting any of the stories or condensing them in any way, the publishers are able to announce a new edition in forty-eight volumes, at a cost of only a little more than one-half of the former published price, affording two distinct advantages over the former edition, viz., economy in price, and less room on the library shelves, without detracting in the least particular from the value of the edition and the high standard of manufacture which has always characterized it. To add to its attractiveness, nearly 150 illustrations are included in the set, comprising 48 frontispieces in etching and photogravure, and 96 full-page pictures in half-tone, from historical portraits and original drawings and paintings by French and American artists, including Evert Van Muyden, E. Abot, Eugène Courboin, Gustave Doré, Félix Oudart, F. Pils, J. Wagrez, Eugène Grivaz, F. T. Merrill, Edmund H. Garrett, etc. The set, 48 vols., decorated cloth, gilt top, \$48.00. Half crushed morocco, gilt top, \$132.00.

[For arrangement of volumes see following page]

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS—*Continued*
ARRANGEMENT OF VOLUMES

Romances of the Reign of Henry II.	The Marie Antoinette Romances
The Two Dianas, 2 vols.	Memoirs of a Physician, 3 vols.
The Duke's Page, 2 vols.	The Queen's Necklace, 2 vols.
The Horoscope, and The Brigand, 1 vol.	Ange Pitou, 2 vols.
5 vols. 12mo. In box, \$5.00	Comtesse de Charny, 3 vols.
The Valois Romances	Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, 1 vol.
Marguerite de Valois, 1 vol.	Chauvelin's Will, The Velvet Necklace, and Blanche de Beaulieu, 1 vol.
The Forty-Five, 1 vol.	12 vols. 12mo. In box, \$12.00
La Dame de Monsoreau, 1 vol.	The Napoleon Romances
3 vols. 12mo. In box, \$3.00	The Companions of Jehu, 2 vols.
The D'Artagnan Romances	The Whites and the Blues, 2 vols.
The Three Musketeers, 2 vols.	The She-Wolves of Machecoul, 2 vols.
Twenty Years After, 2 vols.	6 vols. 12mo. In box, \$6.00
Vicomte de Bragelonne, 4 vols. (Including "Bragelonne," "Louise de Vallière," and "The Iron Mask.")	Historical Romances
8 vols. 12mo. In box, \$8.00	Agénor de Mauléon, 2 vols.
Romances of the Regency and Louis XV.	Ascanio, 1 vol.
The Chevalier d'Harmental, 1 vol.	The War of Women, 1 vol.
The Regent's Daughter, 1 vol.	Sylvandire, 1 vol.
Olympe de Clèves, 2 vols.	The Black Tulip, and Tales of the Caucasus, 1 vol.
4 vols. 12mo. In box, \$4.00	Black, the Story of a Dog, 1 vol.
7 vols. 12mo. In box, \$7.00	3 vols. 12mo. In box, \$3.00
The Count of Monte Cristo	

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN
ILLUSTRATED with 12 photogravure plates from drawings by Edmund H. Garrett. 6 vols. 12mo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, in box, \$6.00. Half crushed morocco, gilt top, \$16.50.

Sense and Sensibility, 1 vol.
Pride and Prejudice, 1 vol.
Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion, 1 vol.

Mansfield Park, 1 vol.
Emma, 1 vol.
Lady Susan, The Watson Letters, etc., 1 vol.

THE NOVELS, ROMANCES, AND MEMOIRS OF ALPHONSE DAUDET

IN new and complete translations by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, Jane Minot Sedgwick, Charles de Kay, George Burnham Ives, Marian McIntyre, and Olive Edwards Palmer. With 16 photogravure plates and 32 full-page pictures from original drawings by noted French artists, including Paul Avril, Marchetti, Adrien Moreau, Gustave Bourgain, Laurent Desrousseaux, L. Rossi, G. Roux, P. G. Jeanniot, and L. Kowalsy. 16 vols. 12mo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, in box, \$16.00. Half crushed morocco, gilt top, \$44.00.

The Nabob, 2 vols.
Fromont and Risler, and Robert
Helmont, 1 vol.

Numa Roumestan, and Rose and
Ninette, 1 vol.
Little-What's-His-Name, and
Scenes and Fancies, 1 vol.

The Little Parish Church, and
The Evangelist, 1 vol.
Tartarin of Tarascon, Tartarin
on the Alps, and Artists'
Wives, 1 vol.

Port Tarascon, and La Féodor,
1 vol.

Sappho, Between the Flies and
the Footlights, and Arlatan's
Treasure, 1 vol.

Kings in Exile, 1 vol.
Monday Tales, Letters from My
Mill, Letters to an Absent
One, 1 vol.

Memories of a Man of Letters,
Notes on Life, Thirty Years
in Paris, and Ultima, 1 vol.

The Immortal, and The Struggle
for Life, 1 vol.

The Support of the Family, 1 vol.
Jack, 2 vols.

THE ROMANCES OF VICTOR HUGO

WITH 28 portraits and plates. 14 vols. 12mo. Dec-
orated cloth, in box, \$14.00. Half crushed mo-
rocco, gilt top, \$38.50.

Les Misérables, 5 vols.
Toilers of the Sea, 2 vols.
Ninety-Three, 1 vol.
Notre Dame, 2 vols.

The Man who Laughs, 2 vols.
Hans of Iceland, 1 vol.
Bug-Jargal, Claude Gueux, Last
Day of a Condemned, etc. 1 vol.

THE NOVELS AND ROMANCES OF
EDWARD BULWER LYTTON
(LORD LYTTON)

WITH 40 plates, etched by W. H. W. Bicknell, from drawings by Edmund H. Garrett. 30 vols. 12mo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, \$30.00. Half crushed morocco, gilt top, \$82.50.

The Caxton Novels

The Caxtons, 2 vols.

My Novel, 3 vols.

What will He do with It? 2 vols.

Novels of Life and Manners

Pelham, and Falkland, 2 vols.

The Disowned, 1 vol.

Paul Clifford, 1 vol.

Godolphin, 1 vol.

Ernest Maltravers, 1 vol.

Alice, 1 vol.

Night and Morning, 1 vol.

Lucretia, 1 vol.

Kenelm Chillingly, etc., 2 vols.

The Parisians, 2 vols.

Romances

Eugene Aram, 1 vol.

Pilgrims of the Rhine, Leilla, and Calderon, etc., 1 vol.

Zanoni, and Zicci, 1 vol.

A Strange Story, and The Haunted and the Haunters, 1 vol.

Historical Romances

Devereux, 1 vol.

Last Days of Pompeii, 1 vol.

Rienzi, 1 vol.

Last of the Barons, 2 vols.

Harold, 1 vol.

THE NOVELS AND POEMS OF
GEORGE ELIOT

WITH 10 photogravure plates and 10 full-page pictures in half-tone. 10 vols. 12mo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, in box, \$10.00. Half crushed morocco, gilt top, \$27.50.

Romola, 1 vol.

Adam Bede, 1 vol.

The Mill on the Floss, 1 vol.

Felix Holt, and Theophrastus

Such, 1 vol.

Scenes of Clerical Life, Silas Marner, etc., 1 vol.

Middlemarch, 2 vols.

Daniel Deronda, 2 vols.

Poems and Essays, 1 vol.

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, *Publishers*

254 WASHINGTON STREET · BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS